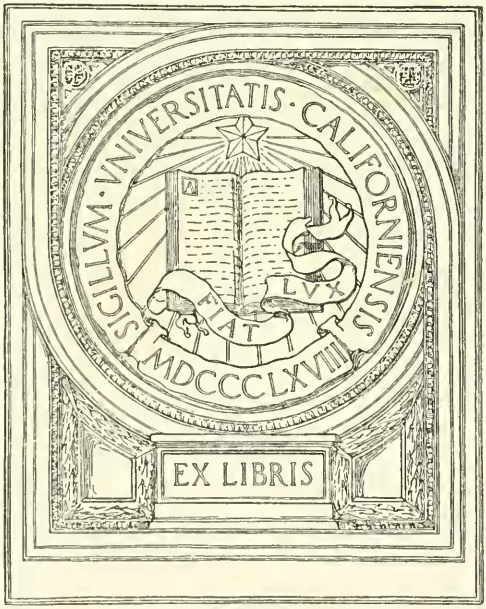
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/worksofheinrichh02hein

THE WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

II.

THE WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

(HANS BREITMANN)

VOLUME II.

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1891

PICTURES OF TRAVEL

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I.

1823—1826

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1891

66009

COPYRIGHT, 1891

PT
2516
1891
V. 2

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

No modern German writer has exerted an influence comparable to that of Heine, and it is not less true that since Goethe no author has penetrated so generally through every class of society. Universality of popularity is the surest test of the existence of genius, just as a faithful reflex of the spirit of the age in which it was conceived is the surest test of the genuineness of a work of art. That which grows from and is extolled by a class may owe its birth to prejudice, and its subsequent life to the spirit of rivalry to which it ministers, and we consequently find at times writers endowed with the faintest talent achieving a world-wide reputation, not by the force of innate genius, but by dexterously turning to account the enthusiasm of a faction. But where, as in Heine's case, we find friend and enemy alike *interested*, and the adherents of all parties

unanimous as to his abilities, then we become at once convinced that we have before us that rarest and most brilliant phenomenon, a true genius, and one who as such imperatively demands the attention of all who lay claim to information and intelligence.

Whether Heine's genius and influence has been *invariably and immediately* exerted for good or for evil is, and ever should be, for the impartial student of literature and of history, a matter of supreme indifference. The greatest and most important developments are those whose real aims and value are first appreciated by posterity. If progress be the peculiar law of humanity, it is not less certain that *agitation* is the mainspring of progress, and that as a general rule all agitations, however disagreeable they may have appeared to contemporaries, have advanced the world. Such goods as happiness and improved social culture can only be bought by blood and suffering.

Heine most emphatically belongs to that class of writers who are a scandal to the weaker brethren, a terror to the strong, and a puzzle to the conservatively wise of their own day and generation, but who are received by the intelli-

gent contemporary with a smile, and by the after-comer with thanks. He is one of that great band, whose laughter has been in its inner soul more moving than the most fervid flow of serious eloquence—the band which numbered Lucian and Rabelais and Swift among its members—men who lashed into motion the sleepy world of the day, with all its "baroque-ish" virtues and vices.

Heine has endeared himself to the German people by his universality of talent, his sincerity, and by his weaknesses. His very affectations render him more natural, for there is no effort whatever to conceal them, and that which is truly natural will always be attractive, if from no other cause than because it is so readily intelligible. He possesses in an eminent degree the graceful art of communicating to the most uneducated mind (of a sympathetic cast) refined secrets of art and criticism; and this he does, not like a pedantic professor, *ex cathedra*, as if every word were an apocalypse of novelty, but rather like a friend, who, with a delicate regard for the feelings of his auditor, speaks as though he supposed him already familiar with the subject in question. Pedantry and ignorant self-sufficiency appear equally and instinctively to provoke his attacks,

and there is scarcely a modern form of these reactionary negative vices which he has not severely lashed.

Perhaps the most characteristic position which Heine holds is that of interpreter or medium between the learned and the people. He has popularised philosophy and preached to the multitude those secrets which were once the exclusive property of the learned. His writings have been a "flux" between the smothered fire of universities and the heavy ore of the public mind. Whether the process will evolve pure and precious metal or noxious vapours—in simple terms, whether the knowledge thus popularised, and whether the ultimate tendency of this "witty, wise, and wicked writer," has been for the *direct* benefit of the people, is not a question open to discussion. All that we know is, *that he is here*—that he cannot be thrust aside—and that he exerts an incredible and daily increasing influence. But to judge from every analogy and precedent, we must conclude that the agitation which he has caused, though eminently disagreeable to many, even friends, who are brought within its immediate action, will be eminently beneficial in the end.

It were worse than folly to attempt to palliate Heine's defects. That they exist engrained, entwined, and integrate with his better qualities, admits no doubt or denial. But they have been in every age so strikingly characteristic of every writer of his class, that we are forced to believe them inseparable. They are the shades which render the lights of the picture apparent, without which the picture would in all probability never have excited attention. It is a striking characteristic of true humour that it is "all-embracing," including the good and the bad, the lofty and the low. There is no characteristic appreciable by the human mind which does not come within the range of *humour*, for wherever *creation* is manifested, *there* will be contradiction and opposites, striving into a law of harmony. Humour appreciates the contradiction—the lie disguised as truth, or the truth born of a lie—and proclaims it aloud, for it is a strange quality of humour that it must out, be the subject what it may. Unfortunately, no subject presents so many and such absurdly vulnerable points as the proprieties and improprieties of daily life and society. Poor well-meaning Civilisation, with her allies Morality and Tradition, maintain a

ceaseless warfare with nature, vulgarity, and a host of "outside barbarian" foes, while Humour, who always had in his nature more of the devil than the angel, stands by laughing as either party gets a fall.

To understand the vagaries of Heine's nature, we must regard him as influenced by humour in the fullest sense of the word. For as humour exists in the appreciation and reproduction of the contrasts, of contrarieties and of *appearances* it would not be humour did its existence consist merely of merriment. The bitterest and saddest tears are as often drawn forth by humour as by mere pathos—nay, it may be doubted if grief and suffering be ever so terrible as when supported by some strange coincidence or paradox. Consequently we find in his works some of the most sorrowful plaints ever uttered by suffering poet, but contrasted with the most uproarious hilarity. Nay, he often contrives to delicately weave the opposing sentiments into one. "Other bards," says a late review of Heine in the *Athenæum*, "have passed from grave to gay within the compass of one work; but the art of constantly showing two natures within the small limit of perhaps three ballad verses was reserved

for Herr Heine. No one like him understands how to build up a little edifice of the tenderest and most refined sentiment for the mere pleasure of knocking it down with a last line. No one like him approaches his reader with doleful countenance—pours into the ear a tale of secret sorrow—and when the sympathies are enlisted, surprises his confidant with a horse-laugh. It seems as though nature had endowed him with a most delicate sensibility and a keen perception of the ridiculous, that his own feelings may afford him a perpetual subject for banter."

A writer of Heine's character can be judged only by the broadest and most comprehensive rules of criticism, if indeed, in many instances, he be open to criticism at all. A reviewer is said to have remarked of Carlyle, that one might as well attempt to criticise a porcupine, and this may be said with much greater truth of Heine. He can, in fact, only be fully comprehended as a whole, and the *more* we read him, the better we appreciate him. This is a characteristic of all truly great writers who do not reproduce themselves.

This present translation of the *Reisebilder* (of which more than ten thousand copies have been

published in America) was on its first appearance very favourably received by all reviewers. That Heine himself was gratified by it appears from the following extract from a letter to Mr. Calmann-Levy :—

"A piece of good news that I forgot to communicate to you the other day. An English translation of the *Reisebilder* which has appeared in New York[1] has met with an enormous success, according to a correspondence in the *Augsburger Zeitung* (which does not love me enough to invent successes for me).

"HENRI HEINE."

"*Paris, Wednesday, Oct.* 4, 1855."

But to know his work as a whole, it is not necessary that *nothing* should be omitted. There are humourists who have the strange talent of communicating the attraction of the genial even to the immoral. In the works of Rabelais, Sterne, and even Swift, the passages which modesty would taboo are like dirty spice floating in wine; but in the *Reisebilder* they are like dead blue-bottles, or rather spiders, not agreeable to the most depraved tastes, and such as would be gladly omitted even by an appreciative reader of the *Moyen de Parvenir*. I can hardly understand

[1] Philadelphia, none ever appeared in New York.

what a certain biographer of Heine means by saying that he is "never vulgar." If he is not in many places as rankly vulgar as mortal man can be, then is the Père Duchêne not vulgar, nor any of his kind. In more than one passage Heine glorifies himself cynically on this, as if it completed his many-sidedness and his democracy. In many places this vulgarity, half real, half affected, where it takes the form of intense admiration of style, aristocracy, fashion, and elegance, or when Heine, as he says—

"Blest sensation—felt *genteel*,"

he is only naïvely amusing. He very often indeed dwells on the attributes and characteristics of his beloved "gentility," far too appreciatingly for us not to perceive that they have not always been *ab initio* entirely familiar to him. Heine was, however, perfectly conscious of this weakness for "quality," and we can let it pass with the little protest that it is not fair to make him out better than he himself pretended to be. But there is a vulgarity of another kind, such as he poured forth on Platen, which is in striking contrast to his brilliancy, wit, and artistic power, since it is with very little exception coarse, un-

attractive, and unpleasant, not even good of its kind, and often quite untruthful. This was in later years his own opinion of it, since he cancelled an entire chapter of such stuff, not in the least because it was immodest—that would never have influenced him—but because it was absolutely wanting in any kind of merit whatever, and was cruelly dishonest. In fine, the reader may rest assured that there was never a book written in which so *little* that is piquant was lost by careful cleansing and revision as the *Reisebilder*, and in this I think that even the most liberal lovers of the prohibited will all agree with me. In the present version these omissions are confined almost entirely to what Heine in later years himself altered or deleted.

As regards the method of translating Heine's poetry or prose, there is one thing which has escaped many who have attempted it. This is, that in all his lyrical efforts, he took *extraordinary* pains to make his sentences as much like simple prose as is compatible with melody. He strove with might and main to avoid what is even more of a blemish in English poetry than in German—the old-fashioned conventional phrases involving inversion, and words and terms seldom or never

heard in conversation. Had he been an Englishman, he would probably have entirely avoided "Quaker talk," such as "thou" and "thy," "dost," "walketh," and "standeth." Unfortunately for the translator, this Quaker talk is still common and familiar conversational prose in German, and it very often happens that it is *almost* impossible to omit it, or to perfectly transfer the original spirit of glorified and clarified prose to English. To attain this, Heine very often wrote a little ballad *six* times over, *simplifying* it at every effort.

My own translation is very far from being perfect as regards this simplicity of language allied to melody and brilliancy, but I have at least been aware of it in the original, and done my best, such as it was, to reproduce it. And I have certainly not sinned as regards forcing into it worn-out artificial tawdry specimens of "handsome talkee," as the Chinese call the conventional platitudes in which their souls delight.

Heine has been called the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire, and the most humorous German of any time. But between wit and humour there is another quality, which may be called applied fun or piquant drollery; and in this he, with Dickens and Sydney Smith, are probably the three

great leaders of the century. It is almost characteristic of Heine that these piquant drolleries, as succinctly expressed as Wellerisms, are employed by him—exactly as Abraham Lincoln employed comic anecdotes—not to be "funny" for fun's sake, but to illustrate great and even serious truths. They are the glints of light on diamonds, the beeswings in wine, which give impressive beauty to the whole. They are to be found scattered here and there alike in his disquisitions on German metaphysics, poetry, art, or human characters, in all his works on all subjects. The reviewer who can cast aside even his fragments, such as the *Rabbi von Bacharach*, or *Schnabelewopski*, or *The Florentine Nights*, as "failures as novels," or imperfect (as many have done), has no true appreciation of the author.

It is a proof of being well-read that the reader is not absolutely ignorant of any real work of genius whatever, and, inversely, every work of genius is absolutely generally known. Heine is distinctly a writer of whom no person of true culture can afford to be ignorant—"not to know him argues one's self unknown," beyond all question. Many geniuses may be known by a single one of their works; but Heine, far more than

most, requires some familiarity with *all* that he has written to be rightly judged. For as different flowers in a garden are believed to mutually give and take beauty and perfume, so the works of this author reflect intelligence and enjoyment one to the other. And as in education—or the binding of sticks—a dozen items collectively grouped are stronger than a hundred scattered here and there at intervals, so I trust that this complete collection in English of Heine's works—the first ever undertaken—will be of value to those who know what an advantage it is to be able to consult at any time all that any great author has written.

That Heine was really in the fullest sense of the word a *genius*, and not a clever imitator of genius, much less "a quack or charlatan in literature," as one who ought to have known better called him, is shown by his many and marvellous prophecies or intuitions, of which a remarkable collection might be made. Thus in his account of the Salon of 1830, he selected for commendation with unerring insight those pictures which in due time became "world-famous," and his prediction that if Germany should ever become united it would be to conquer France, also that the Germans would show that they had not for-

gotten or forgiven any wrong since the murder of Conradin, indicate the spirit of divination which is always found in the true poet. In a single book by any author such instances are apt to strike the reader as merely *glückliche Einfälle*—happy hits; but when they recur in all his works, then we admit his inspiration.

There is yet another point which may well be borne in mind by all who read Heine for the first time, because he is one who says many things which will be remembered, and who often exercises a great influence on the young. He combined with genius and many good and humane qualities many demerits, weaknesses, and inconsistencies. He was deeply impressed with the romantic spirit at least of religion, and he was irreligious; in the *Reisebilder* he alternately worships and blasphemes, as the word is generally understood, and he was at heart aristocratic, yet tells us that he withdrew his sympathy from Napoleon I. when the latter manifested the same tendency. It is true that he was quite aware of the chaotic state of his principles—nay, I believe that he deeply regretted it; but when we find him, like too many of his admirers of the present day, attributing it all to "this horrid age

in which we live," we can, or should, only pity the wretched weakness of a man of real genius who does not strive all the more on that very account to form consistent ideals, and to rise above the age and reform it. There are many women, and not a few men, who think, because they are pretty, brilliant, gifted, or reckless, that they have patent and privilege to say or do everything foolish or capricious. These beggars for places as spoiled pets in popularity "admire" Heine, faults and all, but do not feel, as he did at heart, the meanness of a want of coherent principles, and the fact that it is really conducive to Pessimism and absolutely opposite to that spirit of Hellenism, or the beauty of Nature, health, and humanity, to which Heine, like Goethe, was passionately devoted. For Hellenism was founded on ideals, and Pessimism on the absence of their existence.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO THE FRENCH VERSION.

—⟡—

It will always be difficult to determine how a German writer should be translated into French. Should we smuggle out of sight here and there thoughts and figures when they are not according to the civilised taste of the French, and appear to them perhaps as unpleasant, if not ridiculous exaggeration; or should we boldly introduce to the elegant world of Paris the unlicked Teuton with all his trans-Rhenish originality fantastically adorned with Germanisms and overloaded with hyper-romantic decoration? I, for my part, do not think that the unlicked German can be translated into smoothly licked French, and therefore present myself in my primitive barbarous condition, like the Chaomas (Carib) Indians who were so well received last summer. I too am a warrior, as was the great Takuabeh. He is dead

now, and his mortal envelope reposes, most carefully preserved, in the Zoological Museum of the Jardin des Plantes, that Pantheon of the animal world.

My book is a theatrical show. Enter without fear! I am not so evilly disposed as I seem. I have only painted my face with such wild colours the better to frighten my foes in battle. At heart I am meek as a lamb. Be of good cheer, therefore, and shake my hand. Nay, you may handle my weapons, even the quiver and the arrows, for I have blunted their points, as we barbarians are accustomed to do when we approach consecrated places. Between us, these arrows were not only sharp but well poisoned. To-day they are hurtless and harmless, and you can for pastime examine the variegated feathers on them, and your children even use them for playthings.

But I will lay aside the tattooed style and express myself in French. The style, the connected trains of thought, the grotesque sudden fancies, the oddities of expression—in short, the whole character of the German original, have been repeated so far as is possible, word for word, in this French translation of the *Reisebilder*.

Taste, elegance, grace, or charm and nice refinement have been sacrificed everywhere without mercy to literal truth. It is now a German book in French speech, a book which does not pretend to please the French public, but rather to enable it to learn a strange and foreign style of originality. For I will teach or inform, and not merely amuse. In such fashion have we Germans translated foreign authors, not without advantage, for by so doing we have gained new views, new forms of words, and new forms of speech. A similar acquisition would do you no harm.

After I had determined to make you before all things familiar with the foreign character of this work, it seemed to me to be of much less consequence to present it unabridged; firstly, because many passages referring to or depending on local or temporal allusions, plays on words, and similar specialties, cannot be reproduced in French; secondly, because many passages which were directed in a spirit of bitter enmity against persons and circumstances quite unknown here, might occasion the most disagreeable misunderstandings. Thus, for instance, I have suppressed a leading chapter which contained a description of the island Norderney and the German nobility. The

English fragments are abridged by more than one half; what was expunged was limited entirely to political questions of those times.[1] In the part devoted to Italy, which was written in the year 1828, the same reasons induced me to omit several chapters; though, to tell the truth, I should have struck out the whole had I allowed myself to be influenced by similar considerations as regards all that refers to the Catholic Church. I considered it my duty to annul a very harsh passage in which Protestant zeal assumed a bitterness which in merry France would have been an offence to good taste. In Germany, such earnestness would have been all in the right place; for in my character as Protestant I could strike the lovers of darkness [2] and sham holy hypocrites, or the German Pharisees and Sadducees, far more effective blows than if I had spoken as a philosopher. But that it may not be possible for readers who may compare the original with this translation to accuse me on account of these omissions of unmeasured concession, I will here speak plainly on this question.

This book was, with the exception of a few

[1] Restored in this edition.

[2] *Obscuranten*, reactionaries.

pages, composed before the Revolution of July. At that time political pressure had caused a general silence; all souls were sunk in a lethargy of doubt and dread, and he who then dared to speak must express himself with all the more passion, the more he despaired of the victory of freedom, and the more bitterly the priestly and aristocratic party attacked him. I here use the words "priestly" and "aristocratic" simply from habit, since I always used them at that time when I alone sustained the conflict with the champions of the past. These words were intelligible to every one, and as I must confess I still retained at that time the terminology of 1789, and wasted a vast expenditure of words against the clergy and nobility, or, as I called them, "priestdom"[1] and "aristocracy." But I have advanced since then on the road of progress, and my dear Germans, who, awakened from sleep by the cannons of July, followed my footsteps, and now speak the language of 1789 or even of 1793, are now so far away as to have lost sight of me, and fancy

[1] *Pfaffenthum.* The word *Pfaffe*, a priest, is used, as Professor Whitney truly and succinctly declares, "gen'ly comtemp'ly," *i.e.*, not contemplatively or deliberately, but contemptuously —very much as "parson" often is in England.

that I am far behind. I am accused of far too great moderation, of an understanding with the aristocracy,[1] and I see the day approaching when an inclination towards the priesthood will be urged against me. The truth is that I, to-day, understand by the word aristocracy, not only those who are noble by birth, but all, however called, who live at the expense of the people. The admirable formula, "The exploitation of mankind by man," [2] for which we are indebted, with so much that is excellent, to the Saint-Simonians, lifts us above all declamation regarding privileges of birth. The business in hand is not to break the old Church by force to fragments, but much more to build up a new one, and far from wishing to destroy the priesthood, we ourselves now earnestly endeavour at present to become priests.

In Germany, doubtless, the time of negations or contradictions is so far from being over, that it

---

[1] Not altogether without cause. It might truthfully be said of Heine, as it was of his Socialist friend Lasalle, that there never lived a man who would as gladly have written *de* or *von* before his name. At the time the above was written, or not long after, he was actually enjoying a pension from Louis Philippe, and living "at the expense of the people."

[2] *Ausbeutung des Menschen durch den Menschen*, or the robbery of man by man.

rather seems to have recently begun. In France, on the contrary, it seems to be drawing to an end; at least it seems to me as if one must here devote himself to positive efforts, and build up or restore all that there is good or beautiful which the past has left us as a heritage.

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *May* 20, 1834.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY (1823–24) 1

THE HARTZ JOURNEY (1824) 58

THE NORTH SEA, PART I. (1825–26)—

TWILIGHT 167
SUNSET 168
NIGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE 170
POSEIDON 173
HOMAGE 175
EXPLANATION 176
NIGHT IN THE CABIN 178
STORM 181
CALM AT SEA 182
A SEA-PHANTOM 183
PURIFICATION 186
PEACE 187

THE NORTH SEA, PART II. (1826)—

SEA-GREETING 191
STORM 194
THE SHIPWRECKED 195
SUNSET 197

PAGE

The Song of the Oceanides 199
The Gods of Greece 203
Questioning 207
The Phœnix 208
Echo 208
Sea-Sickness 209
In Port 212
Epilogue 215

The North Sea, Part III. (1826)—

Written on the Island Norderney . . . 216
The Poetic Man of Letters 269
The Dramatist 270
Oriental Poets 271
Bell-Tones 272
Orbis Pictus 272

Ideas. Book Le Grand (1826) 276

A New Spring 375

PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

(1823–1824.)

"Trivial half-way joys we hate,
Hate all childish fancies:
If no crime weigh down the soul,
Why should we endure control
And groan in death-like trances?
The puling wight looks down and sighs,
But the brave man lifts his eyes
Up to Heaven's bright glances."

—IMMERMANN.

I.

In my life too dark and dreary
Once there gleamed an image bright;
Now that lovely form has vanished,
I am wrapped about with night.

As when children stray in darkness,
And dark fears around them throng,
They, to drive away their terror,
Loudly sing a cheering song:

Like a foolish child I'm singing
As Life's darker shades draw near;
And although my lay lack music,
Still it drives away my fear.

2.

I KNOW not what sorrow is o'er me,
What spell is upon my heart;
But a tale of old times is before me—
A legend that will not depart.

Night falls as I linger, dreaming,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The peaks of the mountains gleaming
In the golden sunset shine.

A wondrous lovely maiden
Sits high in glory there;
Her robe with gems is laden,
And she combs out her golden hair.

And she spreads out the golden treasure,
Still singing in harmony;
And the song has a mystical measure,
And a wonderful melody.

The boatman, when once she has bound him,
Is lost in a wild sad love:
He sees not the black rocks around him,
He sees but the beauty above.

I believe that the billows springing,
The boat and the boatman drown,
And that, with her magical singing,
The Loré-lay has done.

3.

My heart, my heart is weary,
Although in the month of May,
And I lean against the linden,
High up on the terrace gray.

The town-moat far below me
Runs silent and sad, and blue;
A boy in a boat floats o'er it,
Still fishing and whistling too.

And a beautiful varied picture
Spreads out beyond the flood,
Fair houses, and gardens, and people,
And cattle, and meadow, and wood.

Young maidens are bleaching the linen,
They leap as they go and come;
And the mill-wheel is dripping with diamonds,
I list to its far-away hum.

And high on yon old grey castle
A sentry-box peeps o'er;
While a young red-coated soldier
Is pacing beside the door.

He plays with his shining musket,
Which gleams in the sunlight red,
He halts, he presents, and shoulders:—
I wish that he'd shoot me dead!

4.

In the woods I wander weeping,
The thrush sits on the spray;
She springs and sings while peeping:
"Oh, why so sad to-day?"

Your sister, dear, the swallow,
Knows well why my spirit grieves,
For she builds her nest in the hollow,
Beneath my darling's eaves.

5.

The night is wet and stormy,
A starless heaven above,
Through the wood, 'neath rustling branches,
All silently I rove.

From the lonely hunter's cottage
A light beams cheerily,
But it will not tempt me thither,
Where all is sad to see.

The blind old grandmother's sitting
Alone in the leathern chair;
Uncanny and stern as an image,
And speaking to no one there.

The red-headed son of the woodman
Walks cursing up and down,
And casts in a corner his rifle,
With a bitter laugh and a frown.

A maiden is spinning and weeping,
And moistens the flax with tears,
While at her small feet whimpering
Lies a hound with drooping ears.

6.

As I once by chance on a journey,
My lady-love's family found,
Little sister, and father, and mother,
Came joyfully flocking around.

They asked, of course, "How I found me?"
Hoping my health would not fail;
For although quite the same as ever,
My countenance seemed to be pale.

I asked of the aunts and the cousins,
Of the many bores whom we know,
And then of the little greyhound,
With his bark so soft and low.

Of the loved one—long since married—
Then I asked by the way, though late;
And her father, smiling, whispered
Of her "interesting state."

And I smiled congratulations
On the delicate event,
And to her and to all relations
"Best remembrances" were sent.

But the little sister shouted
That the dog which once was mine
Had gone mad in early summer,
"So we drowned him in the Rhine."

That child is so like her sister,
Especially when they smile;
She has the same soft glances,
Which tortured me a while

7.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
And looked at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the lighthouse
The lamps shone out on high,
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
Of sailors who live on the deep,
And how between sky and water
And terror and joy they sweep.

We spoke of distant countries,
In regions strange and fair,
And of the wondrous beings
And curious customs there.

Of perfume and lights on the Ganges,
Where trees like giants tower,
And beautiful silent beings
Still worship the lotus flower.

Of the dirty dwarfs of Lapland,
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small,
Who crouch round their oil-fires cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
Till at last we spoke no more;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

8.

Thou gentle ferry-maiden,
Come, draw the boat to land,
And sit thee down beside me,
Caressing with hand in hand.

Lay thy head against my bosom
And have no fear of me;
Dost thou not venture boldly
Each day on the roaring sea?

My heart is like the ocean,
It hath storm, and ebb, and flow;
And many a pearl is hidden
In its silent depths below.

9.

THE moon is high in heaven,
And shimmers o'er the sea;
And my heart throbs like my dear one's,
As she silently sits by me.

With my arm around the darling,
I rest upon the strand;
"What sound is in the night-wind?
Why trembles thy snow-white hand?"

"Those are no evening breezes,
But the mermaids singing low—
The mermaids, once my sisters,
Who were drowned long, long ago."

10.

THE quiet moon upon the clouds
Like a giant orange is glowing,
While, far beneath, the old grey sea,
All striped with silver, is flowing.

Alone I wander on the strand,
Where the white surf is broken,
But hear full many a gentle word
Amid the waves soft spoken.

But, oh! the night is far too long;
Silence too long has bound me:
Fair water-fairies come to me,
And dance and sing around me!

Oh, take my head upon your lap,
Take body and soul in keeping!
But sing me dead—caress me dead!—
And kiss me to endless sleeping!

11.

ALL wrapped up in grey-cloud garments,
Now the great gods sleep together;
And I hear their thunder-snoring,
For to-night we've dreadful weather.

Dreadful weather! what a tempest
Threats our ship with dire disaster!
Who will check the mighty storm-wind,
And the waves without a master?

Can't be helped, though, if all nature
A mad holiday *is* keeping;
So I'll wrap me up and slumber,
As the gods above are sleeping.

12.

The wild wind puts his breeches on—
His foam-white water breeches;
He lashes the waves, and every one
Roars out and howls and pitches.

From yon wild height, with furious might,
The rain comes roaring and groaning,
It seems as if the old black Night
The old dark sea were drowning.

The snow-white seagull to our mast
Clings, screaming hoarse and crying;
And in those screams I hear what seems
A deathly prophesying.

13.

The wind pipes up for dancing,
The waves in white are clad;
Hurrah!—how the ship is leaping;
And the night is merry and mad.

And living hills of water
Sweep up as the storm-wind calls;
Here a black gulf is gaping,
And there a white tower falls.

And sounds as of sickness and swearing
From the depths of the cabin come;
I keep a firm hold on the bulwarks,
And wish that I now were at home.

14.

The night comes stealing o'er me,
And clouds are on the sea,
While the wavelets rustle before me
With a mystical melody.

The mermaid rises singing,
Sits by me, fair and pale;
Her snow-white breasts are springing
Like fountains from her veil.

She kissed me and she pressed me,
Till I wished her arms away:
Why hast thou so caressed me,
Thou lovely Water Fay?

"Oh, thou need'st not alarm thee,
That thy arms in mine I fold;
For I only seek to warm me,
And the night is black and cold."

The wind to the waves is calling,
The moonlight is fading away,
And tears down thy cheeks are falling,
Thou beautiful Water Fay!

"The wind to the waves is calling,
And the moonlight grows dim on the rocks;
But no tears from mine eyes are falling,
'Tis the water which drips from my locks."

The ocean is heaving and sobbing,
The seamews scream in the spray;
And thy heart is wildly throbbing,
Thou beautiful Water Fay!

"My heart is wildly swelling,
And it beats in burning truth;
For I love thee, past all telling—
Thou beautiful mortal youth."

15.

"When early in the morning
I pass thy window, sweet,
Oh, what a thrill of joy is mine
When both our glances meet!"

"With those dark flashing eyeballs,
Which all things round thee scan,
Who art thou, and what ails thee,
Thou strange and suffering man?"

"I am a German poet,
Well known in the German land
Where the first names are written,
Mine own may rightly stand.

"And what I seek, my fairest,
Is that for which many pine;
And where men speak of sorrows,
Thou'lt hear them speak of mine."

16.

THE ocean shimmered far around,
As the last sun-rays shone;
We sat beside the fisher's hut,
Silent and all alone.

The mist swam up—the water heaved—
The seamew round us screamed,
And from thy dark eyes, full of love,
The scalding tear-drops streamed.

I saw them fall upon thy hand;
Upon my knee I sank,
And from that white and yielding hand
The glittering tears I drank.

And since that hour I waste away,
'Mid passion's hopes and fears;
Oh, weary heart! that wretched girl
Hath poisoned thee with tears.

17.

High up on yonder mountain
There stands a lordly hall,
Where dwell three gentle maidens,
And I was loved by all.

On Saturday Hetty loved me,
The Sabbath was Julia's day,
And on Monday, Kunigunda
Half kissed my breath away.

On Tuesday, in their castle
My ladies gave a ball,
And thither, with coaches and horses,
Went my neighbours, their wives and all.

But I had no invitation—
Which puzzled you, by the by!—
And the gossiping aunts and cousins
Observed it and laughed—on the sly!

18.

Far on the dim horizon,
As in a land of dreams,
Rises a white tower'd city,
Fading 'mid sunset gleams.

The evening breeze is wreathing
The water where I float,
And in solemn measure the boatman
Keeps time as he rows my boat.

Once more the sunlight flashes
In wondrous glory round,
And lights up the foaming water,
Where she I loved was drowned.

19.

Once more in solemn ditty
I greet thee, as I melt
In tears, thou wondrous city,
Where once my true love dwelt.

Say on, ye gates and tower,
Does she I loved remain?
I gave her to your power—
Give me my love again!

Blame not the trusty tower!
No word his walls could say,
As a pair, with their trunks and luggage,
So silently travelled away.

But the wicket-gate was faithless,
Through which she escaped so still:
Oh, a wicket is always ready
To ope when a wicked one will.[1]

[1] *Die Thore jedoch, die liessen*
Mein Liebchen entwischen gar still;
Ein Thor ist immer willig,
Wenn eine Thörinn will.

20.

AGAIN through the streets well known of old
I wander with footsteps weary ;
Again before her house I come,
And the house is empty and dreary.

The streets are all so narrow here !
The pavement seems to tear me !
The roofs are falling ! I haste away
As fast as my feet will bear me !

21.

I ENTERED her home, recalling
The faith she had pledged while weeping :
Where I saw her tear-drops falling,
I now found serpents creeping.[1]

[1] This is the same metre as the original. My original version was as follows :—

I wandered through the silent hall,
Where once she loved and wept,
And where I saw the false tears fall,
Now winding serpents crept.

There can be no greater mistake than to believe that a version in the same metre as the original is on that account any better or nearer its spirit. The same associations or emotions are often awakened in people of different races by very different melodies, or *vice versa* ; thus the measure of "Unfortunate Miss Bailey," which is comic to all Anglo-Saxons, is grand and heroic to a modern Greek. This same principle is often applicable even in languages so nearly allied as English and German.

22.

CALM is the night, and the city is sleeping,—
Once in this house dwelt a lady fair;
Long, long ago, she left it, weeping,
But still the old house is standing there.

Yonder a man at the heavens is staring,
Wringing his hands as in sorrowful case:
He turns to the moonlight, his countenance baring—
Oh, heaven! he shows me my own sad face!

Shadowy form, with my own agreeing,
Why mockest thou thus, in the moonlight cold,
The sorrows which here once vexed my being,
Many a night in the days of old?

23.

How canst thou sleep so calmly,
While I alive remain?
Old griefs may yet be wakened,
And then I'll break my chain.

Know'st thou the wild old ballad,
How a dead, forgotten slave
Came to his silent lady,
And bore her to his grave?

Believe me, gentle maiden,
Thou child so wondrous fair,
I live, and still am stronger
Than all the dead men are.

24.

The maiden sleeps in her chamber,
The moonlight steals quivering in;
Without, there's a ringing and singing,
As of waltzing about to begin.

"I will see who it is 'neath my window,
That gives me this strange serenade!"
She saw a pale skeleton figure,
Who fiddled, and sang as he played:

"A waltz thou once didst promise,
And hast broken thy word, my fair.
To-night there's a ball in the churchyard,
So come—I will dance with thee there!"

A spell came over the maiden,
She could neither speak nor stay;
So she followed the Form, which, singing
And fiddling, went dancing away.

Fiddling, and dancing, and hopping,
And rattling his arms and spine,
The white skull grinning and nodding
Away in the dim moonshine.

25.

I STOOD in shadowy dreaming,
I gazed upon her form;
And in that face, so dearly loved,
Strange life began to warm.

And on her soft and child-like mouth
There played a heavenly smile,
Though in her dark and lustrous eyes
A tear-drop shone the while.

And my own tears were flowing too,
In silent agony;
For oh! I cannot deem it true
That thou art lost to me.

26.

I, A most wretched Atlas, who a world
Of bitterest griefs and agonies must carry,
And bear the all-unbearable, till, breaking,
The heart is lost within me.

Wild daring heart!—it was thine own mad choice;
Thou would'st be happy, infinitely happy,
Or wretched beyond measure:—Daring heart!
Now thou art truly wretched.

27.

Ages may come and vanish,
Races may pass away;
But the love which I have cherished
Within can ne'er decay.

Once more I fain would see thee,
And kneel where e'er thou art;
And dying, whisper—"*Madam,*
Be pleased to accept my heart!"

28.

It seemed that the pale moon sadly shone,
And the stars were sadly gleaming;
I was borne away to my own love's town,
A hundred leagues—while dreaming.

I came to the house where she had slept,
I kissed the stair, while weeping,
Where oft her little foot had stept,
Which had known her garments sweeping.

Long was the night, cold was the night
I sat there chilled, despairing;
From the window looked a phantom white,
At the chilly moonlight staring.[1]

---

[1] Original Version.

I dreamed:—the moon shone grimly down,
The stars seemed sad and grey;
And I was in my true love's town,
Full many a league away.

29.

What means this lonely tear-drop
  Which dims mine eye to-day?
It is the last now left me,
  Where once so many lay.

It had many a shining sister
  Which rolled in glittering light;
But now, with my smiles and sorrows,
  They're lost in wind and night.

And, like the mists, have faded
  The light-blue sparkling stars,
Which flashed their joys or sorrows
  Down through life's prison-bars.

Oh, love—wild love—where art thou?
  Fled like an idle breath:
My silent lonely tear-drop,
  Go fade in misty death!

I stood before the house and wept,
  I kissed the shadowy stone
Where oft her little foot had stepped,
  Where oft her robes had flown.

The cold step chilled my lip and arm,
  I lay in shivering swoon;
While from above a phantom form
  Looked out upon the moon.

30.

THE pale half-moon is floating
Like a boat 'mid cloudy waves,
Lone lies the pastor's cottage
Amid the silent graves.

The mother reads in the Bible,
The son seems weary and weak;
The eldest daughter is drowsy,
While the youngest begins to speak:

"Ah me!—how every minute
Rolls by so drearily;
Only when some one is buried,
Have we anything here to see!"

The mother murmured while reading:
"Thou'rt wrong—they've brought but four
Since thy poor father was buried
Out there by the churchyard door."

The eldest daughter says, gaping:
"No more will I hunger by you;
I'll go to the Baron to-morrow,
He's wealthy, and fond of me too."

The son bursts out into laughter:
"Three hunters carouse in "The Sun;"
They all can make gold, and gladly
Will show me how it is done."

The mother holds the Bible
To his pale face in grief:
"And wilt thou—wicked fellow—
Become a highway thief?"

A rapping is heard on the window,
There trembles a warning hand;
Without, in the priest's black surplice,
They see their dead father stand.

31.

TO-NIGHT we have dreadful weather,
It rains and storms and snows,
I sit at my window, gazing
Where blacker the darkness grows.

There glimmers a lonely candle,
Which moves to weary feet;
An old dame with a lantern
Comes hobbling across the street.

It seems that for eggs, and flour,
And butter, she forth has come,
To make a cake for her daughter,
Her grown-up darling at home,

Who, at the bright lamp blinking,
In an arm-chair lazily lies,
And golden locks are waving
Above her beautiful eyes.

32.

They say that my heart is breaking
With love and sorrow too;
And at last I shall believe it,
As other people do.

Sweet girl, with eyes dark beaming,
I have ever told thee this,
That my heart with love is breaking,
That thou wert all my bliss.

But only in my chamber
Dared I thus boldly speak;
Alas! when thou wert present,
My words were sad and weak.

For there were evil angels
Who quickly hushed my tongue;
And oh! these evil angels
My heart with grief have wrung.

33.

Oh, thy lovely lily-fingers!
If I once again could kiss them,
Press them once upon my heart,
And then die in silent weeping!

For thy clear deep eyes like violets
Sweep before me day and night;
And I vex my soul in guessing
At the soft, sweet, blue enigmas.

34.

HAS she never really noticed
That you long with love were burning?
Saw you never in her glances
Any sign of love returning?

Could you never with your glances
Wake *that* look which thrills and flatters?
You, who surely are no donkey,
Friend of mine, in these small matters.[1]

35.

THEY tenderly loved, and yet neither
Would venture the other to move;
They met as if hate were between them,
And yet were half dying with love.

They parted, and then saw each other
At times in their visions alone;
They had long left this sad life together,
Yet scarcely to either 'twas known.

---

[1] THE ORIGINAL VERSION.

And hath she never noticed
That thou with love didst burn?
And saw'st thou in her glances
No sign of love's return?

And could'st thou then read nothing
In all her words and airs:
Thou, who hast such experience,
Dear friend, in these affairs?

36.

When first my afflictions you heard me rehearse,
You gaped and you stared:—"God be praised
'twas no worse!"
But when I repeated them smoothly in rhyme,
You thought it was "wonderful," "glorious,"
"sublime!"

37.

I called the Devil, and he came;
In blank amaze his form I sean;
He is not ugly, is not lame,
But a refined, accomplished man.
One in the very prime of life,
At home in every cabinet strife,
Who, as diplomatist, can tell
Church and State news extremely well.
He is somewhat pale, and no wonder either,
Since he studies Sanscrit and Hegel together.
His favourite poet is still *Fouqué*,
Of criticism he makes no mention;
Since all such matters, unworthy attention,
He leaves to his grandmother, Hecate.
He praised my legal efforts, and said
That he also, when younger, some law had read,
Remarking that friendship like mine would be
An acquisition, and bowed to me:—

Then asked if we had not met before
At the Spanish minister's *soirée?*
And as I scanned his face once more,
I found I had known him for many a day!

38.

MORTAL!—sneer not at the Devil,
Soon thy little life is o'er,
And eternal grim damnation
Is no idle tale of yore.

Mortal!—pay the debts thou owest;
Long 'twill be ere life is o'er;
Many a time thou yet must borrow,
As thou oft hast done before.

39.

"WHICH is the way to Bethlehem?
Is there no one to show it?"
So asked the three kings from the Eastern land;
"Dear children, do you know it?"

Neither old nor young could tell them the road.
The kings went on. Before them
There went a beautiful golden star,
Which gleamed in its glory o'er them.

The star stood still over Joseph's house;
They entered, their offerings bringing,
The oxen lowed, the Infant cried,
While the three wise kings were singing.[1]

40.

My child, we once were children,
Two children gay and small;
We crept into the hen-house,
And hid ourselves, heads and all.

We clucked, just like the poultry,
And when folks came by, you know—
Kickery-kee!—they started,
And thought 'twas a real crow.

---

[1] The Original Version.

The three wise monarchs of the East
Asked in each city near:
"Which is the way to Bethlehem,
Tell us, ye children dear?"

But neither old nor young could tell.
The three wise kings went on:
Still following a golden star
Which gleamed in glory down,

Until it paused o'er Joseph's house,
Before the shrine they bowed;
The oxen lowed, the infant cried,
The three kings sang aloud.

The chests which lay in our courtyard
We papered so smooth and nice;
We thought they were beautiful houses,
And lived in them, snug as mice.

When the old cat of our neighbour
Dropped in for a social call;
We made her bows and courtesies,
And compliments and all.

We asked of her health, and kindly
Inquired how all had sped:—
Since then, to many a tabby
The self-same things we've said.

And oft, like good old people,
We talked with sober tongue,
Declaring that all was better
In the days when we were young.

How piety, faith, and true love
Had vanished quite away;
And how dear we found the coffee,
How scarce the money to-day.

So all goes rolling onward,
The merry days of youth,—
Money, the world and its seasons;
And honesty, love, and truth.

41.

My heart is sad, and with misgiving
I ponder o'er the ancient day,
When this poor world was fit to live in,
And calmly sped the time away.

Now all seems changed which once was cherished,
The world is filled with care and dread;
As if the Lord in Heaven had perished,
And down below the Devil were dead.

But care of all hath so bereft us,
So little pleasure Life doth give;
That were not some faint Love still left us,
No more I'd wish on earth to live.

42.

As the summer moon shines rising
Through the dark and cloud-like trees,
So my soul 'mid shadowy memories
Still a gleaming picture sees.

All upon the deck were seated,
Proudly sailing on the Rhine,
And the shores in summer verdure
Gleamed in sunset's crimson shine.

And I rested, gently musing,
At a lovely lady's feet;
And the golden sun was playing
On her face so pale and sweet.

Lutes were ringing, boys were singing,
Wondrous rapture o'er me stole;
Bluer, bluer grew the heavens,
Fuller, higher, swelled my soul.

Like a legend, wood and river,
Hill and tower before me flies;
And I see the whole reflected
In the lady's lovely eyes.

43.

In dreams I saw the loved one,
A sorrowing, wearied form,
Her beauty blanched and withered
By many a dreary storm.

A little babe she carried,
Another child she led,
And poverty and trouble
In glance and garb I read.

She trembled through the market,
And face to face we met;
And I calmly said, while sadly
Her eyes on mine were set:

"Come to my house, I pray thee,
For thou art pale and thin;
And for thee, by my labour,
Thy meat and drink I'll win.

"And to thy little children
I'll be a father mild;
But most of all thy parent,
Thou poor unhappy child.

"Nor will I ever tell thee
That once I held thee dear;
And if thou diest before me
I'll weep upon thy bier."

44.

Friend of mine, why are you ever
Through the same old measures moving?
Will you, brooding, sit for ever
On the same old eggs of loving?

'Tis an endless incubation:
From their eggs the chicks scarce risen,
When the chirping generation
In a book you coop and prison.

45.

But, I pray, be not impatient
At the same old chords still ringing,
If you find the same old sorrows
In the newest songs I'm singing.

Wait; for ye shall yet hear fading
All this echo of my sorrow,
When a fresher spring of poems
Bubbles from my heart to-morrow.

46.

Now it's time that my mind from this folly I free,—
Yes, time I were guided by reason:
You've been playing the part of an actress with me,
I fear, for too lengthened a season.

In the warmest style of the highest romance
Our scenery all was new-fangled,
I thought but of lady, of helmet and lance,
And my armour was splendidly spangled.

But I sigh now to think that such parts I could fill
With this frippery lying before me;
And a feeling as though I played comedy still
Comes wretchedly wandering o'er me.

Ah! Heaven, I spoke what in secret I felt;
Unconscious I did it, and jesting;
As the Dying Athlete before you I knelt,
While Death in my own heart was resting.

47.

THE great King *Wiswa-mitra*
Is lost in trouble now;
For he through strife and penance
Will win *Wasischta's* cow.

Oh, great King *Wiswa-mitra!*
Oh, what an ox art thou!
To bear such strife and penance
All for a single cow.

48.

HEART, my heart!—Oh, be not shaken,
And still calmly bear thy pain!
For the spring will bring again
What a dreary winter's taken.

And how much is still remaining,
And how bright the world still beams;
And, my heart, what pleasant seems,
Thou may'st love with none complaining.

49.

THOU'RT like a lovely flower,
So fair, and pure, and sweet;
I gaze on thee, and sadly
My tender heart doth beat.

I fain would lay my hands
Upon thy head in prayer
To God, that He will keep thee
So sweet, and pure, and fair.

50.

CHILD!—it were thine utter ruin,
And I strive, right earnestly,
That thy gentle heart may never
Glow with aught like love for me.

But the thought that 'twere so easy,
Still amid my dreams will move me,
And I still am ever thinking
That 'twere sweet to make you love me.

51.

WHEN on my bed I'm lying
In night and pillows warm,
There ever floats before me
A sweet and gentle form.

But soon as silent slumber
Has closed my weary eyes,
Before me, in a vision,
I see the image rise.

Yet with the dream of morning
It will not pass away,
For I bear it in my bosom
Around the live-long day.

52.

Maiden with a mouth of roses,
And with eyes serene and bright!
Thou, my little darling maiden,
Dearest to my heart and sight!

Long the winter nights are growing—
Would I might forget their gloom,
By thee sitting—with thee chatting,
In thy little friendly room.

Often to my lips, in rapture,
I would press thy small white hand;
Often with my eyes bedewing
Silently that small white hand.

53.

Though without the snow-drifts tower,
Though hail falls, and tempests shower,
On the window-pane loud rattling,
Little will I heed their battling,
For her form doth ever bring
To my heart the joys of spring.

54.

MANY pray to the Madonna,
Others run to Paul or Peter;
I will only pray to you, love,
Fairest sun of starry women!

Grant me kisses—you have won me!—
Oh, be merciful and gracious!
Fairest sun among the maidens!
'Neath the sun, of girls the fairest!

55.

AND do not my pale cheeks betray
The pains at heart distressing?
And would you hear so proud a mouth
The beggar's prayer confessing?

Ah me! this mouth is far too proud;
It knows but jests and kisses,
And may have spoken mocking words
To hide the heart's distresses.

56.

DEAREST friend! you are in love;
Tighter draws the chain and tighter;
In your head 'tis growing dark,
While your heart is getting lighter.

66009

Dearest friend! you are in love;
Yet from confidence you're turning,
When I see your glowing heart
Through your very waistcoat burning!

57.

I FAIN would linger near thee,
But when I sought to woo,
There was no time to hear me,
There was "too much to do."

I told you, shortly after,
That all your own I'd be;
And, with a peal of laughter,
You made a courtesy.

At last you did confuse me
More utterly than this;
For you did e'en refuse me
A trifling parting kiss!

Fear not that I shall languish,
Or shoot myself—oh, no!
I've gone through all this anguish,
My dear, long, long ago.

58.

BRIGHT sapphires are thy beaming eyes,
Dear eyes, so soft and sweet;
Ah me! thrice happy is the man
Whom they with true love greet.

Thy heart's a diamond, bright and clear,
Whence rays of splendour flow;
Ah me! thrice happy is the man
For whom with love they glow.

Thy lips are rubies melting red,
No brighter need we seek,
Ah me! thrice happy is the man
To whom with love they speak.

Oh, could I meet that happy man
But once, I'd ask no more;
For all alone in the gay green wood
His joys would soon be o'er.

59.

With love vows I long have bound me,
Firmly tied me to thy heart;
Now, with my own meshes round me,
Jesting turns to pain and smart.

But if thou,—with right before thee,—
Now shouldst turn away thy head;
Then the devil would soon come o'er me,
And, by Jove, I'd shoot me dead.

60.

This world and this life are too scattered, we know,
And so to a German professor I'll go.

He can well put all the fragments together,
Into a system convenient and terse;
While with his night-cap and dressing-robe tatters
He'll stop up the chinks of the wide universe.

61.

To-night they give a party,
The house gleams bright above;
And over the lighted window
I see thy shadow move.

You see me not in the darkness,
I stand alone, apart;
Still less can you cast your glances
Into my gloomy heart.

This gloomy heart still loves you
It loves:—though long forgot.
Breaking, convulsed, and bleeding;
Alas!—you see it not!

62.

I would I could pour my sorrows
All into a single word;
It should fly on the wilful breezes,
As wildly as a bird.

They should carry to thee, my loved one,
That saddest, strangest word;
At every hour it would meet thee,
In every place be heard.

And as soon as those eyes in slumber
Had dimmed their starry gleam,
That word of my sorrow should follow
Down to thy deepest dream.

63.

Thou hast diamonds and dresses and jewels,
And all that a mortal could crave;
Thou hast eyes that are fairer than any,
My dearest! what more wouldst thou have?

To those eyes which are brighter than jewels,
I have written, both lively and grave,
An army of poems immortal,
My dearest! what more wouldst thou have?

Ah! those eyes, which are brighter than diamonds,
Have brought me well-nigh to the grave;
I am tortured, tormented, and ruined,
My dearest! what more wouldst thou have?

64.

He who for the first time loves,
Though unloved, is still a god;
But the man who loves a second,
And in vain, must be a fool.

Such a fool am I, now loving
Once again, without return;
Sun and moon and stars are smiling,
And I smile with them—and perish.

65.

No, the tameness and the sameness
Of your soul would not agree
With my own soul's ruder braveness,
Which o'er rocks went leaping free.

Your love-paths were graded turnpikes;
Now with husband, every day,
Arm in arm I see you walking
Bravely,—in the family way!

66.

They gave me advice which I scarcely heeded,
Piled on me praises I never needed;
Said that I only should "wait awhile."
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But, with all their honour and approbation,
I should long ago have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow!—he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I cannot embrace him—though *other* folks *can*,
For I myself am this excellent man!

67.

I CAN never speak too highly
Of this amiable young fellow;
Oft he treated me to oysters,
Good old hock and cordials mellow.

Neatly fit his coat and trousers;
His cravats are worth admiring;
And he sees me every morning,
Of my state of health inquiring.

Of my great renown still speaking,
Of my wit and condescension;
And to aid me, or to serve me,
Does his best without pretension.

Every evening, to the ladies,
In the tones of one inspired,
He declaims my "heavenly poems,
Which the world has so admired."

Oh, but is it not refreshing
Still to find such persons flying;
And in times like these, when truly
All the better sort seem dying?

68.

I DREAMED that I was Lord of all,
High up in Heaven sitting,
With cherubim who praised my verse
Around in glory flitting.

And cakes I ate, and sugar-plums,
Worth many a shining dollar,
And claret-punch I also drank,
With never a bill to follow.

And yet ennui vexed me sore,
I longed for earthly revels,
And were I not the Lord himself,
I sure had been the Devil's.

"Come, trot, tall Angel Gabriel,
To thee broad wings are given;
Go find my dearest friend *Eugene*,
And bring him up to Heaven!

"Ask not for him in lecture-rooms,
But where Tokay inspires;
Seek him not in the Hedwig's Church,
Seek him at Ma'msell Meyer's!"

Abroad he spreads his mighty wings,
To earth his course descends;
He catches up the astonished youth,
Right from among his friends.

"Yes, youth, I now am Lord of all,
The earth is my possession;
I always told you I was bound
To rise in my profession.

"And miracles I too can work,
To set you wild with pleasure;
And now I'll make the town Berlin
Rejoice beyond all measure:

"For every stone which paves the street
Shall now be split in two;
And in the midst shall sparkle bright
An oyster fresh as dew.

"A gentle shower of lemon-juice
Shall give the oysters savour;
The gutters of the streets must run
With hock of extra flavour."

How the Berliners go to work!
What cries of joy they utter!
The council and the aldermen
Are swilling up the gutter.

And how the poets all rejoice,
To see things done so neatly;
The ensigns and lieutenants, too,
Have cleaned the streets completely.

The wisest are the officers,
For, speculation scorning,
They sagely say, "Such miracles
Don't happen every morning."

69.

From sweetest lips have I been forced and driven,
From fairest arms and beauty captivating;
Long had I gladly rested in this heaven,
But with his horses stood the post-boy waiting.

And such is life, my child—an endless plaining,
A long adieu, a lasting parting hour.
Could not your heart charm mine into remaining?
Could not your glances keep me by their power?

70.

We rode in the dark post-carriage,
We travelled all night alone;
We slept and we jested together,
We laughed until morning shone.

But as daylight came dawning o'er us,
My dear, how we started to find
Between us a traveller named CUPID,
Who had ventured on "going it blind."[1]

71.

LORD knows where the wild young hussy
Whom I seek has settled down;
Swearing at the rain and weather,
I am scouring all the town.

I have run from inn to tavern—
Ne'er a bit of news I gain;
And of every saucy waiter
I've inquired—and all in vain.

---

[1] *Doch als es Morgens tagte,*
Mein Kind, wie staunten wir!
Denn zwischen uns sass Amor
Der blinde Passagier.

I have heard "a blind passenger" described as the one who sits at the end of the *Eilwagen* (or Diligence), where there is no window. But in popular parlance, "the blind passenger" is one who, to translate a bit of German slang by its American equivalent, may be termed a "self-elected dead-head," or an individual who slips in and out of an entertainment, coach, steamboat, or the like, without paying for his admission.

Literally this verse reads:—"But when day dawned, my child, how we were astonished, for between us sat *Amor*, the blind passenger."—*Note by Translator.*

There she is!—at yonder window—
Smiling, beckoning to me. Well!
How was I to know you quartered,
Miss, in such a grand hotel?

72.

Like dusky dreams, the houses
Stand in a lengthened row;
And wrapped in my Spanish mantle,
Through the shadow I silently go.

The tower of the old cathedral
Announces that midnight has come;
And now, with her charms and her kisses,
My dearest is waiting at home.

The moon is my boon companion,
She cheerily lights my way,
Till I come to the house of my true love,
And then to the moon I say:

Many thanks for your light, old comrade;
Receive my parting bow;
For the rest of the night I'll excuse you;
Go shine upon other folks now.

And if you should "light" on a lover,
Who drearily sorrows alone,
Console him as you have consoled me,
In the wearisome times long gone.

73.

What lies are hid in kisses,
What delight in mere parade!
To betray may have its blisses,
But more blest is the betrayed.

Say what thou wilt, my fairest,
Still I know what thou'lt receive;
I'll believe just what thou swearest,
And will swear what thou'lt believe.

74.

Upon your snowy bosom
I laid my weary head,
And secretly I listened
To what thy heart-throbs said.

The blue hussars come riding
With trumpets to the gate,
And to-morrow she who loves me
Will seek another mate.

But though you leave to-morrow
To-day you still may rest,
And in your lovely arms, love,
Will I be doubly blest.

75.

BLUE hussars, with their trumpets loud sounding,
Through the town-gate are riding away;
So again to you, darling, I'm bringing
Fresh roses—a lovely bouquet.

Oh, that was the craziest business,
Much trouble in every part;
And many a fine blade was "drawn," dear,
And "quartered" besides on—your heart!

76.

I TOO, in life's early season,
Had my pains beyond all reason,
From love's burning mood.
But now I find that wood is dear,
And fire burns lower every year,
Ma foi!—and that is good.

Think of that, my dear young beauty;
Dry your tears, since joy is duty;
Heed no false alarms.
While your veins with young love quiver,
Let the old love be lost forever,
Ma foi!—in my fond arms.

77.

How the eunuchs were complaining
At the roughness of my song;
Complaining and explaining
That my voice was much too strong.

Then delicately thrilling,
They all began to sing;
Like crystal was their trilling,
So pure it seemed to ring.

They sang of *passion* sweeping
In hot floods from the heart;
The ladies all were weeping,
In a rapturous sense of Art!

78.

'Twas just in the midst of July that I left you,
And now in mid-winter I meet you once more;
Then, as we parted, with heat ye were glowing,
Now ye are cool, and the fever is o'er.

Once more I leave!—should I come again hither,
Then you will be neither burning nor cold;
Over your graves,—well-a-day!—I'll be treading,
And find that my own heart is weary and old.

79.

Now, then, do you really hate me?
Are you really changed so sadly?
I'll complain to everybody
That you've treated me so badly.

Oh, ye red lips, so ungrateful!
Say, how could you speak unkindly
Of the man who kissed so fondly,
And of him who loved so blindly?

80.

Still the same those eyes beguiling,
Which once lent to love completeness;
Still the same those soft lips smiling,
Which to life gave all its sweetness.

Still the same that voice, whose music
I have listened to with yearning:
But I am the same no longer,
Changed as strangely since returning.

By the fair white arms so firmly,
Passionately now surrounded,
I upon her heart am lying
Melancholy and confounded.[1]

---

[1] The Original Version.

And those are still the heavenly eyes,
Which mine would gently greet;
And those are still the coral lips,
Which once made life so sweet.

81.

ROUND the walls of Salamanca
Soft the summer breeze is blowing;
There I wander with my Donna,
When the evening red is glowing.
Round the lady's slender body
My embracing arm still lingers,
And I feel her bosom proudly
Swelling 'neath my happy fingers!

Yet a murmur as of anguish
Through the linden flowers comes streaming,
And the gloomy stream below us
Murmurs as if evil dreaming.

Ah, Señora! dark forebodings
Of "expulsion" round are stalking;
On the walls of Salamanca
We no more can then go walking.

'Tis the same voice of melody,
I once so gladly heard;
I, only, am no more the same,
But changed in thought and word.

Now by those white and rounded arms
I'm passionately pressed;
And lie upon her heart and feel
Gloomy and ill at rest.

82.

Scarce had we met, when in tones and in glances
I saw that you liked me, and nothing I missed;
And had not your mother been there with her fancies,
Right certain I am that at once we'd have kissed.

To-morrow I'll leave while the world will be sleeping;
Away, as of old, in my journey I'll go;
And then, my blonde girl, from the window'll be peeping,
And glances of love at the window I'll throw.

83.

The sunlight is stealing o'er mountain and river,
The cries of the flocks are heard over the plain;
My love and my lamb and my darling for ever,
How glad I would be could I see thee again.

Upwards I look, and with glances full loving,
"Darling, adieu! I must wander from thee."
Vainly I wait, for no curtain is moving;
She lies and she sleeps, and she's dreaming of me.

84.

In the market-place of Halle
There stand two mighty lions;
Oh, thou lion-pride of Halle,
How greatly art thou tamed!

In the market-place of Halle
There stands a mighty giant;
He hath a sword, yet never stirs,—
He's petrified with terror.

In the market-place of Halle
A mighty church is standing,
Where the *Burschenschaft* and the *Landsmannschaft* [1]
Have plenty of room for praying.

85.

Summer eve with day is striving,
Softly gaining wood and meadow;
'Mid blue heavens the golden moonlight
Gleams, in perfumed air reviving.

Crickets round the brook are cheeping,
Something stirs amid the water;
And the wanderer hears a plashing,
And a breath amid the sleeping:

[1] Student associations, the *Burschenschaft* being general and political in its objects, while the *Landsmannschafter* are local.—*Note by Translator.*

There alone, beside the river,
See!—a fair Undine is bathing.
Arms and bosom, white and lovely,
In the shimmering moon-rays quiver.

86.

On strange roads the night is lying,
Weariness and pain before me!
When, like blessings softly flying,
The sweet moon-rays quiver o'er me.

Gentle moon, by that bright gleaming,
Nightly terrors soon you banish;
And my eyes with tears are streaming,
As my fears and sorrows vanish.

87.

Death is a cool and pleasant night,
Life is a sultry day.
'Tis growing dark—I'm weary;
For day has tired me with his light.

Over my bed a fair tree gleams,
There sings a nightingale;
She sings of naught save love;
I hear it even in dreams.

88.

SAY, where is your own fair darling,
Whom you once were sweetly singing,
When the flames of magic power
Wildly in your heart were springing?

Ah! those flames no more are burning,
And my cold heart feels no flashes;
And this book's the urn containing,
Of that love the dreary ashes.[1]

---

[1] THE ORIGINAL VERSION.

Say, where is thine own sweet love,
Whom thou hast so sweetly sung,
When the flames of magic power
Strangely through thy wild heart sprung?

Ah! those flames no longer burn,
And my heart is slow to move;
And this book's the burial urn,
With the ashes of my love.

THE HARTZ JOURNEY.

(1824.)

"Nothing is permanent but change, nothing constant but death. Every pulsation of the heart inflicts a wound, and life would be an endless bleeding, were it not for Poetry. She secures to us what Nature would deny,—a golden age without rust, a spring which never fades, cloudless prosperity and eternal youth."—BÖRNE.

Black dress coats and silken stockings,
  Snowy ruffles frilled with art,
Gentle speeches and embraces—
  Oh, if they but held a heart!

Held a heart within their bosom,
  Warmed by love which truly glows;
Ah! I'm wearied with their chanting
  Of imagined lovers' woes!

I will climb upon the mountains,
  Where the quiet cabin stands,
Where the wind blows freely o'er us,
  Where the heart at ease expands.

I will climb upon the mountains,
  Where the dark-green fir-trees grow;
Brooks are rustling—birds are singing,
  And the wild clouds headlong go.

Then farewell, ye polished ladies,
Polished men and polished hall!
I will climb upon the mountain,
Smiling down upon you all.

THE town of *Göttingen*, celebrated for its sausages and University, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains nine hundred and ninety-nine dwellings, divers churches, a lying-in-asylum, an observatory, a prison, a library, and a "council-cellar," where the beer is excellent. The stream which flows by the town is termed the *Leine*, and is used in summer for bathing, its waters being very cold, and in more than one place so broad, that LUDER[1] was obliged to take quite a run ere he could leap across. The town itself is beautiful, and pleases most when looked at—backwards. It must be very ancient, for I well remember that five years ago, when I matriculated there (and shortly after "summoned"), it had already the same grey, old-fashioned, wise look, and was fully furnished with beggars, beadles, diss*art*ations, tea-parties, with a little dancing, washerwomen, compendiums, roasted pigeons, Guelphic orders, professors ordinary and extraordinary, pipe-heads, court-counsellors, and law-counsellors. Many even assert that at the time of the great migration of races, every Ger-

[1] The name of a dog.

man tribe left a badly corrected proof of its existence in the town, in the person of one of its members, and that from these descended all the Vandals, Frisians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, and others, who at the present day abound in Göttingen, where, separately distinguished by the colour of their caps and pipe-tassels, they may be seen straying singly or in hordes along the Weender Street. They still fight their battles on the bloody arena of the *Rasenmill*, *Ritschenkrug*, and *Bovden*, still preserve the mode of life peculiar to their savage ancestors, and are still governed partly by their *Duces*, whom they call "chief cocks," and partly by their primœvally ancient law-book, known as the "Comment," which fully deserves a place among the *legibus barbarorum*.

The inhabitants of Göttingen are generally and socially divided into Students, Professors, Philistines, and Cattle, the points of difference between these castes being by no means strictly defined. The cattle class is the most important. I might be accused of prolixity should I here enumerate the names of all the students and of all the regular and irregular professors; besides, I do not just at present distinctly remember the appellations of all the former gentlemen; while among the professors are many who as yet have no name at all. The number of the Göttingen

Philistines must be as numerous as the sands (or, more correctly speaking, as the mud) of the sea; indeed, when I beheld them of a morning, with their dirty faces and clean bills, planted before the gate of the collegiate court of justice, I wondered greatly that such an innumerable pack of rascals should ever have been created.

More accurate information of the town of Göttingen may be very conveniently obtained from its "Topography," by K. F. H. Marx. Though entertaining the most sacred regard for its author, who was my physician, and manifested for me much esteem, still I cannot pass by his work with altogether unconditional praise, inasmuch as he has not with sufficient zeal combatted the erroneous opinion that the ladies of Göttingen have *not* enormous feet. On this point I speak authoritatively, having for many years been earnestly occupied with a refutation of this belief. To confirm my views, I have not only studied comparative anatomy, and made copious extracts from the rarest works in the library, but have also watched for hours, in the Weender Street, the feet of the ladies as they walked by. In the fundamentally erudite treatise, which forms the result of these studies, I speak Firstly, of feet in general; Secondly, of the feet of antiquity; Thirdly, of elephants' feet; Fourthly, of the feet of the Göttingen ladies; Fifthly, I col-

lect all that was ever said in Ulrich's Garden on the subject of female feet; Sixthly, I regard feet in their connection with each other, availing myself of the opportunity to extend my observation to ankles, calves, knees, &c.; and finally and Seventhly, if I can manage to hunt up sheets of paper of sufficient size, I will present my readers with some copperplate facsimiles of the feet of the fair dames of Göttingen.

It was as yet very early in the morning when I left Göttingen, and the learned * * *, beyond doubt still lay in bed, dreaming that he wandered in a fair garden, amid the beds of which grew innumerable white papers written over with citations. On these the sun shone cheerily, and he plucked them and planted them in new beds, while the sweetest songs of the nightingales rejoiced his old heart.

Before the Weender Gate, I met two native and diminutive schoolboys, one of whom was saying to the other, "I don't intend to keep company any more with Theodore; he is a low little blackguard, for yesterday he didn't even know the genitive of *Mensa*." Insignificant as these words may appear, I still regard them as entitled to record—nay, I would even write them as town-motto on the gate of Göttingen, for the young birds pipe as the old ones sing, and the expression accurately indicates the narrow-minded

academic pride so characteristic of the "highly learned" Georgia Augusta.

Fresh morning air blew over the road, the birds sang cheerily, and little by little, with the breeze and the birds, my mind also became fresh and cheerful. Such a refreshment was needed for one who had long been imprisoned in a stall of legal lore. Roman casuists had covered my soul with grey cobwebs; my heart was cemented firmly between the iron paragraphs of selfish systems of jurisprudence; there was an endless ringing in my ears of such sounds as "Tribonian, Justinian, Hermogenian, and Blockheadian," and a sentimental brace of lovers seated under a tree appeared to me like an edition of the Corpus Juris with closed clasps. The road began to wear a more lively appearance. Milkmaids occasionally passed, as did also donkey-drivers with their grey pupils. Beyond Weende, I met the "Shepherd" and "Doris." This is not the idyllic pair sung by Gessner, but the well-matched University beadles, whose duty it is to keep watch and ward, so that no students fight duels in Bovden, and above all that no new ideas (such as are generally obliged to maintain a decennial quarantine before Göttingen) are smuggled in by speculative private teachers. SHEPHERD greeted me very collegially and congenially, for he too is an author, who has frequently mentioned my

name in his semi-annual writings. In addition to this, I may mention that when, as was frequently the case, he came to summon me before the university court and found me "not at home;" he was always kind enough to write the citation with chalk upon my chamber door. Occasionally a one-horse vehicle rolled along, well-packed with students, who travelled away for the vacation—or for ever. In such a university town there is an endless coming and going. Every three years beholds a new student-generation, forming an incessant human tide, where one vacation-wave washes along its predecessor, and only the old professors remain upright in the general flood, immovable as the Pyramids of Egypt. Unlike their Oriental cotemporaries, no tradition declares that in them treasures of wisdom are buried.

From amid the "myrtle leaves," by Rauschenwasser, I saw two hopeful youths appear. A female, who there carried on her business, accompanied them as far as the highway, clapped with a practised hand the meagre legs of the horses, laughed aloud as one of the cavaliers, inspired with a very peculiar spirit of gallantry, gave her a "cut behind" with his whip, and travelled off for Boyden. The youths, however, rattled along towards *Nörten*, trilling in a highly intelligent manner, and singing charmingly the Rossinian lay of "Drink beer, pretty, pretty 'Liza!" These

sounds I continued to hear when far in the distance, and after I had long lost sight of the amiable vocalists, as their horses, which appeared to be gifted with characters of extreme German deliberation, were spurred and lashed in a most excruciating style. In no place is the skinning alive of horses carried to such an extent as in Göttingen ; and often, when I beheld some lame and sweating hack, who, to earn the scraps of fodder which maintained his wretched life, was obliged to endure the torment of some roaring blade, or draw a whole waggon-load of students, I reflected : " Unfortunate beast ! most certainly thy first ancestors, in some horse-paradise, did eat of forbidden oats."

In the tavern at Nörten I again met my two vocalists. One devoured a herring-salad and the other amused himself with the leathern-complexioned waiting-maid, Fusia Canina, also known as Stepping-Bird.[1] He passed from compliments to caresses, until they became finally " hand-in-glove " together.[2] To lighten my knapsack, I extracted from it a pair of blue pantaloons, which were somewhat remarkable in a historical point of view, and presented them to the little waiter,

[1] *Trittvogel*, or "Step-bird," signifies, in German student slang, one who demands money, a Manichean, or creditor, &c.—*Note by Translator.* It has also a more vulgar signification.

[2] Hand-in-glove—*Hand-gemein.*

whom we called Humming-Bird. The old landlady, Bussenia, brought me bread and butter, and greatly lamented that I so seldom visited her, for she loved me dearly.

Beyond Nörten the sun flashed high in heaven. He evidently wished to treat me honourably, and warmed my heart until all the unripe thoughts which it contained came to full growth. The pleasant Sun Tavern in Nörten should not be passed over in silence, for it was there that I breakfasted. All the dishes were excellent, and suited me far better than the wearisome, academical courses of saltless, leathery dried fish and cabbage *rechauffée*, which characterised both our physical and mental pabulum at Göttingen. After I had somewhat appeased my appetite, I remarked in the same room of the tavern a gentleman and two ladies, who appeared about to depart on their journey. The cavalier was clad entirely in green, even to his eyes, over which a pair of green spectacles cast in turn a verdigris glow upon his copper-red nose. The gentleman's general appearance was that which we may presume King Nebuchadnezzar to have presented after having passed a few years out at grass. The Green One requested me to recommend him to a hotel in Göttingen, and I advised him when there to inquire of the first convenient student for the *Hotel de Brübach*. One lady was evidently his wife:

an altogether extensively constructed dame, gifted with a red mile-stone countenance, with dimples in her cheeks, which looked like hide-and-go-seek holes for well-grown cupids. A copious double-chin appeared below, like an imperfect continuation of the face, while her high-piled bosom, which was defended by stiff points of lace and a many-cornered collar, as if by turrets and bastions, reminded one of a fortress. Still, it is by no means certain that this fortress would have resisted an ass laden with gold, any more than did that of which Philip of Macedon spoke. The other lady, her sister, seemed her extreme antitype. If the one were descended from Pharaoh's fat kine, the other was as certainly derived from the lean. Her face was but a mouth between two ears; her breast was as inconsolably comfortless and dreary as the Lüneburger heath; while her altogether dried-up figure reminded one of a charity-table for poor students of theology. Both ladies asked me, in a breath, if respectable people lodged in the Hotel de Brübach? I assented to this question with certainty and a clear conscience, and as the charming trio drove away, I waved my hand to them many times from the window. The landlord of the Sun laughed, however, in his sleeve, being probably aware that the Hotel de Brübach was a name bestowed by the students of Göttingen upon their University prison.

Beyond *Nordheim* mountain ridges begin to appear, and the traveller occasionally meets with a picturesque eminence. The wayfarers whom I encountered were principally pedlars, travelling to the Brunswick fair, and among them were swarms of women, every one of whom bore on her back an incredibly large pack, covered with linen. In these packs were cages, containing every variety of singing birds, which continually chirped and sung, while their bearers merrily hopped along and sang together. It seemed droll to thus behold one bird carrying others to market.

The night was dark as pitch as I entered *Osterode*. I had no appetite for supper, and at once went to bed. I was as tired as a dog, and slept like a god. In my dreams I returned to Göttingen, even to its very library. I stood in a corner of the Hall of Jurisprudence, turning over old dissertations, lost myself in reading, and when I finally looked up, remarked to my astonishment that it was night, and that the hall was illuminated by innumerable overhanging crystal chandeliers. The bell of the neighbouring church struck twelve, the hall doors slowly opened, and there entered a superb colossal female form, reverentially accompanied by the members and hangers-on of the legal faculty. The giantess, though advanced in years, retained in her coun-

tenance traces of extreme beauty, and her every glance indicated the sublime Titaness, the mighty Themis. The sword and balance were carelessly grasped in her right hand, while with the left she held a roll of parchment. Two young *Doctores Juris* bore the train of her faded grey robe; by her right side the lean Court Counsellor Rusticus, the Lycurgus of Hanover, fluttered here and there like a zephyr, declaiming extracts from his last legal essay, while by her left, her *cavaliere servante*, the privy legal counsellor Cajacius, hobbled gaily and gallantly along, constantly cracking legal jokes, laughing himself so heartily at his own wit, that even the serious goddess often smiled and bent over him, exclaiming as she tapped him on the shoulder with the great parchment roll, "Thou little scamp, who cuttest down the tree from the top!" All of the gentlemen who formed her escort now drew nigh in turn, each having something to remark or jest over, either a freshly worked up system, or a miserable little hypothesis, or some similar abortion of their own brains. Through the open door of the hall now entered many strange gentlemen, who announced themselves as the remaining magnates of the illustrious order; mostly angular suspicious-looking fellows, who with extreme complacency blazed away with their definitions and hair-splittings, disputing

over every scrap of a title to the title of a pandect. And other forms continually flocked in, the forms of those who were learned in law in the olden time,—men in antiquated costume, with long counsellor's wigs and forgotten faces, who expressed themselves greatly astonished that they, the widely famed of the previous century, should not meet with especial consideration; and these, after their manner, joined in the general chattering and screaming, which like ocean breakers became louder and madder around the mighty Goddess, until she, bursting from impatience, suddenly cried, in a tone of the most agonised Titanic pain, "Silence! Silence! I hear the voice of the loved Prometheus. Mocking cunning and brute force are chaining the Innocent One to the rock of martyrdom, and all your prattling and quarrelling will not allay his wounds or break his fetters!" So cried the Goddess, and rivulets of tears sprang from her eyes, the entire assembly howled as if in the agonies of death, the ceiling of the hall burst asunder, the books tumbled madly from their shelves, and in vain the portrait of old Münchausen called out "Order" from his frame, for all crashed and raged more wildly around. I sought refuge from this Bedlam broke loose in the Hall of History, near that gracious spot where the holy images of the Apollo Belvedere and the

Venus de Medici stand near together, and I knelt at the feet of the Goddess of Beauty. In her glance I forgot all the wearisome barren labour which I had passed, my eyes drank in with intoxication the symmetry and immortal loveliness of her infinitely blessed form; Hellenic calm swept through my soul, while above my head Phœbus Apollo poured forth like heavenly blessings the sweetest tones of his lyre.

Awaking, I continued to hear a pleasant musical ringing. The flocks were on their way to pasture, and their bells were tinkling. The blessed golden sunlight shone through the window, illuminating the pictures on the walls of my room. They were sketches from the War of Independence, and among them were placed representations of the execution of Louis XVI. on the guillotine, and other decapitations which no one could behold without thanking God that he lay quietly in bed drinking excellent coffee, and with his head comfortably adjusted upon neck and shoulders.

After I had drunk my coffee, dressed myself, read the inscriptions upon the window-panes, and set everything straight in the inn, I left Osterode.

This town contains a certain quantity of houses and a given number of inhabitants, among whom are divers and sundry souls, as may be ascertained in detail from "Gottschalk's

Pocket-Book for Hartz Travellers." Ere I struck into the highway I ascended the ruins of the very ancient Osteroder Burg. They consisted of merely the half of a great, thick-walled tower, which appeared to be fairly honeycombed by time. The road to *Clausthal* led me again uphill, and from one of the first eminences I looked back into the dale where Osterode with its red roofs peeps out from among the green fir woods, like a moss-rose from amid its leaves. The pleasant sunlight inspired gentle, child-like feelings. From this spot the imposing rear of the remaining portion of the tower may be seen to advantage.

There are many other ruined castles in this vicinity. That of Hardenberg, near Nörten, is the most beautiful. When one has, as he should, his heart on the left, that is, the liberal side, he cannot banish all poetic feeling on beholding the rocky nests of those privileged birds of prey, who left to their effete descendants only their fierce appetites. So it happened to me this morning. My heart thawed gradually as I departed from Göttingen; I again became romantic, and as I went on I made this poem:—

Rise again, ye dreams forgotten;
Heart-gate, open to the sun!
Joys of song and tears of sorrow
Sweetly strange from thee shall run.

I will rove the fir-tree forest,
Where the merry fountain springs,
Where the free proud stags are wandering,
Where the thrush, my darling, sings.

I will climb upon the mountain,
On the steep and rocky height,
Where the grey old castle ruins
Stand in rosy morning light.

I will sit awhile reflecting
On the times long passed away,
Lineages which once were famous,
Glories sunk in deep decay.

Grass now grows upon the tilt-yard,
Where the proud and daring man
Overcame another champion,
And the prize of battle wan.

O'er the balcony twines ivy,
Where the fairest gave the prize,
Conquering the haughty warrior
Who had conquered—with her eyes.

Knightly conqueror—lady victor,
Both o'ercome by Death's cold hand;
So the scythe-knight, dry and ghastly,
Lays us all low in the sand.[1]

[1] The preceding passage, from "There are many other ruined castles," including the ballad, is omitted in the original edition, and also in the American version. Apropos of the poem, which was evidently suggested by that of Goethe—

"Dort droben auf jenem Berge,"

I may remark that the reis no *Raubritternest* in all Germany to which this ballad could be more appropriately applied than

After proceeding a little distance, I overtook and went along with a travelling journeyman, who came from Brunswick, and related to me, that it was generally believed in that city that their young Duke had been taken prisoner by the Turks during his tour in the Holy Land, and could only be ransomed by an enormous sum. The extensive travels of the Duke probably originated this tale. The people at large still preserve that traditional fable-loving train of ideas which is so pleasantly shown in their "Duke Ernst." The narrator of this news was a tailor, a neat little youth, but so thin, that the stars might have shone through him as through Ossian's misty ghosts. Altogether, he formed an eccentric mixture of affectation and lower-class melancholy. This was peculiarly expressed in the droll and affecting manner in which he sang that extraordinary popular ballad, "A beetle sat upon the hedge, *summ, summ!*" That is a pleasant peculiarity of us Germans. No one is so crazy but that he may find a crazier comrade who will understand him. Only a German *can* appreciate that song, and in the same breath

---

to the Falkenstein, which rises before me as I translate. It is famous in popular songs for the cruelty of its ancient possessors, as in the one beginning :—

"Ausritt der Herr von Falkenstein."

—*Note by the Translator.*

laugh and cry himself to death over it. On this occasion, I also remark the depth to which the words of Goethe have penetrated into the national life. My lean comrade trilled occasionally as he went along. "Joyful and sorrowful, thoughts are free!" Such a corruption of a text is usual among the multitude. He also sang a song in which "Lottie by the grave of Werther" wept. The tailor ran over with sentimentalism in the words, "Sadly by the rose-beds now I weep, where the late moon found us oft alone! Moaning where the silver fountains sleep, which rippled once delight in every tone." But he soon became capricious and petulant, remarking, that "We have a Prussian in the tavern at Cassel, who makes exactly such songs himself. He can't sew a single decent stitch. When he has a penny in his pocket, he always has twopence worth of thirst with it; and when he has a drop in his eye, he takes heaven to be a blue jacket, weeps like a roof-spout, and sings a song with double poetry." I desired an explanation of this last expression, but my tailoring friend hopped about on his walking-cane legs and cried incessantly, "Double poetry is double poetry, and nothing else." Finally, I ascertained that he meant doubly rhymed poems or stanzas. Meanwhile, owing to his extra exertion and an adverse wind, the Knight of the Needle became sadly

weary. It is true that he still made a great pretence of advancing, and blustered, "Now I will take the road between my legs." But he immmediately after explained that his feet were blistered, and that the world was by far too extensive; and finally sinking down at the foot of a tree, he moved his delicate little head like the tail of a troubled lamb, and woefully smiling, murmured, "Here am I, poor vagabond, already again weary!"

The hills here became steeper, the fir-woods below like a green sea, and white clouds above sailed along over the blue sky. The wildness of the region was, however, tamed by its uniformity and the simplicity of its elements. Nature, like a true poet, abhors abrupt transitions. Clouds, however fantastically formed they may at times appear, still have a white, or at least a subdued hue, harmoniously corresponding with the blue heaven and the green earth; so that all the colours of a landscape blend into each other like soft music, and every glance at such a natural picture tranquillises and reassures the soul. The late Hoffman would have painted the clouds spotted and chequered. And like a great poet, Nature knows how to produce the greatest effects with the most limited means. *There* she has only a sun, trees and flowers, water and love. Of course, if the latter be lacking in

the heart of the observer, the whole will, in all probability, present but a poor appearance; the sun will be so and so many miles in diameter, the trees are for fire-wood, the flowers are classified according to their stamens, and the water is wet.

A little boy who was gathering brushwood in the forest for his sick uncle pointed out to me the village of *Lerrbach*, whose little huts with grey roofs scatter along for two miles through the valley. "There," said he, "live idiots with goitres, and white negroes." By white negroes the people mean *albinos*. The little fellow lived on terms of peculiar understanding with the trees, addressing them like old acquaintances, while they in turn seemed by their waving and rustling to return his salutations. He chirped like a thistle-finch; many birds around answered his call, and ere I was aware, he had disappeared with his little bare feet and his bundle of brush amid the thickets. "Children," thought I, "are younger than we; they can perhaps remember when they were once trees or birds, and are consequently still able to understand them. We of larger growth are, alas! too old for that, and carry about in our heads too much legal lore, and too many sorrows and bad verses." But the time when it was otherwise recurred vividly to me as I entered Clausthal. In this pretty little mountain town, which the

traveller does not behold until he stands directly before it, I arrived just as the clock was striking twelve, and the children came tumbling merrily out of school. The little rogues, nearly all red-cheeked, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, sprang and shouted, and awoke in me melancholy and cheerful memories—how I once myself, as a little boy, sat all the forenoon long in a gloomy Catholic cloister school in Düsseldorf, without so much as daring to stand up, enduring meanwhile such a terrible amount of Latin, whipping, and geography, and how I too hurrahed and rejoiced beyond all measure when the old Franciscan clock at last struck twelve. The children saw by my knapsack that I was a stranger, and greeted me in the most hospitable manner. One of the boys told me that they had just had a lesson in religion, and showed me the Royal Hanoverian Catechism, from which they were questioned on Christianity. This little book was very badly printed, so that I greatly feared that the doctrines of faith made thereby but an unpleasant blotting-paper sort of impression upon the children's minds. I was also shocked at observing that the multiplication table contrasted with the Holy Trinity on the last page of the catechism, as it at once occurred to me that by this means the minds of the children might, even in their earliest years, be led to the most sinful scepti-

cism. We Prussians are more intelligent, and, in our zeal for converting those heathens who are familiar with arithmetic, take good care not to print the multiplication table behind the catechism.

I dined in the "Crown," at Clausthal. My repast consisted of spring-green parsley-soup, violet-blue cabbage, a pile of roast veal, which resembled Chimborazo in miniature, and a sort of smoked herrings, called *Bückings*, from their inventor, William Bücking, who died in 1447, and who, on account of the invention, was so greatly honoured by Charles V. that the great monarch in 1556 made a journey from Middleburg to Bievlied in Zealand for the express purpose of visiting the grave of the great fish-drier. How exquisitely such dishes taste when we are familiar with their historical associations! Unfortunately, my after-dinner coffee was spoiled by a youth, who, in conversing with me ran on in such an outrageous strain of noise and vanity that the milk was soured. He was a counter-jumper, wearing twenty-five variegated waistcoats, and as many gold seals, rings, breast-pins, &c. He seemed like a monkey, who, having put on a red coat, had resolved within himself that clothes make the man. This gentleman had got by heart a vast amount of charades and anecdotes, which he continually repeated in the most inappropriate places. He asked for the news in

Göttingen, and I informed him that a decree had been recently published there by the Academical Senate, forbidding any one under penalty of three dollars to dock puppies' tails, because during the dog-days mad dogs invariably ran with their tails between their legs, thus giving a warning indication of the existence of hydrophobia, which could not be perceived were the caudal appendage absent. After dinner I went forth to visit the mines, the mint, and the silver refineries.

In the silver refinery, as has frequently been my luck in life, I could get no glimpse of the precious metal. In the mint I succeeded better, and saw how money was made. Beyond this I have never been able to advance. On such occasions mine has invariably been the spectator's part, and I verily believe that if it should rain dollars from heaven, the coins would only knock holes in my head, while the children of Israel would merrily gather up the silver manna. With feelings in which comic reverence was blended with emotion, I beheld the new-born shining dollars, took one as it came fresh from the stamp in my hand, and said to it, "Young Dollar! what a destiny awaits thee! what a cause wilt thou be of good and of evil! How thou wilt protect vice and patch up virtue! how thou wilt be beloved and accursed! how thou wilt aid in debauchery, pandering, lying, and murdering!

how thou wilt restlessly roll along through clean and dirty hands for centuries, until, finally laden with trespasses and weary with sin, thou wilt be gathered again unto thine own, in the bosom of an Abraham, who will melt thee down and purify thee, and form thee into a new and better being, perhaps to an innocent little tea-spoon, with which my own great-great-grandson will mash his porridge."

I will narrate in detail my visit to "Dorothea" and "Caroline," the two principal Clausthaler mines, having found them very interesting.

Half a German mile from the town are situated two large dingy buildings. Here the traveller is transferred to the care of the miners. These men wear dark, and generally steel-blue coloured jackets, of ample girth, descending to the hips, with pantaloons of a similar hue, a leather apron bound on behind, and a rimless green felt-hat, which resembles a decapitated nine-pin. In such a garb, with the exception of the "back-leather," the visitor is also clad, and a miner, his "leader," after lighting his mine-lamp, conducts him to a gloomy entrance, resembling a chimney-hole, descends as far as the breast, gives him a few directions relative to grasping the ladder, and carelessly requests him to follow. The affair is entirely devoid of danger, though it at first appears quite otherwise to

those unacquainted with the mysteries of mining. Even the putting on of the dark convict-dress awakens very peculiar sensations. Then one must clamber down on all fours,[1] the dark hole is so *very* dark, and Lord only knows how long the ladder may be! But we soon remark that this is not the only ladder in the black eternity around, for there are many of from fifteen to twenty rounds apiece, each standing upon a board capable of supporting a man, and from which a new hole leads in turn to a new ladder. I first entered the *Caroline*, the dirtiest and most disagreeable of that name with whom I ever had the pleasure of becoming acquainted. The rounds of the ladders were covered with wet mud. And from one ladder we descended to another with the guide ever in advance, continually assuring us that there is no danger so

[1] In this the "Hartz Journey" Heine was evidently indebted for many ideas or expressions to a very rare work, the *Blockesberges Verrichtung*, by M. Johannes Prætorius (Leipzig, 1669). It would appear that even in Heine's time the entrance to the mine had not been improved for two centuries, for Prætorius tells us of it that: "The leader, providing us with light, went before. The entrance to the hole was low and narrow, so that we had to squeeze down into it, one after the other, on hands and feet; then it became a little broader, but even as it increased in width, so it did in steepness, till it was like clambering and descending hills and precipices."

Heine had read this work by Prætorius, as he cites it in his "Elementary Spirits."—*Note by Translator.*

long as we hold firmly to the rounds and do not look at our feet, and that we must not for our lives tread on the side plank, where the buzzing barrel-rope runs, and where two weeks ago a careless man was knocked down, unfortunately breaking his neck by the fall. Far below is a confused rustling and humming, and we continually bump against beams and ropes which are in motion, winding up and raising barrels of broken ore or of water. Occasionally we pass galleries hewn in the rock, called "stulms," where the ore may be seen growing, and where some solitary miner sits the livelong day, wearily hammering pieces from the walls. I did not descend to those deepest depths where it is reported that the people on the other side of the world, in America, may be heard crying, "Hurrah for Lafayette!" Where I went seemed to me, however, deep enough in all conscience; amid an endless roaring and rattling, the mysterious sounds of machinery, the rush of subterranean streams, the sickening clouds of ore dust continually rising, water dripping on all sides, and the miner's lamp gradually growing dimmer and dimmer. The effect was really benumbing, I breathed with difficulty, and held with trouble to the slippery rounds. It was not *fright* which overpowered me, but oddly enough, down there in the depths, I remembered that a

year before, about the same time, I had been in a storm on the North Sea, and I now felt that it would be an agreeable change could I feel the rocking of the ship, hear the wind with its thunder-trumpet tones, while amid its lulls sounded the hearty cry of the sailors, and all above was freshly swept by God's own free air. Yes, air!—Panting for air, I rapidly climbed several dozens of ladders, and my guide led me through a narrow and very long gallery towards the Dorothea mine. Here it is airier and fresher, and the ladders are cleaner, though at the same time longer and steeper, than in the Caroline. I felt revived and more cheerful, particularly as I observed indications of human beings. Far below I saw wandering, wavering lights; miners with their lamps came one by one upwards, with the greeting, "Good luck to you!" and receiving the same salutation from us, went onwards and upwards. Something like a friendly and quiet, yet at the same time terrific and enigmatical, recollection flitted across my mind as I met the deep glances and earnest pale faces of these men, mysteriously illuminated by their lanterns, and thought how they had worked all day in lonely and secret places in the mines, and how they now longed for the blessed light of day, and for the glances of wives and children.

My guide himself was a thoroughly honest, honourable, blundering German being.[1] With inward joy he pointed out to me the "stulm" where the Duke of Cambridge, when he visited the mines, dined with all his train, and where the long wooden table yet stands, with the accompanying great chair, made of ore, in which the Duke sat. "This is to remain as an eternal memorial," said the good miner, and he related with enthusiasm how many festivities had then taken place, how the entire "stulm" had been adorned with lamps, flowers, and decorations of leaves; how a miner boy had played on the cithern and sung; how the dear, delighted fat Duke had drained many healths, and what a number of miners (himself especially) would cheerfully die for the dear, fat Duke, and for the whole house of Hanover. I am moved to my very heart when I see loyalty thus manifested in all its natural simplicity. It is such a beautiful sentiment! And such a purely *German* sentiment! Other people may be more intelligent and wittier, and more agreeable, but none are so faithful as the real German race. Did I not know that fidelity is as old as the world, I would believe that a German had invented it. German fidelity is no modern "yours

[1] *Pudeldeutsche Natur*, "poodle German," implying blind, doglike fidelity.—*Note by Translator.*

very truly," or "I remain your humble servant." In your courts, ye German princes, ye should cause to be sung, and sung again, the old ballad of *The trusty Eckhart and the base Burgund* who slew Eckhart's seven children, and still found him faithful. Ye have the truest people in the world, and ye err when ye deem that the old, intelligent, trusty hound has suddenly gone mad, and snaps at your sacred calves!

And like German fidelity, the little mine-lamp has guided us quietly and securely, without much flickering or flaring, through the labyrinth of shafts and stulms. We jump from the gloomy mountain-night — sunlight flashes around: — "Luck to you!"[1]

Most of the miners dwell in Clausthal, and in the adjoining small town of *Zellerfeld*. I visited several of these brave fellows, observed their little household arrangements, heard many of their songs, which they skilfully accompany with their favourite instrument, the cithern, and listened to old mining legends, and to their prayers, which they are accustomed to daily

[1] "And as we left the cave, where we suffered from cold, holding in our hands the burning lights—two only of ours had been extinguished (which is doubtless done by the spirits of earth)—and relighted, we came forth into great heat, owing to the clear sunlight, as if we had gone from cool air into a warm bath."—*J. Prætorius, Appendix Summaria, Blockesberge Verrichtung.*

offer in company ere they descend the gloomy shaft. And many a good prayer did I offer up with them. One old climber even thought that I ought to remain among them, and become a man of the mines; and as I, after all, departed, he gave me a message to his brother, who dwelt near *Goslar*, and many kisses for his darling niece.

Immovably tranquil as the life of these men may appear, it is, notwithstanding, a real and vivid life. That ancient trembling crone who sits before the great clothes-press and behind a stove, may have been there for a quarter of a century, and all her thinking and feeling is, beyond a doubt, intimately blended with every corner of the stove and the carvings of the press. And clothes-press and stove *live*,—for a human being hath breathed into them a portion of its soul.

Only a life of this deep-looking into phenomena and its "immediateness" could originate the German popular tale whose peculiarity consists in this,—that in it not only animals and plants, but also objects apparently inanimate, speak and act. To thinking, harmless beings, who dwelt in the quiet homeness of their lowly mountain cabins or forest huts, the inner life of these objects was gradually revealed; they acquired a necessary and consequential character, a sweet blending of fantasy and pure human

reflection. This is the reason why, in such fables, we find the extreme of singularity allied to a spirit of perfect self-intelligence, as when the pin and the needle wander forth from the tailor's home and are bewildered in the dark; when the straw and the coal seek to cross the brook and are destroyed;[1] when the dust-pan and broom quarrel and fight on the stairs; when the interrogated mirror of "Snow-drop" shows the image of the fairest lady, and when even drops of blood begin to utter dark words of the deepest compassion. And this is the reason why our life in childhood is so infinitely significant, for then all things are of the same importance, nothing escapes our attention, there is equality in every impression; while, when more advanced in years, we must act with design, busy ourselves more exclusively with particulars, carefully exchange the pure gold of observation for the paper currency of book definitions, and win in the *breadth* of life what we have lost in depth.

[1] This story of the straw, the coal, and the bean is curiously Latinised in the *Nugæ Renales*:—

"Pruna, Faba, et Stramen rivum transire laborant, seque idio in ripis Stramen utrimque locat. Sic quasi per pontem Faba transit, Pruna sed urit Stramen, et in medias præcipitatur aquas. Hoc cernens nimio risu faba rumpitur imo parte sui, hancque quasi tacta pudore tegit."

Heine's remarks on the subject of the origin of attributing mind to inanimate objects deserve serious attention from all students of Folk-Lore.—*Note by Translator.*

Now, we are grown-up, respectable people, we often inhabit new dwellings; the house-maid daily cleans them, and changes at her will the position of the furniture, which interests us but little, as it is either new, or may belong to-day to Jack, to-morrow to Isaac. Even our very clothes are strange to us, we hardly know how many buttons there are on the coat we wear,—for we change our garments as often as possible, and none of them remain deeply identified with our external or inner history. We can hardly remember how that brown vest once looked, which attracted so much laughter, and yet on the broad stripes of which the dear hand of the loved one so gently rested!

The old dame who sat before the clothes-press and behind the stove wore a flowered dress of some old-fashioned material, which had been the bridal-robe of her long-buried mother. Her great-grandson, a flashing-eyed blonde boy, clad in a miner's dress, knelt at her feet, and counted the flowers on her dress. It may be that she has narrated to him many a story connected with that dress; seriously pretty stories, which the boy will not readily forget, which will often recur to him when he, a grown-up man, works alone in the midnight galleries of the Caroline, and which he in turn will narrate when the dear grandmother has long been dead, and he him-

self, a silver-haired, tranquil old man, sits amid the circle of *his* grandchildren before the great clothes-press and behind the oven.

I lodged that night in "The Crown," where I had the pleasure of meeting and paying my respects to the old Court Counsellor B——, of Göttingen. Having inscribed my name in the book of arrivals, I found therein the honoured autograph of Adalbert von Chamisso, the biographer of the immortal *Schlemihl*. The landlord remarked of Chamisso that the gentleman had arrived during one terrible storm and departed in another.

Finding the next morning that I must lighten my knapsack, I threw overboard the pair of boots, and arose and went forth unto Goslar. There I arrived without knowing how. This much alone do I remember, that I sauntered up and down hill, gazing upon many a lovely meadow vale. Silver waters rippled and rustled, sweet wood-birds sang, the bells of the flocks tinkled, the many shaded green trees were gilded by the sun, and over all the blue silk canopy of heaven was so transparent that I could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies, where angels sat at the feet of God, studying sublime thorough-bass in the features of the eternal countenance. But I was all the time lost in a dream of the previous night, and which I could not banish.

It was an echo of the old legend, how a knight descended into a deep fountain, beneath which the fairest princess of the world lay buried in a death-like magic slumber. I myself was the knight, and the dark mine of Clausthal was the fountain. Suddenly innumerable lights gleamed around me, wakeful dwarfs leapt from every cranny in the rocks, grimacing angrily, cutting at me with their short swords, blowing terribly on horns, which ever summoned more and more of their comrades, and frantically nodding their great heads. But as I hewed them down with my sword, and the blood flowed, I for the first time remarked that they were not really dwarfs, but the red-blooming long-bearded thistle-tops, which I had the day before hewed down on the the highway with my stick. At last they all vanished, and I came to a splendid lighted hall, in the midst of which stood my heart's loved one, veiled in white, and immovable as a statue. I kissed her mouth, and then—O Heavens!—I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet tremor of her lovely lips. It seemed that I heard the divine command, "Let there be light!" and a dazzling flash of eternal light shot down, but at the same instant it was again night, and all ran chaotically together into a wild desolate sea! A wild desolate sea, over whose foaming waves the ghosts of the departed madly chased

each other, the white shrouds floating on the wind, while behind all, goading them on with cracking whip, ran a many-coloured harlequin, —and I was the harlequin. Suddenly from the black waves the sea-monsters raised their misshapen heads, and yawned towards me, with extended jaws, and I awoke in terror.

Alas! how the finest dreams may be spoiled! The knight, in fact, when he has found the lady, ought to cut a piece from her priceless veil, and after she has recovered from her magic sleep, and sits again in glory in her hall, he should approach her and say, "My fairest princess, dost thou not know me?" Then she will answer, "My bravest knight, I know thee not!" And then he shows her the piece cut from her veil, exactly fitting the deficiency, and she knows that he is her deliverer, and both tenderly embrace, and the trumpets sound, and the marriage is celebrated!

It is really a very peculiar misfortune that *my* love-dreams so seldom have so fine a conclusion.

The name of *Goslar* rings so pleasantly, and there are so many very ancient and imperial associations connected therewith, that I had hoped to find an imposing and stately town. But it is always the same old story when we examine celebrities too closely. I found a nest

of houses, drilled in every direction with narrow streets of labyrinthine crookedness, and amid which a miserable stream, probably the Gose, winds its flat and melancholy way. The pavement of the town is as ragged as Berlin hexameters. Only the antiquities which are imbedded in the frame or mounting of the city—that is to say, its remnants of walls, towers and battlements—give the place a piquant look. One of these towers, known as the *Zwinger*, or donjon-keep, has walls of such extraordinary thickness that entire rooms are excavated therein.[1] The open place before the town, where the world-renowned shooting matches are held, is a beautiful large plain surrounded by high mountains. The market is small, and in its midst is a spring fountain, the water from which pours into a great metallic basin. When an alarm of fire is raised, they strike strongly on this cup-formed basin, which gives out a very loud vibration. Nothing is known of the origin of this work. Some say that the devil placed it once during the night on the spot where it stands. In those days people

[1] Of the *Reinstein* Prætorius writes: "It is a quaint, strange building, in which many rooms . . . are hewn out of the stone; go where you will in them, there is naught save stone." He then describes the tremendous echo or vibration of the air produced by firing a gun there, and then a pit, which the devil keeps full of pebbles. Though there be no plagiarism here, the suggested sequence of thought is interesting.—*Note by Translator.*

were as yet fools, nor was the devil any wiser, and they mutually exchanged gifts.

The town-hall of Goslar is a white-washed police-station. The Guildhall, hard by, has a somewhat better appearance. In this building, equidistant from roof and ceiling, stand the statues of the German emperors. Partly gilded, and altogether of a smoke-black hue, they look, with their sceptres and globes of empire, like roasted college beadles. One of the emperors holds a sword instead of a sceptre. I cannot imagine the reason of this variation from the established order, though it has doubtless some occult signification, as Germans have the remarkable peculiarity of meaning something in whatever they do.

In Gottschalk's "Handbook" I had read much of the very ancient *Dom* or cathedral, and of the far-famed imperial throne at Goslar. But when I wished to see these curiosities, I was informed that the church had been torn down, and that the throne had been carried to Berlin. We live in deeply significant times, when millennial churches are shattered to fragments, and imperial thrones are tumbled into the lumber-room.

A few memorials of the late cathedral of happy memory are still preserved in the church of St. Stephen. These consist of stained glass

pictures of great beauty, a few indifferent paintings, including a Lucas Cranach, a wooden Christ crucified, and a heathen altar of some unknown metal. This latter resembles a long square box, and is supported by four caryatides, which, in a bowed position, hold their hands over their heads, and make the most hideous grimaces. But far more hideous is the adjacent wooden crucifix of which I have just spoken. This head of Christ, with its real hair and thorns and blood-stained countenance, represents, in the most masterly manner, the death of a *man*,—but not of a divinely-born Saviour. Nothing but physical suffering is portrayed in this image,—not the sublime poetry of pain. Such a work would be more appropriately placed in a hall of anatomy than in a house of the Lord.

The sacristan's wife—deeply artistic—who led me about, showed me a special rarity. This was a many-cornered, well-planed black board covered with white numerals, which hung like a lamp in the middle of the building. Oh, how brilliantly does the spirit of invention manifest itself in the Protestant Church! The numbers on this board are those of the Psalms for the day, which are generally chalked on a common black tablet, and have a very sobering effect on an æsthetic mind, but which in the form above described even ornament the church, and fully

make up the want of pictures by Raphael. Such progress delights me infinitely, since I, as Protestant, and, in fact, Lutheran, am ever deeply annoyed when Catholic opponents ridicule the empty, God-forsaken appearance of Protestant churches.

I lodged in a tavern near the market, where I should have enjoyed my dinner much better if the landlord, with his long superfluous face, and his still longer questions, had not planted himself opposite to me. Fortunately I was soon relieved by the arrival of another stranger, who was obliged to run in turn the gauntlet of *quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo? quando?*[1] This stranger was an old, weary, worn-out man, who, as it appeared from his conversation, had been all over the world, had resided very long in Batavia, had made much money, and lost it all, and who now, after thirty years' absence, was returning to Quedlinburg, his

[1] Prætorius gives this series amusingly, as follows, applying it to inquiries as to the names of witches :—

1. Person—*Quis?*
2. Journey—*Quid?*
3. Place—*Ubi?*
4. Vehicle—*Quibus auxiliis?*
5. Intentions—*Cur?*
6. Place and kind—*Quomodo?*
7. Time when—*Quando?*
8. Extent of time—*Quamdiu?*

—*Blockesbergcs Verrichtung. Translator.*

native city,—"for," said he, "our family has there its hereditary tomb." The landlord here made the highly intelligent remark that it was all the same thing to the soul where the body was buried. "Have you scriptural authority for that?" retorted the stranger, while mysterious and crafty wrinkles circled around his pinched lips and faded eyes. "But," he added, as if nervously desirous of conciliating, "I mean no harm against graves in foreign lands,—oh, no! The Turks bury their dead more beautifully than we ours; their churchyards are perfect gardens, and there they sit by their white turbaned gravestones under cypress trees, and stroke their grave beards and calmly smoke their Turkish tobacco from their long Turkish pipes; and then among the Chinese it is a real pleasure to see how genteely they walk around, and pray and drink tea among the graves of their ancestors, and play the violin; and how beautifully they bedeck the beloved tombs with all sorts of gilt lacquered work, porcelain images, bits of coloured silk, fresh flowers and variegated lanterns—all very fine indeed. How far is it yet to Quedlinburg?"

The churchyard at Goslar did not appeal very strongly to my feelings; but a certain very pretty blonde-ringletted head which peeped smilingly from a parterre window *did*. After

dinner I again took an observation of this fascinating window, but instead of a maiden, I beheld a vase containing white bell-flowers. I clambered up, stole the flowers, put them neatly in my cap and descended, unheeding the gaping mouths, petrified noses, and goggle eyes with which the street population, and especially the old women, regarded this qualified theft. As I, an hour later, passed by the same house, the beauty stood by the window, and as she saw the flowers in my cap, she blushed like a ruby and started back. This time I had seen the beautiful face to better advantage; it was a sweet transparent incarnation of summer evening air, moonshine, nightingale notes, and rose perfume. Later, in the twilight hour, she was standing at the door. I came—I drew near—she slowly retreated into the dark entry. I followed, and seizing her hand, said, "I am a lover of beautiful flowers and of kisses, and when they are not given to me I steal them." Here I quickly snatched a kiss, and as she was about to fly, I whispered apologetically, "To-morrow I leave this town, and never return again." Then I perceived a faint pressure of the lovely lips and of the little hand, and I—went smiling away. Yes, I must smile when I reflect that this was precisely the magic formula by which our red and blue-coated cavaliers more frequently win female hearts than by their

mustachioed attractiveness. "To-morrow I leave, and never return again!"

My chamber commanded a fine view towards Rammelsberg. It was a lovely evening. Night was out hunting on her black steed, and the long cloud mane fluttered on the wind. I stood at my window watching the moon. Is there really a "man in the moon"? The Slavonians assert that there is such a being named Clotar, and he causes the moon to grow by watering it. When I was little, they told me that the moon was a fruit, and that when it was ripe it was picked and laid away, amid a vast collection of old full moons, in a great bureau, which stood at the end of the world, where it is nailed up with boards. As I grew older, I remarked that the world was not by any means so limited as I had supposed it to be, and that human intelligence had broken up the wooden bureau, and with a terrible "Hand of Glory" had opened all the seven heavens. Immortality — dazzling idea! who first imagined thee! Was it some jolly burgher of Nuremburg, who with nightcap on his head and white clay pipe in mouth sat on some pleasant summer evening before his door, and reflected in all his comfort that it would be right pleasant if, with unextinguishable pipe and endless breath, he could thus vegetate onwards for a blessed eternity? Or was it a lover who in the

arms of his loved one thought the immortality-thought, and that because he could think and feel naught beside? Love! Immortality! it speedily became so hot in my breast that I thought the geographers had misplaced the equator, and that it now ran directly through my heart. And from my heart poured out the feeling of love;—it poured forth with wild longing into the broad night. The flowers in the garden beneath my window breathed a stronger perfume. Perfumes are the feelings of flowers, and as the human heart feels most powerful emotions in the night when it believes itself to be alone and unperceived, so also do the flowers, soft-minded, yet ashamed, appear to await for concealing darkness that they may give themselves wholly up to their feelings and breathe them out in sweet odours. Pour forth, ye perfumes of my heart, and seek beyond yon blue mountain for the loved one of my dreams! *Now* she lies in slumber; at her feet kneel angels, and if she smiles in sleep, it is a prayer which angels repeat; in her breast is heaven with all its raptures, and as she breathes, my heart, though afar, throbs responsively. Behind the silken lids of her eyes the sun has gone down, and when they are raised, the sun rises, the birds sing, and the bells of the flock tinkle, and I strap on my knapsack and depart.

During these philosophical reflections I was surprised by a visit from Court Councillor B., who had recently arrived in Goslar. I had never before felt so sensibly the benevolent good-nature of this man. I honour him greatly for his remarkable and practically successful cleverness,[1] and yet more for his modesty. I found him unusually cheerful, fresh, and active. That he is the last, he recently proved by his new book, "The Religion of the Future," a work which so much delighted the Rationalists, vexed the Mystics, and set the great public astir. I myself am just at present a Mystic, following the advice of my physician to avoid all stimulants to thought. Still I do not fail to appreciate the inestimable value of Paulus, Gurlitt, Krug, Eichhorn, Bouterwek, Wegscheider, and others. By chance it is greatly to my advantage that these people clear away so much ancient rubbish, particularly the old ecclesiastical ruins and refuse which shelter so many snakes and stinks. The air in Germany is too dense and sultry, and I often fear lest I smother or am strangled by my beloved fellow-mystics in their heat of love. Therefore I will have anything but ill-feeling towards my good rationalists, even if they cool the air a little too much. Fundamentally,

[1] *Erfolgreichen scharfsinns.* The quickness of perception or shrewdness which is followed by useful results.

Nature has appointed limits even to rationalism itself; man cannot exist under an air-pump or at the North Pole.[1]

During the night which I passed at Goslar, a remarkably curious occurrence befell me. Even now I cannot think of it without terror. I am not by nature cowardly, but I fear *ghosts* almost as much as the "Austrian Observer." What is fear? Does it come from the understanding or from the natural disposition? This was a point which I frequently disputed with Dr. Saul Ascher, when we accidentally met in the *Café Royal* in Berlin, where I for a long time dined. The Doctor invariably maintained that we feared anything, because we recognised it as fearful, owing to certain determinate conclusions of the reason. Only the reason was an active power, —not the disposition. While I ate and drank to my heart's content, the Doctor demonstrated to me the advantages of reason. Towards the end of his dissertation, he was accustomed to look at his watch and remark conclusively, "Reason is the highest principle!" Reason! Never do I hear this word without recalling Dr. Saul Ascher, with his abstract legs, his tight-fitting transcendental grey long coat, his immovably

[1] This passage, which forms an essential introduction to what follows, is not to be found in the early editions, nor in the American translation.

icy face, which resembled a confused amalgam of geometrical problems. This man, deep in the fifties, was a personified straight line. In his striving for the positive, the poor man had philosophised everything beautiful out of existence, and with it everything like sunshine, religion, and flowers, so that there remained nothing for him but a cold positive grave. The Apollo Belvedere and Christianity were the two especial objects of his malice, and he had even published a pamphlet against the latter, in which he had demonstrated its unreasonableness and untenableness. In addition to this, he had, however, written a great number of books, in all of which *Reason* shone forth in all its peculiar excellence, and as the poor Doctor meant what he said in all seriousness, they were, so far, deserving of respect. But the great joke consisted precisely in this, that the Doctor invariably cut such a seriously absurd figure in not comprehending that which every child comprehends, simply because it is a child. I visited the Doctor several times in his own house, where I found him in company with very pretty girls; for Reason, it seems, however abstract, does not prohibit the enjoyment of the things of this world. Once, however, when I called, his servant told me that the "Herr Doctor" had just died. I experienced as much emotion on this occasion

as if I had been told that the "Herr Doctor" had just stepped out.

To return to Goslar. "The highest principle is Reason," said I, consolingly to myself as I slid into bed. But it availed me nothing. I had just been reading in Varnhagen von Ense's "German Narrations," which I had brought with me from Clausthal, that terrible tale of a son, who went about to murder his father, and was warned in the night by the ghost of his mother. The wonderful truthfulness with which this story is depicted, caused while reading it a shudder of horror in all my veins. Ghost-stories invariably thrill us with additional horror when read during a journey, and by night in a town, in a house, and in a chamber where we have never before been. We involuntarily reflect, "How many horrors may have been perpetrated on this very spot where I now lie?" Meanwhile, the moon shone into my room in a doubtful, suspicious manner; all kinds of uncalled for shapes quivered on the walls, and as I laid me down and glanced fearfully around, I beheld—

There is nothing so uncanny as when a man sees his own face by moonlight in a mirror. At the same instant there struck a deep-booming, yawning bell, and that so slowly and wearily, that I firmly believed that it had been full twelve hours striking, and that it was now time

to begin over again. Between the last and next to the last tones, there struck in very abruptly, as if irritated and scolding, another bell, who was apparently out of patience with the slowness of her friend. As the two iron tongues were silenced, and the stillness of death sank over the whole house, I suddenly seemed to hear, in the corridor before my chamber, something halting and waddling along, like the unsteady steps of a man. At last the door slowly opened, and there entered deliberately the late departed Dr. Saul Ascher. A cold fever drizzled through marrow and vein—I trembled like an ivy leaf, and scarcely dared I gaze upon the ghost. He appeared as usual, with the same transcendental-grey long coat, the same abstract legs, and the same mathematical face; only this latter was a little yellower than usual, and the mouth, which formerly described two angles of $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, was pinched together, and the circles around the eyes had a somewhat greater radius. Tottering, and supporting himself as usual upon his Malacca cane, he approached me, and said, in his usual drawling dialect, but in a friendly manner, "Do not be afraid, nor believe that I am a ghost. It is a deception of your imagination, if you believe that you see me as a ghost. What is a ghost? Define one. Deduce for me the conditions of the possibility

of a ghost. In what reasonable connection does such an apparition coincide with reason itself? *Reason*, I say, *reason!*" Here the ghost proceeded to analyse reason, cited from Kant's "Critic of Pure Reason," part 2, 1st sect., chap. 3, the distinction between phenomena and noumena, then proceeded to construct a hypothetical system of ghosts, piled one syllogism on another, and concluded with the logical proof that there are absolutely no ghosts. Meanwhile the cold sweat beaded over me, my teeth clattered like castanets, and from very agony of soul I nodded an unconditional assent to every assertion which the phantom doctor alleged against the absurdity of being afraid of ghosts, and which he demonstrated with such zeal, that finally, in a moment of abstraction, instead of his gold watch, he drew a handful of grave-worms from his vest-pocket, and remarking his error, replaced them with a ridiculous but terrified haste. "The reason is the highest ——!" Here the clock struck *one*, and the ghost vanished.

I wandered forth from Goslar the next morning, half at random, and half intending to visit the brother of the Clausthaler miner. I climbed hill and mount, saw how the sun strove to drive afar the mists, and wandering merrily through the trembling woods, while around my dreaming head rang the bell-flowers of Goslar.

The mountains stood in their white night-robes, the fir trees were shaking sleep out of their branching limbs, the fresh morning wind curled their down-drooping green locks, the birds were at morning prayers, the meadow-vale flashed like a golden surface sprinkled with diamonds, and the shepherd passed over it with his bleating flock. I had gone astray. Men are ever striking out short cuts and bye-paths, hoping to abridge their journey. It is in life as in the Hartz. However, there are good souls everywhere to bring us again to the right way. This they do right willingly, appearing to take a particular satisfaction, to judge from their self-gratified air and benevolent tones, in pointing out to us the great wanderings which we have made from the right road, the abysses and morasses into which we might have sunk, and, finally, what a piece of good luck it was for us to encounter betimes people who knew the road as well as themselves. Such a guide-post I found not far from the Hartzburg, in the person of a well-fed citizen of Goslar—a man of shining, double-chinned, slow-cunning countenance, who looked as if he had discovered the murrain. We went along for some distance together, and he narrated many ghost-stories, which would have all been well enough if they had not all concluded with an explanation that there was no

real ghost in the case, but that the spectre in white was a poacher, that the wailing sound was caused by the new-born farrow of a wild sow, and that the rapping and scraping on the roof was caused by cats. "Only when a man is sick," observed my guide, "does he ever believe that he sees ghosts;" and to this he added the remark, that as for his own humble self, he was but seldom sick,—only at times a little wrong about the head, and that he invariably relieved this by dieting. He then called my attention to the appropriateness and use of all things in nature. Trees are green, because green is good for the eyes. I assented to this, adding that the Lord had made cattle because beef-soup strengthened man; that jackasses were created for the purpose of serving as comparisons, and that man existed that he might eat beef-soup, and realise that he was no jackass. My companion was delighted to meet with one of sympathetic views; his face glowed with a greater joy, and on parting from me he appeared to be sensibly moved.

As long as he was with me, Nature seemed benumbed, but when he departed the trees began again to speak, the sun-rays flashed, the meadow-flowers danced once more, and the blue heavens embraced the green earth. Yes, I know better. God hath created man that he may admire the beauty and the glory of the world. Every author,

be he ever so great, desires that his work may be praised. And in the Bible, that great memoir of God, it is distinctly written that he hath made man for his own honour and praise.

After long wandering here and there, I came to the dwelling of the brother of my Clausthaler friend. Here I staid all night and experienced the following beautiful poem :—

I.

On yon rock the hut is standing
Of the ancient mountaineer;
There the dark-green fir-trees rustle,
And the moon is shining clear.

In the hut there stands an arm-chair,
Which quaint carvings beautify;
He who sits therein is happy,
And that happy man am I.

On the footstool sits a maiden,
On my lap her arms repose,
With her eyes like blue stars beaming,
And her mouth a new-born rose.

And the dear blue stars shine on me,
Full as heaven is their gaze,
And her little lily finger
Archly on the rose she lays.

"Nay, thy mother cannot see us,
For she spins the whole day long;
And thy father plays the cithern
As he sings a good old song."

And the maiden softly whispers,
So that none around may hear;
Many a solemn little secret
Hath she murmured in my ear:

"Since I lost my aunt who loved me,
Now we never more repair
To the shooting-ground at Goslar,
And it is *so* pleasant there!

And up here it is so lonely,
On the rocks where cold winds blow;
And in winter we are ever
Deeply buried in the snow.

And I'm such a timid creature,
And I'm frightened like a child
At the evil mountain spirits,
Who by night are raging wild."

At the thought the maid was silent,
As if terror thrilled her breast,
And the small hands, white and dimpled,
To her sweet blue eyes she pressed.

Loud without the fir-trees rustle,
Loud the spinning-wheel still rings,
And the cithern sounds above them,
While the father softly sings:

"Dearest child! no evil spirits
Should have power to cause thee dread;
For good angels still are watching
Night and day around thy head."

2.

Fir-tree with his dark-green fingers
  Taps upon the window low,
And the moon, a yellow listener,
  Casts within her sweetest glow.

Father, mother, both are sleeping,
  Near at hand their rest they take;
But we two, in pleasant gossip,
  Keep each other long awake.

"That thou prayest much too often,
  Seems unlikely, I declare;
On thy lips there's a contraction
  Which was never born of prayer.

Ah! that heartless, cold expression!
  Terrifies me as I gaze,
Though a solemn sorrow darkens
  In thine eyes their gentle rays.

And I doubt if thou believest
  What is held for truth by most;
Hast thou faith in God the Father
  In the Son and Holy Ghost?"

"Ah, my darling! when an infant
  By my mother's knee I stood,
I believed in God the Father,
  He who ruleth great and good.

He who made the world so lovely,
  Gave man beauty, gave him force,
And to sun and moon and planets
  Pre-appointed each their course.

As I older grew, my darling,
And my way in wisdom won,
I in reason comprehended,
And believe now in the Son.

In the well-loved Son, who, loving,
Oped the gates of Love so wide;
And for thanks,—as is the custom,—
By the world was crucified.

Now, at man's estate arriving,
Full experience I boast;
And with heart expanded, truly
I believe in the Holy Ghost,

Who hath worked the greatest wonders,
Greater still he'll work again;
He hath broken tyrants' strongholds,
And he breaks the vassal's chain.

Ancient deadly wounds he healeth,
He renews man's ancient right;
All to him, born free and equal,
Are as nobles in his sight.

Clouds of evil flee before him,
And those cobwebs of the brain
Which forbade us love and pleasure,
Scowling grimly on our pain.

And a thousand knights well weaponed
Hath he chosen, and required
To fulfil his holy bidding,
All with noblest zeal inspired.

Lo! their precious swords are gleaming,
And their banners wave in fight!
What! thou fain wouldst see, my darling,
Such a proud and noble knight?

Well, then, gaze upon me, dearest;
I am of that lordly host.
Kiss me! I am an elected
True knight of the Holy Ghost!"

3.

Silently the moon goes hiding
Down behind the dark-green trees,
And the lamp which lights our chamber
Flickers in the evening breeze.

But the star-blue eyes are beaming
Softly o'er the dimpled cheeks,
And the purple rose is gleaming,
While the gentle maiden speaks.

"Little people—fairy goblins—
Steal away our meat and bread;
In the chest it lies at evening,
In the morning it has fled.

From our milk the little people
Steal the cream and all the best;
Then they leave the dish uncovered,
And our cat drinks up the rest.

And the cat's a witch, I'm certain,
For by night, when storms arise,
Oft she glides to yonder 'Ghost-Rock,'
Where the fallen tower lies.

There was once a splendid castle,
Home of joy and weapons bright,
Where there swept in stately torch-dance
Lady, page, and armed knight.

But a sorceress charmed the castle,
With its lords and ladies fair;
Now it is a lonely ruin,
And the owls are nestling there.

But my aunt hath often told me,
Could I speak the proper word,
In the proper place up yonder,
When the proper hour occurred,

Then the walls would change by magic
To a castle gleaming bright,
And I'd see in stately dances
Dame and page and gallant knight.

He who speaks the word of power
Wins the castle for his own,
And the knight with drum and trumpet
Loud will hail him lord alone."

Thus sweet legendary pictures
From the little rose-mouth bloom,
And the gentle eyes are shedding
Star-blue lustre through the gloom.

Round my hand the little maiden
Winds her gold locks as she will,
Gives a name to every finger,
Kisses, smiles, and then is still.

All things in the silent chamber
Seem at once familiar grown,
As if e'en the chairs and clothes-press
Well of old to me were known.

Now the clock talks kindly, gravely,
And the cithern, as 'twould seem,
Of itself is faintly chiming,
And I sit as in a dream.

Now the proper hour is o'er us,
Here's the place where't should be heard;
Child! how thou wouldst be astonished
Should I speak the magic word!

If I spoke that word, then fading
Night would thrill in fearful strife;
Trees and streams would roar together
As the castle woke to life.

Ringing lutes and goblin ditties
From the clefted rock would sound,
Like a mad and merry spring-tide
Flowers grow forest-high around.

Flowers—startling, wondrous flowers,
Leaves of vast and fabled form,
Strangely perfumed, wildly quivering,
As if thrilled with passion's storm.

Roses, wild as crimson flashes,
O'er the busy tumult rise;
Giant lilies, white as crystal,
Shoot like columns to the skies.

Great as suns, the stars above us
Gaze adown with burning glow;
In the lilies' giant calyx
All their floods of flashes flow.

We ourselves, my little maiden,
Would be changed more than all;
Torchlight gleams o'er gold and satin
Round us merrily would fall.

Thou thyself wouldst be the princess,
And this hut thy castle high;
Ladies, lords, and graceful pages
Would be dancing, singing by.

I, however, I have conquered
Thee, and all things, with the word:—
Serfs and castle:—lo! with trumpet
Loud they hail me as their lord!

The sun rose. Clouds flitted away like phantoms at the third crow of the cock. Again I wandered up hill and down dale, while overhead swept the fair sun, ever lighting up new scenes of beauty. The Spirit of the Mountain evidently favoured me, well knowing that a "poetical character" has it in his power to say many a fine thing of him, and on this morning he let me see his Hartz as it is not, most assuredly, seen by every one. But the Hartz also saw me as I am seen by few, and there were as costly pearls on my eyelashes as on the grass of the valley. The morning-dew of love wetted my cheeks; the

rustling pines understood me; their parting twigs waved up and down, as if, like mute mortals, they would express their joy with gestures of their hands, and from afar I heard beautiful and mysterious chimes, like the bell-tones of some long-lost forest church. People say that these sounds are caused by the cattle-bells, which in the Hartz ring with remarkable clearness and purity.

It was noon, according to the position of the sun, as I chanced upon such a flock, and its herd, a friendly, light-haired young fellow, told me that the great hill at whose base I stood was the old world-renowned Brocken. For many leagues around there is no house, and I was glad enough when the young man invited me to share his meal. We sat down to a *déjeûner dinatoire*, consisting of bread and cheese. The sheep snatched up our crumbs, while pretty shining heifers jumped around, ringing their bells roguishly, and laughing at us with great merry eyes. We made a royal meal, my host appearing to me altogether a king; and as he is the only monarch who has ever given me bread, I will sing him right royally.

Every shepherd is a monarch,
And a hillock is his throne,
While the sun above him shining
Is his heavy golden crown.

Sheep before his feet are lying,
Softest flatterers, crossed with red,
And the calves are "cavalieros,"
Round they strut with haughty head.

Court-players are the he-goats,
And the wild bird and the cow,
With their piping and their herd-bell,
Are the king's musicians now.

Ah! they ring and sing so sweetly,
And so sweetly chime around
Rustling waterfall and fir-trees,
While the monarch slumbers sound.

As he sleeps, his trusty sheep-dog
As prime minister must reign;
How his snarling and his barking
Echo over hill and plain.

Dozing still, the monarch murmurs,
"Sure such work was never seen
As this reigning: I were happier
Snug at home beside my queen!

There my royal head, when weary,
In my queen's arms softly lies,
And my endless broad dominion
In her deep and gentle eyes."

We took leave of each other in a friendly manner, and with a light heart I began to ascend

the mountain. I was soon welcomed by a grove of stately firs, for whom I in every respect entertain the most reverential regard; for these trees in particular have not found growing to be such an easy business, and during the days of their youth it fared hard with them. The mountain is here sprinkled with a great number of blocks of granite, and most of the trees are obliged either to twine their roots over the stones, or split them in two, that they may thus, with trouble, get at a little earth to nourish them. Here and there stones lie on each other, forming, as it were, a gate, and over all rise the trees, their naked roots twining down over the wild portals, and first reaching the ground at its base, so that they appear to be growing in the air. And yet they have forced their way up to that startling height, and grown into one with the rocks, they stand more securely than their easy comrades, who are rooted in the tame forest soil of the level country. So it is in life with those great men who have strengthened and established themselves by resolutely subduing the obstacles which oppressed their youth. Squirrels climbed amid the fir-twigs, while beneath yellow-brown deer were quietly grazing. I cannot comprehend, when I see such a noble animal, how educated and refined people can take pleasure in its chase or death. Such a creature was once

more merciful than man, and suckled the longing "Schmerzenreich" of the holy Genofeva.[1]

Most beautiful were the golden sun-rays shooting through the dark-green of the firs. The roots of the trees formed a natural stairway, and everywhere my feet encountered swelling beds of moss, for the stones are here covered foot-deep, as if with light-green velvet cushions. Everywhere a pleasant freshness and the dreamy murmur of streams. Here and there we see water rippling silver-clear amid the rocks, washing the bare roots and fibres of trees. Bend down to the current and listen, and you may hear at the same time the mysterious history of the growth of the plants, and the quiet pulsations of the heart of the mountain. In many places, the water jets strongly up amid rocks and roots, forming little cascades.[2] It is pleasant to sit in such places.

---

[1] According to the legend of Genofeva (chap. v.), when the fair saint and her little son, Schmerzenreich (abounding in sorrows), were starving in the wilderness, they were suckled by a doe. This most exquisite and touching tale has been parodied with inconceivable vulgarity in the *Geneviéve de Brabant* of Offenbach.—*Note by Translator.*

[2] "Higher on the mountain were no trees whatever, but all overgrown with long grass, weeds, and roots, all marsh-like and full of moss, yet just over leapt out a beautiful, clear and healthy spring, and here grows the so-called crab-root, which is like a crab in form and colour, and is very useful and costly. . . . And we found it intolerably cold."—PRÆTORIUS, *Blockesberge*, 1669.

All murmurs and rustles so sweetly and strangely, the birds carol broken strains of love-longing, the trees whisper like a thousand girls, odd flowers peep up like a thousand maidens' eyes, stretching out to us their curious, broad, droll-pointed leaves; the sun-rays flash here and there in sport; the soft-souled herbs are telling their green legends; all seems enchanted, and becomes more secret and confidential; an old, old dream is realised—the loved one appears. Alas that all so quickly vanishes!

The higher we ascend, so much the shorter and more dwarf-like do the fir-trees become, shrinking up, as it were, within themselves, until finally only whortle-berries, bilberries, and mountain herbs remain. It is also sensibly colder. Here, for the first time, the granite boulders which are frequently of enormous size, become fully visible. These may well have been the play-balls which evil spirits cast at each other on the Walpurgis night, when the witches come riding hither on brooms and pitchforks, when the mad, unhallowed revelry begins, as our believing nurses have told us, and as we may see it represented in the beautiful Faust pictures of Master Retsch. Yes, a young poet, who, in journeying from Berlin to Göttingen, on the first evening in May, passed the Brocken, remarked how certain belles-lettered ladies held their æsthetic tea-circle

in a rocky corner, how they comfortably read the Evening Journal, how they praised as an universal genius their pet billy-goat, who, bleating, hopped around their table, and how they passed a final judgment on all the manifestations of German literature. But when they at last fell upon "Ratcliff" and "Almansor," utterly denying to the author aught like piety or Christianity, the hair of the youth rose on end, terror seized him —I spurred my steed and rode onwards!

In fact, when we ascend the upper half of the Brocken, no one can well help thinking of the attractive legends of the Blocksberg, and especially of the great mystical German national tragedy of Doctor Faust. It ever seemed to me that I could hear the cloven foot scrambling along behind, and some one inhaling an atmosphere of humour. And I verily believe that "Mephisto" himself must breathe with difficulty when he climbs his favourite mountain, for it is a road which is to the last degree exhausting, and I was glad enough when I at last beheld the long-desired Brocken house.

This house, as every one knows from numerous pictures, consists of a single storey, and was erected in the year 1800 by Count Stollberg Wernigerode, for whose profit it is managed as a tavern. On account of the wind and cold in winter its walls are incredibly thick. The roof

is low. From its midst rises a tower-like observatory, and near the house lie two little outbuildings, one of which in earlier times served as shelter to the Brocken visitors.

On entering the Brocken house, I experienced a somewhat unusual and legend-like sensation. After a long solitary journey amid rocks and pines, the traveller suddenly finds himself in a house amid the clouds. Far below lie cities, hills, and forests, while above he encounters a curiously-blended circle of strangers, by whom he is received, as is usual in such assemblies, almost like an expected companion—half inquisitively and half indifferently. I found the house full of guests, and, as becomes a wise man, I first reflected on the night, and the discomfort of sleeping on straw. My part was at once determined on. With the voice of one dying I called for tea, and the Brocken landlord was reasonable enough to perceive that the sick gentleman must be provided with a decent bed. This he gave me in a narrow room, where a young merchant —a long emetic in a brown overcoat—had already established himself.

In the public room I found a full tide of bustle and animation. There were students from different universities. Some of the newly-arrived were taking refreshments. Others, preparing for departure, buckled on their knapsacks, wrote

their names in the album, and received Brocken bouquets from the housemaids. There was jesting, singing, springing, trilling, some questioning, some answering, fine weather, footpath, *prosit!*—luck be with you! Adieu! Some of those leaving were also partly drunk, and these derived a twofold pleasure from the beautiful scenery, for a tipsy man sees double.

After recruiting myself I ascended the observatory, and there found a little gentleman with two ladies, one of whom was young and the other elderly. The young lady was very beautiful—a superb figure, flowing locks, surmounted by a helm-like black satin *chapeau*, amid whose white plumes the wind played; fine limbs, so closely enwrapped by a black silk mantle that their exquisite form was made manifest, and great free eyes, calmly looking down into the great free world.

When as yet a boy, I thought of naught save tales of magic and wonder, and every fair lady who had ostrich feathers on her head I regarded as an elfin queen. If I observed that the train of her dress was wet, I believed at once that she must be a water-fairy.[1] Now I know better,

[1] It is an accepted tradition in fairy mythology that Undines, Water-Nixies, and other aqueous spirits, however they may disguise themselves, can always be detected by the fact that a portion of their dress invariably appears to be wet.—*Note by Translator.*

having learned from natural history that those symbolical feathers are found on the most stupid of birds, and that the skirt of a lady's dress may be wetted in a very natural way. But if I had, with those boyish eyes, seen the aforesaid young lady in the aforesaid position on the Brocken, I would most assuredly have thought "that is the fairy of the mountain, and she has just uttered the charm which has caused all down there to appear so wonderful." Yes, at the first glance from the Brocken everything appears in a high degree marvellous. New impressions throng in on every side, and these, varied and often contradictory, unite in our soul to an overpowering and confusing sensation. If we succeed in grasping the idea of this sensation, we shall comprehend the character of the mountain. This character is entirely German as regards not only its advantages but also its defects. The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he points out to us—sharply and accurately defined as in a panorama—the hundreds of cities, towns, and villages, which are principally situated to the north, and all the mountains, forests, rivers, and plains which lie infinitely far around.[1] But for

[1] The remarks of Prætorius on the same view are as follows :— "Now when the sun had devoured the mists and driven away the clouds, we could behold afar all places until our sight failed. For it seemed not otherwise than as if we from heaven looked

this very cause everything appears like an accurately designed and perfectly coloured map, and nowhere is the eye gratified by really beautiful landscapes—just as we German compilers, owing to the honourable exactness with which we attempt to give all and everything, never appear to think of giving integral parts in a beautiful manner. The mountain in consequence has a certain calm, German, intelligent, tolerant character, simply because he can see things so distant yet so distinctly. And when such a mountain opens his giant eyes, it may be that he sees somewhat more than we dwarfs, who with our weak eyes climb over him. Many indeed assert that the Blocksberg is very Philistine-like, and *Claudius* once sang "The Blocksberg is the lengthy Sir Philistine." But that was an error. On account of his bald head, which he occasionally covers with a cloud-cap, the Blocksberg has indeed something of a Philistine-like aspect,[1] but this

down on and beheld all the world . . . so that our sight could hardly comprehend the vast extent. And it is not only that from so high a mountain we can with satisfaction behold the great and wondrous works of God, since as in the same instant one can see so many lands, principalities, and provinces of the Holy Empire and Germany, but there is also the effect of the air and the streaming of the clouds."—*Blockesberge*, 1669.

[1] *Philistrose*, "Philistine-like," *i.e.*, "old fogyish, vulgar, non-student-like, citizenish, snobbish;" *bourgeois*, "slow." The term is generally applied by wild students to those "outsiders" who lead a settled-down life in the world. "A Philis-

with him, as with many other great Germans, is the result of pure irony; for it is notorious that he has his wild student and fantastic times, as for instance on the first night of May. Then he casts his cloud-cap uproariously and merrily on high, and becomes, like the rest of us, real German romantic mad.

I soon sought to entrap the beauty into a conversation, for we only begin to fully enjoy the beauties of nature when we talk about them on the spot. She was not *spirituelle*, but attentively intelligent. Both were perfect models of gentility. I do not mean that commonplace, stiff, negative respectability, which knows exactly what must *not* be done or said, but that rarer, independent, positive gentility, which inspires an accurate knowledge of what we may venture on, and which amid all our ease and *abandon* inspires the utmost social confidence. I developed, to my own amazement, much geographical knowledge, detailed to the curious beauty the names of all the towns which lay before us, and sought

---

tine," says Arndt, "is a lazy, much-speaking, more-asking, nothing-daring man; such a one who makes the small great and the great small, because in the great he feels his littleness and insignificance. Great passions, great enjoyments, great dangers, great virtues—all these the Philistine styles nonsense and frenzy." The base of Philistinism is the forming all our ideas according to those of other people of the average type.—*Note by Translator.*

them out for her on the map, which with all the solemnity of a teacher I had spread out on the stone table which stands in the centre of the tower. I could not find many of the towns, possibly because I sought them more with my fingers than with my eyes, which latter were scanning the face of the fair lady, and discovering in it fairer regions than those of "Schierke" and "Elend."[1] This countenance was one of those which never excite, and seldom enrapture, but which always please. I love such faces, for they smile my evilly agitated heart to rest.

The lady was as yet unmarried, although in the full bloom so perfectly adapted to the wedded state. But it is a matter of daily occurrence that the most beautiful girls seem to be slowest in finding husbands. This was the case of yore—it is well known that the three Graces remained maids.

I could not divine the relation in which the little gentleman stood to the ladies whom he accompanied. He was a spare and remarkable figure. A head sprinkled with grey hair, which fell over his low forehead down to his dragon-fly eyes, and a round, broad nose, which projected boldly forwards, while his mouth and chin seemed retreating in terror back to his ears. His face looked as if formed of the soft yellowish clay

[1] *Schierke* (*Schurke*), "rascal," and *Elend*, or "misery," are the names of two places near the Brocken.

with which sculptors mould their first models, and when the thin lips pinched together, thousands of semicircular and faint wrinkles appeared on his cheeks. The little man never spoke a word, only at times when the elder lady whispered something friendly in his ear, he smiled like a lapdog which has taken cold.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger, and she too was gifted with an air of extreme respectability and refinement. Her eyes betrayed a sickly, dreamy depth of thought, and about her mouth there was an expression of confirmed piety, yet withal it seemed to me that she had once been very beautiful, and often smiled, and taken and given many a kiss. Her countenance resembled a *codex palimpsestus*, in which, from beneath the recent black monkish writing of some text of a Church father, there peeped out the half-obliterated verse of an old Greek love-poet. Both ladies had been that year with their companion in Italy, and told me many things of the beauties of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother had much to say of the pictures of Raphael in St. Peter's, the daughter spoke more of the opera in La Fenice.

Both were enraptured with the art of the improvisatores. Nuremberg was the native town of these ladies, but they had little to say, or knew little, of its ancient glory. The charming

skill of the "master-song,"[1] of which the good Wagenseil has kept the last chords, is extinguished, and the dames of Nuremberg are enraptured by Italian[2] extemporised nonsense and capon-singing. Oh, Saint Sebaldus, truly thou art a poor patron!

While we conversed, the sun sank lower and lower, the air grew colder, twilight stole over us, and the tower platform was filled with students, travelling mechanics, and a few honest citizens with their spouses and daughters, all of whom were desirous of witnessing the sunset. That is truly a sublime spectacle, which elevates the soul to prayer. For a full quarter of an hour all stood in solemn silence, gazing on the beautiful fire-ball as it sank in the west; faces were rosy in the evening red; hands were involuntarily folded; it seemed as if we, a silent congregation, stood in the nave of a giant church, that the priest raised the body of the Lord, and that Palestrina's everlasting choral song poured forth from the organ.

As I stood thus lost in piety, I heard some one near me exclaim, "Ah! how beautiful Nature

---

[1] Meistergesangs.

[2] *Welsch.* A rather contemptuous word for Italians or any of Latin blood; hence the English slang *Welsher.* The English have no corresponding term for Italians, but the Americans call them "Dogos."—*Note by Translator.*

is, as a general thing!" These words came from the full heart of my room-mate, the young shopman. This brought me back to my week-day state of mind, and I found myself in tune to say a few neat things to the ladies about the sunset, and to accompany them, as calmly as if nothing had happened, to their room. They permitted me to talk an hour longer with them. Our conversation, like the earth's course, was about the sun. The mother declared that the sun, as it sunk in the snowy clouds, seemed like a red glowing rose, which the gallant heaven had thrown upon the white and spreading bridal-veil of his loved earth. The daughter smiled, and thought that a frequent observation of such phenomena weakened their impression. The mother corrected this error by a quotation from Goethe's "Letters of Travel," and asked me if I had read "Werther." I believe that we also spoke of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, maccaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady, while daintily lisping and sighing, recited several sunset quotations. To the younger lady, who did not understand English, and who wished to become familiar with those poems, I recommended the translation of my fair and gifted countrywoman, the Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen. On this occasion, as is my custom when talking with young ladies, I did not neglect to speak of

Byron's impiety, heartlessness, cheerlessness, and heaven knows what beside.

After this business I took a walk on the Brocken, for there it is never quite dark. The mist was not heavy, and I could see the outlines of the two hills known as the Witch's Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired my pistol, but there was no echo.[1] But suddenly I heard familiar voices, and found myself embraced and kissed. The new-comers were fellow-students from my own part of Germany, and had left Göttingen four days later than I. Great was their astonishment at finding me alone on the Blocksberg. Then came a flood-tide of narrative, of astonishment, and of appointment-making, of laughing, and of recollection, and in the spirit we found ourselves again in our learned Siberia, where refinement is carried to such an extent that *bears* are "bound by many ties" in the taverns, and *sables* wish the hunter good evening.[2]

[1] "When a fire-arm is discharged on the summit of the Brocken, it gives but little sound and no echo."—PRETORIUS, *Blockesberge*, 1669.

[2] According to that dignified and erudite work, the *Burschikoses Wörterbuch*, or Student-Slang Dictionary, "to bind a bear" signifies to contract a debt. The term is most frequently applied to tavern scores. In "The Landlord's Twelve Commandments," a sheet frequently pasted up in German beer-houses, I have observed, "Thou shalt not bind any bears in this my house." The definitions of a sable (*Zobel*), as given in the Dictionary above cited, are—1. A finely furred animal; 2.

In the great room we had supper. There was a long table, with two rows of hungry students. At first we had only the usual subject of university conversation—duels, duels, and once again duels. The company consisted principally of Halle students, and Halle formed in consequence the nucleus of their discourse. The window-panes of Court-Counsellor Schutz were exegetically lighted up. Then it was mentioned that the King of Cyprus's last levee had been very brilliant; that the monarch had appointed a natural son; that he had married—over the left—a princess of the house of Lichtenstein; that the State-mistress had been forced to resign, and that the entire ministry, greatly moved, had wept according to rule. I need hardly explain that this all referred to certain beer dignitaries in Halle. Then the two Chinese, who two years before had been exhibited in Berlin, and who were now appointed professors of Chinese æsthetics in Halle, were discussed. Then jokes were made. Some one supposed a case in which a live German might be exhibited for money in China. Placards

---

A young lady anxious to please; 3. A "broom" (*i.e.*, housemaid, or female in general); 4. A lady of pleasure; 5. A wench; 6. A nymph of the pave; 7. A "buckle," &c., &c. The *sable hunt* is synonymous with the *Besenjagd*, or "broom chase." I have, however, heard it asserted in Heidelberg that the term *sable* was strictly applicable only to ladies' maids.

would be pasted up, in which the Mandarins *Tsching-Tschang-Tschung* and *Hi-Ha-Ho* certified that the man was a genuine Teuton, including a list of his accomplishments, which consisted principally of philosophising, smoking, and endless patience. As a finale, visitors might be prohibited from bringing any dogs with them at twelve o'clock (the hour for feeding the captive), as these animals would be sure to snap from the poor German all his tit-bits.

A young *Burschenschafter*, who had recently passed his period of purification in Berlin, spoke much, but very partially, of this city. He had been constant in his attendance on Wisotzki and the theatre, but judged falsely of both. "For youth is ever ready with a word," &c. He spoke of wardrobe expenditures, theatrical scandal, and similar matters. The youth knew not that in Berlin, where outside show exerts the greatest influence (as is abundantly evidenced by the commonness of the phrase "so people do"), this apparent life must first of all flourish on the stage, and consequently that the especial care of the direction must be for "the colour of the beard with which a part is played," and for the truthfulness of the dresses, which are designed by sworn historians, and sewed by scientifically instructed tailors. And this is indispensable. For if Maria Stuart wore an apron belonging to the time

of Queen Anne, the banker, Christian Gumpel, would with justice complain that the anachronism destroyed the illusion; and if Lord Burleigh in a moment of forgetfulness should don the hose of Henry the Fourth, then Madam the War-Counsellor Von Steinzopf's wife, *née* Lilienthau, would not get the error out of her head for the whole evening. And this delusive care on the part of the general direction extends itself not only to aprons and pantaloons, but also to the within enclosed persons. So in future Othello will be played by a real negro, for whom Professor Lichtenstein has already written to Africa; in "Misanthropy and Remorse," the part of Eulalia is to be sustained by a lady who has really wandered from the paths of virtue; Peter will be played by a real blockhead, and the Stranger by a genuine mysterious wittol—for which last three characters it will not be necessary to send to Africa. In "The Power of Circumstances" there is to be a real author, who has had his face slapped, to play the part of the hero. In "The Ancestress" the artist who "gives" Jaromir must have robbed in earnest, or at least stolen something; and Lady Macbeth be sustained by a lady who is, as Tieck required, naturally very charming, and yet to a certain degree familiar with the sanguinary sight of murderous stabbing; and finally, to set forth in full force a shallow-brained,

senseless, vulgar fellow, the great Wurm should be engaged—he who enchants his like when he rises in his real greatness, high, high, "every inch a blackguard." But little as this young man had comprehended the relations of the Berlin drama, still less was he aware that the Spontini Janissary opera, with its kettle-drums, elephants, trumpets, and gongs, is a heroic means of inspiring with valour our sleeping race—a means once shrewdly recommended by Plato and Cicero. Least of all did the youth comprehend the diplomatic inner meaning of the ballet. It was with great trouble that I finally made him understand that there was really more political science in Hoguet's feet than in Buckholtz's head, that all his *tours de danse* signified diplomatic negotiations, and that his every movement hinted at state matters; as, for instance, when he bent forward anxiously, widely grasping out with his hands, he meant our Cabinet; that a hundred pirouettes on one toe without quitting the spot alluded to the alliance of deputies; that he was thinking of the lesser princes when he tripped around with his legs tied; that he described the European balance of power when he tottered hither and thither like a drunken man; that he hinted at a Congress when he twisted his bended arms together like a skein; and finally, that he sets forth our altogether too great friend in the

East, when, very gradually unfolding himself, he rises on high, stands for a long time in this elevated position, and then all at once breaks out into the most terrifying leaps. The scales fell from the eyes of the young man, and he now saw how it was that dancers are better paid than great poets, and why the ballet forms in diplomatic circles an inexhaustible subject of conversation. By Apis! how great is the number of the exoteric, and how small the array of the esoteric frequenters of the theatre! There sit the stupid audience, gaping and admiring leaps and attitudes, studying anatomy in the positions of Lemiere, and applauding the *entrechats* of Röhnisch, prattling of "grace," "harmony," and "limbs"—no one remarking meanwhile that he has before him in choregraphic ciphers the destiny of the German Fatherland.

While such observations flitted hither and thither, we did not lose sight of the practical, and the great dishes which were honourably piled up with meat, potatoes, *et cetera*, were industriously disposed of. The food, however, was of an indifferent quality. This I carelessly mentioned to my next neighbour at table, who, however, with an accent in which I recognised the Swiss, very impolitely replied that Germans knew as little of true content as of true liberty. I shrugged my shoulders, remarking that all the world over

the humblest vassals of princes, as well as pastry-cooks and confectioners, were Swiss, and known as a class by that name. I also took the liberty of stating that the Swiss heroes of liberty of the present day, who chatter so much that is politically daring to the public, reminded me of those tame hares which we see on market-days in public places, where they fire off pistols to the great amazement of peasants and children, yet remain hares as before.

The son of the Alps had really meant nothing wicked; "he was," as Cervantes says, "a plump man, and consequently a good man." But my neighbour on the other side, a Greifswalder, was deeply touched by the assertion of the Swiss. Energetically did he assert that German ability and simplicity were not as yet extinguished, struck in a threatening manner on his breast, and gulped down a tremendous flagon of white beer. The Swiss said, "Nu! nu!" But the more appeasingly and apologetically he said this, so much the faster did the Greifswalder get on with his riot. He was a man of those days when haircutters came near dying of starvation. He wore long locks, a knightly cap, a black old German coat, a dirty shirt, which at the same time did duty as a waistcoat, and beneath it a medallion, with a tassel of the hair of Blücher's grey horse. His appearance was that of a full-

grown fool. I am always ready for something lively at supper, and consequently held with him a patriotic strife. He was of the opinion that Germany should be divided into thirty-three districts. I asserted, on the contrary, that there should be forty-eight, because it would then be possible to write a more systematic guide-book for Germany, and because it is essential that life should be blended with science. My Greifswald friend was also a German bard, and, as he informed me in confidence, was occupied with a national heroic poem in honour of Hermann and the Hermann battle. Many an advantageous hint did I give him on this subject. I suggested to him that the morasses and crooked paths of the Teutobergian forest might be very onomatopoically indicated by means of watery and ragged verse, and that it would be a patriotic refinement should the Romans in his poem chatter the wildest nonsense. I hope that this bit of art will succeed in his works, as in those of other Berlin poets, even to the minutest particular.

The company around the table gradually became better acquainted and much noisier. Wine banished beer, punch-bowls steamed, and drinking, *schmolliren*,[1] and singing were the order of the

[1] Contracted from the Latin *sibi molire amicum*. *Schmolliren* signifies to gain a friend, to drink brotherhood with him, to

night. The old "Landsfather" and the beautiful songs of W. Muller, Rückert, Uhland, and others rang around, with the exquisite airs of Methfessel. Best of all sounded our own Arndt's German words, "The Lord, who bade iron grow, wished for no slaves." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain sang with us, and a few reeling friends even asserted that he merrily shook his bald head, which caused the great unsteadiness of our floor. The bottles became emptier and the heads of the company fuller. One bellowed like an ox, a second piped, a third declaimed from "The Crime," a fourth spoke Latin,[1] a fifth preached temperance, and a sixth, assuming the chair, learnedly lectured as follows: "Gentlemen, the world is a round cylinder, upon which human

---

give and take the "brother-kiss," and finally, to *Duzen*, or call the friend *Du* or *thou*, equivalent to the French *tutoyer*. The act of *schmolliren* is termed *Schmollis*, from the Latin *sis mihi mollis amicus*, "Be my good friend." The *schmollis* in universities is accompanied by a variety of ceremonies more or less imposing. The Crown Schmollis, sung at a *Commers* or general meeting, involves a vast amount of singing, &c. To refuse a *schmollis* is equivalent to a challenge. It is generally asserted that *to break the schmollis*, or to call the friend in a moment of forgetfulness "you" instead of "thou," calls for the forfeit of a bottle of wine, but I have never observed that this rule was enforced against any save *foxes* or freshmen, and the like.—*Note by Translator.*

[1] Was tipsy. *Wein spricht Latein*, "Wine speaks Latin," says an old proverb, fully illustrated by Rabelais.—*Note by Translator.*

beings as individual pins are scattered apparently at random. But the cylinder revolves, the pins knock together and give out tones, some very frequently and others but seldom; all of which causes a remarkably complicated sound, which is generally known as universal history. We will, in consequence, speak first of music, then of the world, and finally of history, which latter we divide into positive and Spanish flies——" And so sense and nonsense went rattling on.

A jolly Mechlenburger, who held his nose to his punch-glass, and, smiling with happiness, snuffed up the perfume, remarked that it caused in him a sensation as if he were standing again before the refreshment table in the Schwerin Theatre! Another held his wine-glass like a lorgnette before his eye, and appeared to be carefully studying the company, while the red wine trickled down over his cheek into his projecting mouth. The Greifswalder, suddenly inspired, cast himself upon my breast, and shouted wildly, "Oh, that thou couldst understand me, for I am a lover, a happy lover; for I am loved again, and G—d d—n me, she's an educated girl, for she has a full bosom, wears a white gown, and plays the piano!" But the Swiss wept, and tenderly kissed my hand, and ever whimpered, "Oh, Molly dear! oh, Molly dear!"

During this crazy scene, in which plates learned

to dance and glasses to fly, there sat opposite me two youths, beautiful and pale as statues, one resembling Adonis, the other Apollo. The faint rosy hue which the wine spread over their cheeks was scarcely visible. They gazed on each other with infinite affection, as if the one could read in the eyes of the other, and in those eyes there was a light as though drops of light had fallen therein from the cup of burning love, which an angel on high bears from one star to the other. They conversed softly with earnest, trembling voices, and narrated sad stories, through all of which ran a tone of strange sorrow. "Lora is also dead!" said one, and sighing, proceeded to tell of a maiden of Halle who had loved a student, and who, when the latter left Halle, spoke no more to any one, ate but little, wept day and night, gazing ever on the canary-bird which her lover had given her. "The bird died, and Lora did not long survive it," was the conclusion, and both the youths sighed, as though their hearts would break. Finally, the other said, "My soul is sorrowful; come forth with me into the dark night! Let me inhale the breath of the clouds and the moon-rays. Partake of my sorrows! I love thee; thy words are musical, like the rustling of reeds and the flow of rivulets; they re-echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful!"

Both of the young men arose. One threw his

arm around the neck of the other, and thus left the noisy room. I followed, and saw them enter a dark chamber, where the one by mistake, instead of the window, threw open the door of a large wardrobe, and that both, standing before it with outstretched arms, expressing poetic rapture, spoke alternately. "Ye breezes of darkening night," cried the first, "how ye cool and revive my cheeks! How sweetly ye play amid my fluttering locks! I stand on the cloudy peak of the mountain, far below me lie the sleeping cities of men, and blue waters gleam. List! far below in the valley rustle the fir-trees! Far above yonder hills sweep in misty forms the spirits of my fathers. Oh, that I could hunt with ye on your cloud-steeds through the stormy night, over the rolling sea, upwards to the stars! Alas! I am laden with grief, and my soul is sad!" Meanwhile, the other had also stretched out *his* arms towards the wardrobe, while tears fell from his eyes as he cried to a broad pair of yellow pantaloons which he mistook for the moon, "Fair art thou, daughter of heaven! lovely and blessed is the calm of thy countenance. Thou walkest lonely in thy loveliness. The stars follow thy blue path in the east! At thy glance the clouds rejoice, and their dark brows gleam with light. Who is like unto thee in heaven, thou the night-born? The stars are ashamed before thee, and

turn away their green sparkling eyes. Whither, ah! whither, when morning pales thy face, dost thou flee from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy hall? Dwellest thou amid shadows of sorrow? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who joyfully rolled with thee through the night now no more? Yea, they fell adown, oh! lovely light, and thou hidest thyself to bewail them! Yet the night must at some time come when thou too must pass away, and leave thy blue path above in heaven. Then the stars, who were once ashamed in thy presence, will raise their green heads and rejoice. Now thou art clothed in thy starry splendour and gazest adown from the gate of heaven. Tear aside the clouds, oh! ye winds, that the night-born may shine forth and the bushy hills gleam, and that the foaming waves of the sea may roll in light!"

A well-known and not remarkably thin friend, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had already at supper devoured a piece of beef which would have dined six lieutenants of the guard and one innocent child, here came rushing into the room in a very jovial manner, that is to say, *à la* swine, shoved the two elegiac friends one over the other into the wardrobe, stormed through the house-door, and began to roar around outside, as if raising the devil in earnest. The noise in the hall grew more con-

fused and duller; the two moaning and weeping friends lay, as they thought, crushed at the foot of the mountain; from their throats ran noble red wine, and the one said to the other, "Farewell! I feel that I bleed. Why dost thou waken me, oh! breath of spring? Thou caressest me, and sayst, 'I bedew thee with drops from heaven. But the time of my withering is at hand—at hand the storm which will break away my leaves. To-morrow the Wanderer will come—come—he who saw me in my beauty—his eyes will glance, as of yore, around the field—in vain——'" But over all roared the well-known basso voice without, blasphemously complaining, amid oaths and whoops, that not a single lantern had been lighted along the entire Weender Street, and that one could not even see whose window-panes he had smashed.

I can bear a tolerable quantity—modesty forbids me to say how many bottles—and I consequently retired to my chamber in tolerably good condition. The young merchant already lay in bed, enveloped in his chalk-white nightcap and yellow Welsh flannel. He was not asleep, and sought to enter into conversation with me. He was a Frankfort-on-Mainer, and consequently spoke at once of the Jews, declared that they had lost all feeling for the beautiful and noble, and that they sold English goods twenty-five per

cent. under manufacturers' prices. A fancy to humbug him came over me, and I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beforehand beg his pardon should I unwittingly disturb his slumbers. This intelligence, as he confessed the following day, prevented him from sleeping a wink through the whole night, especially since the idea had entered his head that I, while in a somnambulistic crisis, might shoot him with the pistol which lay near my bed. But in truth I fared no better myself, for I slept very little. Dreary and terrifying fancies swept through my brain. A pianoforte extract from Dante's Hell. Finally I dreamed that I saw a law opera, called the *Falcidia*,[1] with libretto on the right of inheritance by Gans, and music by Spontini. A crazy dream! I saw the Roman Forum splendidly illuminated. In it Servius Asinius Göschenus sitting as *prætor* on his chair, and throwing wide his toga in stately folds, burst out into raging recitative; Marcus Tullius Elversus, manifesting as *prima donna legataria* all the exquisite femininenes of his nature, sang the love-melting *bravura* of *Quicunque civis Romanus; Referees*, rouged red as

[1] The "Falcidian law" was so called from its proposer, *Falcidius*. According to it, the testator was obliged to leave at least the fourth part of his fortune to the person whom he named his heir. *Vide* Pandects of Justinian.

sealing-wax, bellowed in chorus as *minors;* private tutors, dressed as genii, in flesh-coloured stockinets, danced an anti-Justinian ballet, crowning with flowers the "Twelve Tables," while, amid thunder and lightning, rose from the ground the abused ghost of Roman Legislation, accompanied by trumpets, gongs, fiery rain, *cum omni causa.*

From this confusion I was rescued by the landlord of the Brocken, when he awoke me to see the sun rise. Above, on the tower, I found several already waiting, who rubbed their freezing hands; others, with sleep still in their eyes, stumbled up to us, until finally the whole silent congregation of the previous evening was reassembled, and we saw how, above the horizon, there rose a little carmine-red ball, spreading a dim, wintry illumination. Far around, amid the mists, rose the mountains, as if swimming in a white rolling sea, only their summits being visible, so that we could imagine ourselves standing on a little hill in the midst of an inundated plain, in which here and there rose dry clods of earth. To retain that which I saw and felt, I sketched the following poem:—

In the east 'tis ever brighter,
Though the sun gleams cloudily;
Far and wide the mountain summits
Swim above the misty sea.

Had I seven-mile boots for travel,
Like the fleeting winds I'd rove,
Over valley, rock, and river,
To the home of her I love.

From the bed where now she's sleeping,
Soft the curtain I would slip;
Softly kiss her child-like forehead,
Soft the ruby of her lip.

And yet softer would I whisper
In the little lily ear,
"Think in dreams we still are loving,
Think I never lost thee, dear."

Meanwhile my desire for breakfast greatly increased, and after paying a few attentions to my ladies, I hastened down to drink coffee in the warm public room. It was full time, for all within me was as sober and as sombre as in the St. Stephen's Church of Goslar. But with the Arabian beverage, the warm Orient thrilled through my limbs, Eastern roses breathed forth their perfumes, the students were changed to camels,[1]

[1] A "camel" in German student dialect signifies, according to the erudite Dr. Vollman (*Burschik. Wörterb.*, p. 100), 1st, A student not in any regular club; 2nd, A savage; 3rd, A finch; 4th, A badger; 5th, A stag; 6th, A hare; 7th, . . .; 8th, An "outsider;" 9th, A Jew; 10th, A nigger; 11th, A Bedouin; 12th, One who neither drinks, smokes, fights duels, cares for girls, nor *renowns* it. To renown it (*rennomiren*) is equivalent to the American phrase "spreads himself." The sum total of

the Brocken housemaids, with their Congreve-rocket-glances, became *houris*, the Philistine-roses, minarets. . . . .

But the book which lay near me, though full of nonsense, was not the Koran. It was the so-called *Brocken-book*, in which all travellers who ascend the mountain write their names—many inscribing their thoughts, or in default thereof their "feelings." Many even express themselves in verse. In this book one may observe the horrors which result when the great Philistine Pegasus at convenient opportunities, such as this on the Brocken, becomes poetic. The palace of the Prince of Pallagonia never contained such absurdities and insipidities as are to be found in this book. Those who shine in it with especial splendour are Messrs. the excise collectors, with their mouldy "high inspirations;" counter-jumpers, with their pathetic outgushings of the soul; old German revolution dilettanti with their Turner-Union-phrases,[1] and Berlin schoolmasters with their unsuccessful efforts at enthusiasm. Mr. Snobbs will also for once show himself as author.

Dr. Vollman's definitions amount, according to German student ideas, to what an Englishman would call a "muff" or a "slow coach."—*Note by Translator.*

[1] The Turner Unions are associations organised for the purpose of gymnastic exercise. They may also be regarded as revolutionary political clubs.—*Note by Translator.*

In one page the majestic splendour of the sun is described, in another complaints occur of bad weather, of disappointed hopes, and of the clouds which obstruct the view. A Caroline writes that in climbing the mountain her feet were wetted, to which a naïve Nanny, who was impressed by this, adds, "I too got wet in this thing." "Went up wet without and came down 'wet within,'"[1] is a standing joke, repeated in the book hundreds of times. The whole volume smells of beer, tobacco, and cheese; we might fancy it one of Clauren's romances.

While I drank the coffee aforesaid and turned over the Brocken-book, the Swiss entered, his cheeks deeply glowing, and described with enthusiasm the sublime view which he had just enjoyed in the tower above, as the pure calm light of the sun, that symbol of truth, fought with the night mists, and that it appeared like a battle of spirits, in which raging giants brandished their long swords, where harnessed knights on leaping steeds chased each other, and war chariots, fluttering banners, and extravagant monster forms sank in the wildest confusion, till all finally en-

[1] *Benebelt herauf gekommen und benebelt hinunter gegangen*, "Came up in a cloud and went down *cloudy*." The word "cloudy" occurs as an English synonym for intoxication in a list of such terms which I have seen in print.—*Note by Translator.*

twined in the maddest contortions, melted into dimness and vanished, leaving no trace. This demagogical natural phenomenon I had neglected, and, should the curious affair be ever made the subject of investigation, I am ready to declare on oath that all I know of the matter is the flavour of the good brown coffee I was then tasting.

Alas! this was the guilty cause of my neglecting my fair lady, and now, with mother and friend, she stood before the door, about to step into her carriage. I had scarcely time to hurry to her, and assure her that it was cold. She seemed piqued at my not coming sooner, but I soon drove the clouds from her fair brow by presenting to her a beautiful flower, which I had plucked the day before, at the risk of breaking my neck, from a steep precipice. The mother inquired the name of the flower, as if it seemed to her not altogether correct that her daughter should place a strange, unknown flower before her bosom—for this was, in fact, the enviable position which the flower attained, and of which it could never have dreamed the day before when on its lonely height. The silent friend here opened his mouth, and after counting the stamina of the flower, dryly remarked that it belonged to the eighth class.

It vexes me every time when I remember that

even the dear flowers which God hath made have been, like us, divided into castes, and, like us, are distinguished by those external names which indicate descent as in a family-tree. If there *must* be such divisions, it were better to adopt those suggested by Theophrastus, who wished that flowers might be divided according to souls, that is, their perfumes. As for myself, I have my own system of natural science, according to which all things are divided into those which may or may not be eaten!

The secret and mysterious nature of flowers was, however, anything but a secret to the elder lady, and she involuntarily remarked that she felt happy in her very soul when she saw flowers growing in the garden or in a room, while a faint, dreamy sense of pain invariably affected her on beholding a beautiful flower with broken stalk—that it was really a dead body, and that the delicate pale head of such a flower-corpse hung down like that of a dead infant. The lady here became alarmed at the sorrowful impression which her remark caused, and I flew to the rescue with a few Voltairean verses. How quickly two or three French words bring us back into the conventional concert-pitch of conversation. We laughed, hands were kissed, gracious smiles beamed, the horses neighed, and the waggon jolted heavily and slowly adown the hill.

And now the students prepared to depart. Knapsacks were buckled, the bills, which were moderate beyond all expectation, were settled, the two susceptible housemaids, upon whose pretty countenances the traces of successful amours were plainly visible, brought, as is their custom, their Brocken-bouquets, and helped some to adjust their caps; for all of which they were duly rewarded with either coppers or kisses. Thus we all went "down-hill," albeit one party, among whom were the Swiss and Greifswalder, took the road towards Schierke, and the other, of about twenty men, among whom were my "land's people" and I, led by a guide, went through the so-called "Snow Holes" down to Ilsenburg.

Such a head-over-heels, break-neck piece of business! Halle students travel quicker than the Austrian militia. Ere I knew where I was, the bald summit of the mountain, with groups of stones strewed over it, was behind us, and we went through the fir-wood which I had seen the day before. The sun poured down a cheerful light on the merry Burschen, in gaily coloured garb, as they merrily pressed onward through the wood, disappearing here, coming to light again there, running in marshy places, across on shaking trunks of trees, climbing over shelving steeps by grasping the projecting tree-roots, while they trilled all the time in the merriest manner,

and were answered in as merry echoes by the invisibly plashing rivulets, and the resounding echo. When cheerful youth and beautiful nature meet, they mutually rejoice.

The lower we descended the more delightfully did subterranean waters ripple around us; only here and there they peeped out amid rocks and bushes, appearing to be reconnoitring if they might yet come to light, until at last one little spring jumped forth boldly. Then followed the usual show—the bravest one makes a beginning, and then the great multitude of hesitators, suddenly inspired with courage, rush forth to join the first. A multitude of springs now leaped in haste from their ambush, united with the leader, and finally formed quite an important brook, which, with its innumerable waterfalls and beautiful windings, ripples adown the valley. This is now the Ilse—the sweet, pleasant Ilse. She flows through the blest Ilse vale, on whose sides the mountains gradually rise higher and higher, being clad even to their base with beech-trees, oaks, and the usual shrubs, the firs and other needle-covered evergreens having disappeared; for that variety of trees prevails upon the "Lower Hartz," as the east side of the Brocken is called in contradistinction to the west side or Upper Hartz, being really much higher and better adapted to the growth of evergreens.

No pen can describe the merriment, simplicity, and gentleness with which the Ilse leaps or glides amid the wildly piled rocks which rise in her path, so that the water strangely whizzes or foams in one place amid rifted rocks, and in another wells through a thousand crannies, as if from a giant watering-pot, and then in collected stream trips away over the pebbles like a merry maiden. Yes, the old legend is true; the Ilse is a princess, who, laughing in beauty, runs adown the mountain. How her white foam garment gleams in the sunshine! How her silvered scarf flutters in the breeze! How her diamonds flash! The high beech-tree gazes down on her like a grave father secretly smiling at the capricious self-will of a darling child; the white birch-trees nod their heads around like delighted aunts, who are, however, anxious at such bold leaps; the proud oak looks on like a not over-pleased uncle, as though he must pay for all the fine weather; the birds in the air sing their share in their joy; the flowers on the bank whisper, "Oh, take us with thee! take us with thee, dear sister!" but the wild maiden may not be withheld, and she leaps onward, and suddenly seizes the dreaming poet, and there streams over me a flower-rain of ringing gleams and flashing tones, and all my senses are lost in beauty and splendour, as I hear only the voice, sweet pealing as a flute—

I am the Princess Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come with me to my castle,
Thou shalt be blest—and mine!

With ever-flowing fountains
I'll cool thy weary brow;
Thou'lt lose amid their rippling
The cares which grieve thee now.

In my white arms reposing,
And on my snow-white breast,
Thou'lt dream of old, old legends,
And sink in joy to rest.

I'll kiss thee and caress thee,
As in the ancient day
I kissed the Emperor Henry,
Who long has passed away.

The dead are dead and silent,
Only the living love;
And I am fair and blooming,
—Dost feel my wild heart move?

And as my heart is beating,
My crystal castle rings,
Where many a knight and lady
In merry measure springs.

Silk trains are softly rustling,
Spurs ring from night to morn,
And dwarfs are gaily drumming,
And blow the golden horn.

As round the Emperor Henry,
My arms round thee shall fall;
I held his ears—he heard not
The trumpet's warning call.

We feel infinite happiness when the outer world blends with the world of our own soul, and green trees, thoughts, the songs of birds, gentle melancholy, the blue of heaven, memory, and the perfume of flowers, run together in sweet arabesques. Women best understand this feeling, and this may be the cause that such a sweet, incredulous smile plays around their lips when we, with school-pride, boast of our logical deeds; how we have classified everything so nicely into subjective and objective; how our heads are provided, apothecary-like, with a thousand drawers, one of which contains reason, another understanding, a third wit, the fourth bad wit, and the fifth nothing at all, that is to say, the *idea*.

As if wandering in dreams, I scarcely observed that we had left the depths of the *Ilsethal* and were now again climbing up hill. This was steep and difficult work, and many of us lost our breath; but, like our late lamented cousin, who now lies buried at *Mölln*,[1] we constantly kept in mind the ease with which we should descend, and were

[1] Tyll Eulenspiegel, the old German jester. The same saying is attributed to George Buchanan.—*Note by Translator.*

much the better off in consequence. Finally, we reached the Ilsenstein.

This is an enormous granite rock, which rises high and boldly from a glen. On three sides it is surrounded by woody hills, but from the fourth, the north, there is an open view, and we gaze upon the Ilsenburg and the Ilse lying far below, and our glances wander beyond into the lower land. On the tower-like summit of the rock stands a great iron cross, and in case of need there is also here a resting-place for four human feet.

As Nature, through picturesque position and form, has adorned the Ilsenstein with strange and beautiful charms, so has also Legend poured over it her rosy light. According to Gottschalk, "the people say that there once stood here an enchanted castle, in which dwelt the fair Princess Ilse, who yet bathes every morning in the Ilse. He who is so fortunate as to hit upon the exact time and place, will be led by her into the rock where her castle lies, and receive a royal reward." Others narrate a pleasant legend of the loves of the Lady Ilse and of the Knight of Westenburg, which has been romantically sung by one of our most noted poets in the *Evening Journal*. Others again say that it was the old Saxon Emperor Henry who passed in pleasure his imperial hours with the water-nymph Ilse in her enchanted castle. A later author, one Niemann, Esq., who

has written a Hartz guide, in which the heights of the hills, variations of the compass, town finances, and similar matters are described with praiseworthy accuracy, asserts, however, that "what is narrated of the Princess Ilse belongs entirely to the realm of fable." So all men to whom a beautiful princess has never appeared assert; but we who have been especially favoured by fair ladies know better. And this the Emperor Henry knew too! It was not without cause that the old Saxon emperors held so firmly to their native Hartz. Let any one only turn over the leaves of the fair Lünenburg Chronicle, where the good old gentlemen are represented in wondrously true-hearted woodcuts as well-weaponed, high on their mailed war-steeds, the holy imperial crown on their blessed heads, sceptre and sword in firm hands; and then in their dear moustached and bearded faces he can plainly read how they often longed for the sweet hearts of their Hartz princesses, and for the familiar rustling of the Hartz forests, when they lingered in distant lands. Yes, even when in the orange and poison-gifted Italy, whither they, with their followers, were often enticed by the desire of becoming Roman emperors, a genuine German lust for title, which finally destroyed emperor and realm.

I, however, advise every one who may hereafter stand on the summit of the Ilsenburg to

think neither of emperor and crown nor of the fair Ilse, but simply of his own feet. For as I stood there, lost in thought, I suddenly heard the subterranean music of the enchanted castle, and saw the mountains around begin to stand on their heads, while the red-tiled roofs of Ilsenburg were dancing, and green trees flew through the air, until all was green and blue before my eyes, and I, overcome by giddiness, would assuredly have fallen into the abyss, had I not, in the dire need of my soul, clung fast to the iron cross. No one who reflects on the critically ticklish situation in which I was then placed can possibly find fault with me for having done this.

The Hartz journey is and remains a fragment, and the variegated threads which were so neatly wound through it, with the intention to bind it into a harmonious whole, have been suddenly snapped asunder as if by the shears of the implacable destinies. It may be that I will one day weave them into new songs, and that that which is now stingily withheld will then be spoken in full. But when or what we have spoken will all come to one and the same thing at last, provided that we do but speak. The single works may ever remain fragments if they only form a whole by their union.

By such a connection the defective may here and there be supplied, the rough be polished down, and that which is altogether too harsh be modified and softened. This is perhaps especially applicable to the first pages of the Hartz journey, and they would in all probability have caused a far less unfavourable impression could the reader in some other place have learned that the ill-humour which I entertain for Göttingen in general, although greater than I have here expressed it, is still far from being equal to the respect which I entertain for certain individuals there. And why should I conceal the fact that I here allude particularly to that estimable man who, in earlier years, received me so kindly, inspiring me even then with a deep love for the study of history; who strengthened my zeal for it later in life, and thus led my soul to calmer paths; who indicated to my peculiar disposition a healthier direction, and who finally gave me those historical consolations, without which I should never have been able to support the painful events of the present day. I speak of George Sartorius, the great investigator of history and of humanity, whose eye is a bright star in our dark times, and whose hospitable heart is ever open to all the griefs and joys of others—for the needs of the beggar or the king, and for the last sighs of nations perishing with their gods.

I cannot here refrain from remarking that the

Upper Hartz, that portion of which I described as far as the beginning of the *Ilsethal*, did not by any means make so favourable an impression on me as the romantic and picturesque Lower Hartz, and in its wildly-steep dark fir-tree beauty contrasts strangely with the other, just as the three valleys formed by the Ilse, the Bode, and the Selke, beautifully contrast with each other, when we are able to personify the character of each. They are three beautiful women, of whom it is impossible to determine which is the fairest.

I have already spoken and sung of the fair sweet Ilse, and how sweetly and kindly she received me. The darker beauty, the *Bode*, was not so gracious in her reception, and as I first beheld her in the smithy-dark, turnip-land, she appeared to me to be altogether ill-natured, and hid herself beneath a silver-grey rain-veil; but with impatient love she suddenly threw it off; as I ascended the summit of the Rosstrappe, her countenance gleamed upon me with the sunniest splendour, from every feature beamed the tenderness of a giantess, and from the agitated, rocky bosom there was a sound as of sighs of deep longing and melting tones of woe. Less tender but far merrier did I find the pretty *Selke*, an amiable lady, whose noble simplicity and calm repose held at a distance all sentimental familiarity, but who, by a half-concealed smile, betrayed her mocking mood. It

was perhaps to this secret merry spirit that I might have attributed the many "little miseries" which beset me in the Selkethal; as, for instance, when I sought to spring over the rivulet, I plunged in exactly up to my middle; how when I continued my wet campaign with slippers, one of them was soon "not at hand," or rather "not at foot," for I lost it; how a puff of wind bore away my cap; how thorns scratched me, "and wale away, *et cetera*." Yet do I forgive the fair lady all this, for she *is* fair. And even now she stands before the gates of Imagination, in all her silent loveliness, and seems to say, "Though I laugh, I mean no harm, and I pray you sing of me!" The magnificent *Bode* also sweeps into my memory, and her dark eye says, "Thou art like me in pride and in pain, and I will that thou lovest me." Also the fair Ilse comes merrily springing, delicate and fascinating in mien, form, and motion, in all things like the dear being who blesses my dreams, and like her she gazes on me with unconquerable indifference, and is withal so deeply, so eternally, so manifestly true. Well, I am Paris, and I award the apple to the fair Ilse.

It is the first of May, and spring is pouring like a sea of life over the earth, a foam of white blossoms covers the trees, the glass in the town windows flashes merrily, sparrows are again building on the roofs, people saunter along the street,

wondering that the air affects them so much, and that they feel so cheerful; the oddly dressed Vierlander girls are selling bouquets of violets; foundling children, with their blue jackets and dear little illegitimate faces, run along the *Jungfernstieg* as happily as if they had all found their fathers; the beggar on the bridge looks as jolly as though he had won the first lottery-prize, and even on the grimy and as yet unhung pedlar, who scours about with his rascally "manufactory goods" countenance, the sun shines with his best-natured rays. I will take a walk beyond the town gate.

It is the first of May, and I think of thee, thou fair Ilse; or shall I call thee by the name which I better love, of Agnes? I think of thee, and would fain see once more how thou leapest in light adown thy hill. But best of all were it could I stand in the valley below and hold thee in my arms. It is a lovely day! Green, the colour of hope, is everywhere around me. Everywhere flowers are blooming like beautiful miracles, and my heart will bloom again also. This heart is also a flower of strange and wondrous sort. It is no modest violet, no smiling rose, no pure lily, or similar flower, which with good gentle loveliness makes glad a maiden's soul, and may be fitly placed before her pretty breast, and which withers to-day, and to-morrow blooms again. No, this heart rather resembles that strange, heavy

flower from the woods of Brazil, which, according to the legend, blooms but once in a century. I remember well that I once, when a boy, saw such a flower. During the night we heard an explosion as of a pistol, and the next morning a neighbour's children told me that it was their "aloe" which had bloomed with the shot. They led me to their garden, where I saw to my astonishment that the low, hard plant, with ridiculously broad, sharp-pointed leaves, which were capable of inflicting wounds, had shot high in the air, and bore aloft beautiful flowers, like a golden crown. We children could not see so high, and the old grinning Christian, who liked us all so well, built a wooden stair around the flower, upon which we scrambled like cats, and gazed curiously into the open calyx, from which yellow threads, like rays of light, and strange foreign odours pressed forth in unheard-of splendour.

Yes, Agnes, this flower blooms not often, not without effort; and according to my recollection it has as yet opened but once, and that must have been long ago—certainly at least a century since. and I believe that, gloriously as it then unfolded its blossoms, it must now miserably pine for want of sunshine and warmth, if it is not indeed shattered by some mighty wintry storm. But now it moves, and swells, and bursts in my bosom—dost thou hear the explosion? Maiden, be not terri-

fied! I have not shot myself, but my love has burst its bud and shoots upwards in gleaming songs, in eternal dithyrambs, in the most joyful fulness of poesy!

But if this high love has grown too high, then, young lady, take it comfortably, climb the wooden steps, and look from them down into my blooming heart.

It is as yet early; the sun has hardly left half his road behind him, and my heart already breathes forth so powerfully its perfumed vapour that it bewilders my brain, and I no longer know where irony ceases and heaven begins, or that I people the air with my sighs, and that I myself would fain dissolve into sweet atoms in the uncreated Divinity. How will it be when night comes on, and the stars shine out in heaven, "the unlucky stars, who could tell thee——"

It is the first of May, the lowest errand-boy has to-day a right to be sentimental, and would you deny the privilege to a poet?

THE NORTH SEA.

(1825–1826.)

Motto: Xenophon's Anabasis, IV. 7.

PART FIRST.

(1825.)

I.

TWILIGHT.[1]

On the white strand of Ocean
Sat I, sore troubled with thought and alone;
The sun sank lower and lower, and cast
Red glowing shadows on the water,
And the snow-white rolling billows,
By the flood impelled,
Foamed up while roaring nearer and nearer,
A wondrous tumult, a-whistling and whispering,
A-laughing and murmuring, sighing and washing,

[1] The Translator does not venture to hope that he has succeeded in giving, in all respects, a perfect version of the extraordinary series of poems which form the first part of "The North Sea." Those familiar with the original will possibly be lenient.

And 'mid them a lullaby known to me only.
It seemed that I thought upon legends forgotten,
World-old and beautiful stories,
Which I once, when little,
From the neighbours' children had heard,
When we, of summer evenings,
Sat on the steps before the house-door,
Bending us down to the quiet narrative,
With little hearts a-listening,
And curious cunning glances;—
While near the elder maidens,
Close by sweet-smelling pots of roses,
At the windows were calmly leaning,
Rosy-hued faces,
Smiling and lit by the moon.

2.

SUNSET.

THE sun in crimsoned glory falls
Down to the ever-quivering
Grey and silvery ocean world;
Airy figures, warm in rosy light,
Wave-like roll after, while eastward rising,
From autumn-like darkening veils of vapour,
With sorrowful death-pale features,
Breaks the silent moon;
Like sparks of light behind her,
Cloud-distant, glimmer the planets.

Once there shone in heaven,
Nobly united,
Luna the goddess and Sol the god,
And the bright thronging stars in light swam round them,
Their little and innocent children.

But evil tongues came whisp'ring quarrels,
And they parted in anger,
The mighty, light-giving spouses.

Now, but by day, in loneliest light,
The sun-god walks yonder in glory,
All for his lordliness
Ever prayed to and sung by many,
By haughty, heartless, prosperous mortals;
But still by night
In heaven wanders Luna,
The wretched mother,
With all her orphaned starry children,
And she shines in silent sorrow,
And soft-loving maidens and gentle poets
Offer their songs and their sorrows.

The tender Luna! woman at heart,
Ever she loveth her beautiful lord,
And at evening, trembling and pale,
Out she peeps from light cloud curtains,
And looks to the lost one in sorrow;
Fain would she cry in her anguish, "Come,

Come, the children are longing for love!"
In vain the haughty-souled god of fire
Flashes forth at the sight of pale Luna
In doubly deep purple,
For rage and pain,
And yielding, he hastens him down
To his ocean-chilled and lonely bed.

. . . . .

Spirits whispering evil
By their power brought pain and destruction
Even to great gods eternal;
And the poor deities, high in the heavens,
Travel in sorrow—
Endless, disconsolate journeys,
And they are immortal,
Still bearing with them
Their bright-gleaming sorrow.

But I, the mortal,
Planted so lowly, with death to bless me,
I sorrow no longer.

3.

NIGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

STARLESS and cold is the night,
The wild sea foams;
And over the sea, flat on his face,
Lies the monstrous terrible North Wind.

Sighing and sinking his voice as in secret,
Like an old grumbler, for once in good-humour,
Unto the ocean he talks,
And he tells her wonderful stories—
Giant-legends, murderous-humoured,
Very old sagas of Norway,
And midst them, far sounding, he howls while laughing
Sorcery-songs from the Edda,
Grey old Runic sayings,
So darkly-stirring and magic-inspiring,
That the snow-white sea-children
High are springing and shouting,
Drunk with wanton joy.

Meanwhile, on the level white sea-beach,
Over the sand ever washed by the flood,
Wanders a stranger with wild-storming spirit,
And fiercer far than wind and billow.
Go where he may,
Sparks are flashing and sea-shells are cracking,
And he wraps him well in his iron-grey mantle,
And quickly treads through the dark-waving night,
Safely led by a distant taper,
Which guiding and gladdening glimmers
From the fisherman's lonely hovel.

Father and brother are on the sea,
And all alone and sad there sits

In the hovel the fisher's daughter,
The wondrous-lovely fisher's daughter;
She sits by the hearth,
Listening to the boiling kettle's
Sweet prophetic, domestic humming;
Scattering light crackling wood on the fire,
And blows on it,
Till the flashing ruddy flame rays
Shine again in magic lustre
On her beautiful features,
On her tender, snow-white shoulder,
Which moving, comes peeping
Over heavy, dark grey linen,
And on the little industrious hand,
Which more firmly binds her under garment
Round her well-formed figure.
But lo! at once the door springs wide,
And there enters in haste the benighted stranger;
Love-assuring rest his glances
On the foam-white slender maiden,
Who trembling near him stands,
Like a storm-terrified lily;
And he casts on the floor his mantle,
And laughs and speaks:

"Seest thou, my child, I keep my word,
For I seek thee, and with me comes
The olden time, when the bright gods of heaven
Came once more to the daughters of mortals,

And the daughters of mortals embraced them,
And from them gave birth to
Sceptre-carrying races of monarchs,
And heroes astounding the world.
Yet stare not, my child, any longer
At my divinity,
And I entreat thee, make some tea with rum,
For without it is cold,
And by such a night air
We too often freeze, yes, we the undying,
And easily catch the divinest catarrhs
And coughs, which may last us for ever."

4.

POSEIDON.

THE sun's bright rays were playing
Over the far-away rolling sea;
Far in the harbour glittered the ship,
Which to my home ere long should bear me;
But we wanted favourable breezes,
And I still sat calm on the snow-white sea-beach,
Alone on the strand,
And I read the song of Odysseus,
The ancient, ever new-born song,
And from its ocean-rippled pages,
Friendly there arose to me
The breath of immortals,
And the light-giving human spring-tide,
And the soft blooming heaven of Hellas.

My noble heart accompanied truly
The son of Laertes in wand'ring and sorrow,
Set itself with him, troubled in spirit,
By bright gleaming firesides,
By fair queens, winning, purple spinning,
And helped him to lie and escape, glad singing
From giant caverns and nymphs seducing,
Followed behind in fear-boding night,
And in storm and shipwreck,
And thus suffered with him unspeakable sorrow.

Sighing I spoke: "Thou evil Poseidon,
Thy wrath is fearful,
And I myself dread
For my own voyage homeward."

The words were scarce spoken,
When up foamed the sea,
And from the sparkling waters rose
The mighty bulrush-crownèd sea-god,
And scornful he cried:

"Be not afraid, small poet!
I will not in leastwise endanger
Thy wretched vessel,
Nor put thy precious being in terror,
With all too significant shaking;
For thou, small poet, hast troubled me not,
Thou hast no turret—though trifling—destroyed

In the great sacred palace of Priam,
Nor one little eyelash hast thou e'er singed
In the eye of my son Polyphemus;
Thee with her counsels did never protect
The goddess of wisdom, Pallas Athéné."
And so spake Poseidon,
And sank him again in the sea;
And over the vulgar sailor's joke
There laughed under the water
Amphitrite, the fat old fishwife,
And the stupid daughters of Nereus.

5.

HOMAGE.

Ye poems! ye mine own valiant poems!
Up, up and weapon ye!
Let the loud trump be ringing,
And lift upon my shield
The fair young maiden,
Who, now my heart in full
Shall govern as a sov'reign queen.

All hail to thee, thou fair young queen!

From the sun above me
I tear the flashing, ruddy gold,
And weave therefrom a diadem
For thy all holy head.

From the fluttering, blue-silken heaven's curtain,
Wherein night's bright diamonds glitter,
I cut a costly piece,
To hang as coronation-mantle
Upon thy white, imperial shoulders.
I give to thee, dearest, a city
Of stiffly adorned sonnets,
Proud triple verses and courteous stanzas;
My wit thy courier shall be,
And for court-fool my fantasy,
As herald, the soft smiling tears in my escutcheon,
And with them my humour;
But I myself, O gentle queen,
I bow before thee lowly,
And kneeling on scarlet velvet cushions,
I here offer to thee
The fragments of reason,
Which from sheer pity once were left to me
By her who ruled before thee in the realm.

6.

EXPLANATION.

Adown and dimly came the evening,
Wilder tumbled the waves,
And I sat on the strand regarding
The swan-like dance of the billows,
And then my breast swelled up like the sea,

And longing, there seized me a deep home-sickness
For thee, thou lovely form,
Who everywhere art by me,
And everywhere dost call,
Everywhere, everywhere,
In the rustling of breezes, the roaring of ocean,
And in the sighing of this, my sad heart.

With a light reed I wrote in the sand,
"Agnes, I love but thee!"
But wicked waves came washing fast
Over the tender confession,
And bore it away.

Thou too fragile reed, thou false shifting sand,
Ye swift flowing waters, I trust ye no more!
The heaven grows darker, my heart grows wilder,
And, with strong right hand, from Norway's forests
I'll tear the highest fir-tree,
And dip it adown
Into Ætna's hot glowing gulf, and with such a
Fiery, flaming, giant graver,
I'll inscribe on heaven's jet-black cover,
"Agnes, I love but thee!"

And every night I'll witness, blazing
Above me, the endless flaming verse,
And even the latest races born from me
Will read, exulting, the heavenly motto,
"Agnes, I love but thee!"

7.

NIGHT IN THE CABIN.

THE sea has many pearl-drops,
The heaven has many planets,
But this fond heart, my heart,
My heart has tender true-love.

Great is the sea and the heaven,
Yet greater is my heart;
And fairer than pearl-drops or planets
Flashes the love in my bosom.

Thou little gentle maiden,
Come to my beating heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,
Are lost in loving frenzy.

. . . . .

On the dark blue heaven curtain,
Where the lovely stars are gleaming,
Fain would I my lips be pressing,
Press them wildly, storm-like weeping.

And those planets are her bright eyes,
But a thousand times repeated;
And they shine and greet me kindly,
From the dark blue heaven's curtain.

To the dark blue heavenly curtain,
To the eyes I love so dearly,
High my hands I raise devoutly,
And I pray and I entreat her:

Lovely eyes, ye lights of mercy!
Oh, I pray ye, bless my spirit;
Let me perish, and exalt me
Up to ye, and to your heaven.

. . . . .

From the heavenly eyes above me
Snow-light sparks are trembling, falling
Through the night, and all my spirit,
Wide in love, flows forth and wider.

Oh, ye heavenly eyes above me!
Weep your tears upon my spirit,
That those living tears of starlight
O'er my soul may gently ripple.

. . . . .

Cradled calm by waves of ocean,
And by wondrous dreaming, musing
Still I lie within the cabin,
In my gloomy corner hammock.

Through the open hatchway gazing,
Yonder to the gleaming starlight,
To the dearest, sweetest glances
Of my sweetest, much-loved maiden.

Yes, those sweetest, best-loved glances
Calm above my head are shining;
They are ringing, they are peeping,
From the dark blue vault of heaven.

To the dark blue vault of heaven
Many an hour I gaze in rapture,
Till a snow-white cloudy curtain
Hides from me the best-loved glances.

On the planking of the vessel,
Where my light-dreaming head lies,
Leap up the waters—the wild, dark waters—
They ripple and murmur
Right straight in my ear:

"Thou crazy companion!
Thy arm is short, and the heaven is far,
And the stars up yonder are nailed down firmly;
In vain is thy longing, in vain is thy sighing,
The best thou canst do is to go to sleep."

. . . . . .

And I was dreaming of a heath so dreary,
For ever mantled with the sad white snow,
And 'neath the sad white snow I lay deep buried,
And slept the lonely ice-cold sleep of death.

And yet on high from the dark heaven were gazing
Adown upon my grave the starlight glances,
Those sad sweet glances! and they gleamed victorious,
So calmly cheerful and yet full of true love.

8.

STORM.

Loud rages the storm,
And he whips the waves,
And the waters, rage-foaming and leaping,
Tower on high, and with life there come rolling
The snow-white water-mountains,
And the vessel ascends them,
Earnest striving,
Then quickly it darts adown,
In jet black, wide opening, wat'ry abysses.

Oh, Sea!
Mother of Beauty, born of the foam-billow!
Great Mother of *all* Love! be propitious!
There flutters, corpse foreboding,
Around us the spectre-like seagull,
And whets his sharp bill on the topmast,
And yearns with hunger-lust for the life-blood
Of him who sounded the praise of thy daughter,
And whom thy grandson, the little rogue,
Chose for a plaything.

In vain my entreaties and tears!
My plainings are lost in the terrible storm;
'Mid war-cries of north winds,
There's a roaring and whistling, a crackling and
howling,

Like a madhouse of noises!
And amid them I hear distinctly
Sweet enticing harp tones,
Melody mad with desire,
Spirit-melting and spirit-rending:
Well I remember the voices.

Far on the rocky coast of Scotland,
Where the old grey castle towers
Over the wild breaking sea,
In a lofty archèd window
There stands a lovely sickly dame,
Softly transparent and marble pale,
And she plays the harp and sings;
Through her locks the wind is waving,
And bears her gloomy song
Over the broad, white storm-rolling sea.

9.

CALM AT SEA.

Ocean silence! rays are falling
From the sun upon the water;
Like a train of quivering jewels
Sweeps the ship's green wake behind us.

Near the rudder lies our boatswain,
On his face, and deeply snoring;
By the mast his canvas sewing,
Sits a little tarry sailor.

But o'er all his dirty features
Glows a blush, and fear is twitching
Round his full-sized mouth, and sadly
Gaze his large and glittering eyeballs.

For the captain stands before him,
Fumes and swears and curses, "Rascal!
Rascal!—there's another herring
Which you've stolen from the barrel!"

Ocean silence! From the water
Up a little fish comes shooting,
Warms its head in pleasant sunlight,
With its small tail merry paddling.

But the seagull, sailing o'er us,
Darts him headlong on the swimmer,
And, with claws around his booty,
Flies, and fades far, far above me.

10.

A SEA-PHANTOM.

But I still leaned on the edge of the vessel,
Gazing with sad-dreaming glances,
Down at the crystal-mirror water,
Looking yet deeper and deeper—
Till in the sea's abysses,
At first like quivering vapours,

Then slowly,—slowly,—deeper in colour,
Domes of churches and towers seemed rising,
And then, as clear as day a city grand,
Quaint, old-fashioned,—Netherlandish,
And living with men,—
Men of high standing, wrapped in black mantles,
With snowy-white neck-ruffs and chains of honour,
And good long rapiers, and good long faces,
Treading in state o'er the crowded market,
To the high steps of the town-hall,
Where stone-carved statues of Kaisers
Kept watch with their swords and sceptres.
Nor distant, near houses in long array,
With windows clear as mirrors,
Stand lindens, cut in pyramidal figures,
And maidens in silk-rustling garments wander,
A golden zone round the slender waist,
With flower-like faces modestly curtained
In jet-black velvet coverings,
From which a ringlet-fulness comes pressing.
Quaint cavalieros in old Spanish dress,
Sweep proudly along and salute them.
Elderly ladies
In dark-brown old-fashioned garments,
With prayer-book and rosary held in their hands,
Hasten, tripping along,
To the great cathedral,
Attracted by bells 'loud ringing,
And full-sounding organ-tones.

E'en I am seized, at that far sound,
With strange, mysterious trembling;
Infinite longing, wondrous sorrow,
Steal through my heart,
My heart as yet scarce healed;
It seems as though its wounds, forgotten,
By loving lips again were kissed,
And once again were bleeding
Drops of burning crimson,
Which long and slowly trickle down
Upon an ancient house below there
In the deep, deep sea-town,
On an ancient, high-roofed, curious house,
Where, lone and melancholy,
Below by the window a maiden sits,
Her head on her arm reclined,
Like a poor and uncared-for child,
And I know thee, thou poor and long-sorrowing child!

Thou didst hide thus, my dear,
So deep, so deep from me,
In infant-like humour,
And couldst not arise again,
And sittest strange amid stranger people,
For full five hundred years,
And I meanwhile, my spirit all grief,
Over the whole broad world have sought thee,
And ever have sought thee,

Thou dearly beloved,
Thou the long-lost one,
Thou finally found one—
At last I have found thee, and now am gazing
Upon thy sweet face,
With earnest, faithful glances,
Still sweetly smiling—
And never will I again on earth leave thee.
I am coming adown to thee,
And with longing, wide-reaching embraces,
Love, I leap down to thy heart!

But just at the right instant
The captain caught and held me safe,
And drew me from danger,
And cried half-angrily, laughing,
"Doctor! is Satan in you?"

II.

PURIFICATION.

STAY thou in gloomy ocean caverns,
Maddest of dreams,
Thou who hast so many a night
My heart with treacherous joy tormented;
And now, as ocean sprite,
Even by sun-bright day dost annoy me—
Rest where thou art to eternity,
And I will cast thee as offering down

All my long-worn sins and my sorrows,
And the cap and bells of my folly,
Which so long round my head have been ringing,
And the ice-cold shining serpent-skin
Of hypocrisy,
Which so long round my soul has been twining,
The sad, sick spirit,
The God disbelieving and angel denying,
Miserable spirit—
Hillo ho! hallo ho! There comes the wind!
Up with the sails! they flutter and bellow;
Over the silent, treacherous surface
Hastens the ship,
And loud laughs the spirit set free.

12.

PEACE.

High in heaven the sun was standing,
By cold white vapours bedimmed;
The sea was still,
And musing, I lay by the helm of the vessel
Dreamily musing, and half in waking
And half in slumber, I saw in vision
The Saviour of earth.
In flowing snow-white garments
He wandered giant-high
Over land and sea;

He lifted his head unto heaven,
His hands were stretched forth in blessing
Over land and sea;
And as a heart in His breast
He bore the sun orb,
The ruddy, radiant sun orb,
And the ruddy, radiant, burning heart
Poured forth its beams of mercy
And its gracious and love-blessèd light,
Enlight'ning and warming,
Over land and sea.

Sweetest bell-tones drew us gaily
Here and there, like swans soft leading
By bands of roses the smooth-gliding ship.
And swam with it sporting to a verdant sea-shore,
Where men were living in a high towering
And stately town.

Oh, peaceful wonder! How still the city
Where the sounds of this world were silent,
Of prattling and sultry employment,
And o'er the clean and echoing highways
Mortals were walking in pure white garments,
Bearing palm branches;
And whenever two met together,
They saw each other with ready feeling,
And thrilling with true-love and sweet self-denial,

Each pressed a kiss on the forehead,
And looked up on high
To the bright sun-heart of the Saviour,
Which, gladly atoning His crimson blood,
Flashed down upon them,
And, trebly blessed, thus they spoke:
"Blessed be Jesus Christ!"

If thou hadst but imagined this vision,
What wouldst thou have given,
My excellent friend?
Thou who in head and limbs art so weak,
But in *faith* still so mighty,
And in single simplicity honourest the Trinity,
And the lapdog and cross and fingers
Of thy proud patroness daily kissest,
And by piety hast worked thyself up
To "*Hofrath*," and then to "*Justizrath*,"
And now art councillor under Government
In the pious town
Where sand and true faith are at home,
And the patient *Spree*, with its holy water,
Purifies souls and weakens their tea.
If thou hadst but imagined this vision,
My excellent friend!
Thou'dst take it to some noble quarter for sale;
Thy pale, white, quivering features
Would all be melting in pious humility;
And his gracious Highness,

Enchanted and enraptured,
Praying would sink, like thee, on his knee,
And his eyes, so sweetly beaming,
Would promise thee an augmented pension
Of a hundred current Prussian dollars,
And thou wouldst stammer, thy hands enfolding,
"Blessed be Jesus Christ!"

PART SECOND.

(1826.)

I.

SEA-GREETING.

THALATTA! Thalatta!
Be thou greeted! thou infinite sea!
Be thou greeted ten thousand times
With heart wild exulting,
As once thou wert greeted
By ten thousand Grecian spirits,
Striving with misery, longing for home again,
Great, world-famous Grecian true-hearts.

The wild waves were rolling,
Were rolling and roaring,
The sunlight poured headlong upon them
His flickering rosy radiance,
The frightened fluttering trains of sea-gulls
Went flitting up, sharp screaming;
Loud stamped their horses, loud rung their armour,
And far it re-echoed, like victor's shout:
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Greeting to thee, thou infinite sea!
Like the tongue of my country ripples thy water;
Like dreams of my childhood seems the glimmer
On thy wild-wavering watery realm,
And ancient memories again seemed telling
Of all my pleasant and wonderful playthings,
Of all the bright-coloured Christmas presents,
Of all the branches of crimson coral,
Small gold-fish, pearls and beautiful sea-shells,
Which thou in secret ever keep'st
Beneath in thy sky-clear crystal home.

Oh! how have I yearned in desolate exile!
Like to a withered floweret
In a botanist's tin herbarium
Lay the sad heart in my breast;
Or as if I had sat through the weary winter,
Sick in a hospital dark and gloomy;
And now I had suddenly left it,
And all-bewildering there beams before me
Spring,—green as emerald, waked by the sun rays,
And white tree-blossoms are rustling around me,
And the young flowerets gaze in my face
With eyes perfuming and coloured,
Perfuming and humming, and breathing and smiling,
And in the blue heaven sweet birds are singing—
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Thou brave, retreating heart!
How oft, how bitter oft
The barbarous dames of the North have pressed thee round!
From blue eyes, great and conquering,
They shot their burning arrows;
With artful-polished phrases,
Often they threatened to cleave my bosom;
With arrow-head letters full oft they shot[1]
At my poor brain, bewildered and lost.
All vainly held I my shield against them;
Their arrows hissed, and their blows rang round me;
And by the cold North's barbarous ladies
Then was I driven e'en to the sea;
And freely breathing I hail thee, O Sea!
Thou dearest, rescuing Sea!
Thalatta! Thalatta!

---

[1] *Keil-schrift.* Cuneiform letters, in allusion to the Assyrian character. *Keil* is, however, in German a wedge or bolt, and in the original Heine says that—

"Mit Keilschrift billets Zerschlugen sie mir,"

"They beat me with wedge-hand billets."

But "arrow-head" is also applied to these characters. Scheffel in his *Gaudeamus* has taken this hint from Heine, where he makes the waiters in the Whale Tavern bring in the bill to the Prophet Jonas in cuneiform writing on six cylinders!—*Note by Translator.*

2.

STORM.

Dark broods a storm on the ocean,
And through the deep black wall of clouds
Gleams the zigzag lightning flash,
Quickly darting and quick departing.
Like a joke from the head of Kronion.
Over the dreary, wild-waving water,
Thunder afar is rolling,
And the snow-white steeds of the waves are springing,
Which Boreas himself begot
On the beautiful mares of Erichthon;
And ocean birds in their fright are fluttering,
Like shadowy ghosts o'er the Styx,
Which Charon sent back from his shadowy boat.

Little ship, wretched yet merry,
Which yonder art dancing a terrible dance!
Æolus sends thee the *fastest* companions,
Wildly they're playing the merriest dances;
The first pipes soft, the next blows loud,
The third growls out a heavy basso,
And the tottering sailor stands by the rudder,
And looks incessantly on the compass,

The quivering soul of the ship,
Lifting his hands in prayer to Heaven,
"Oh, save me, Castor, giant-like hero,
And thou who fight'st with fist, Polydeuces!"

3.

THE SHIPWRECKED.

Lost hope and lost love! All is in ruins!
And I myself, like a dead body
Thrown back by the angry sea,
Lie on the sea-beach;
On the waste, barren sea-beach,
Before me rolls a waste of water,
Behind me lies starvation and sorrow,
And above me go rolling the storm-clouds,
The formless, dark-grey daughters of air,
Which from the sea, in cloudy buckets,
Scoop up the water,
Ever wearied, lifting and lifting,
And then pour it again in the sea:
A mournful, wearisome business,
And useless too as this life of mine.

The waves are murm'ring, the seagulls screaming,
Old recollections seem floating around.
Long-vanished visions, long-faded pictures,
Torturing, yet sweet, seem rising once more!

There lives a maid in Norland,
A lovely maid, right queenly fair!
Her slender cypress-like figure
Is clasped by a passionate snowy-white robe;
The dusky ringlet fulness,
Like a too happy night,
From the lofty braid-crowned forehead comes
pouring,
Twining all dreamily sweet
Round the lovely snow-pale features,
And from the sweet and snow-pale features,
Great and wondrous, gleams a dark eye,
Like a sun of jet-black fire.

Oh, thou bright, black sun! how oft,
Enraptured oft, I drank from thee
Wild glances of inspiration,
And stood all quivering, drunk with their fire,
And then swept a smile all mild and dove-like,
Round the lips high mantling, proud and lovely;
And the lips high mantling, proud and lovely,
Breathed forth words as sweet as moonlight,
Soft as the perfume of roses;
Then my soul rose up in rapture
And flew like an eagle high up to heaven!

Hush! ye billows and seamews!
All is long over, hope and fortune,
Fortune and true love! I lie on the sea-beach,

A weary and wreck-ruined man,
Still pressing my face, hot glowing,
In the cold, wet sand.

4.

SUNSET.

The beautiful sun
Has calmly sunk down to his rest in the sea;
The wild rolling waters already are dyed
With night's dark shade,
Though still the evening crimson
Strews them with light as yet bright golden,
And the stern roaring might of the flood
Crowds to the sea-beach the snowy billows,
All merrily quickly leaping,
Like white woolly flocks of lambkins,
Which youthful shepherds at evening, singing,
Drive to their homes.

"How fair is the sun!"
Thus spoke, his silence breaking, my friend,
Who with me on the sea-beach loitering,
And jesting half, and half in sorrow,
Assured me that the bright sun was
A lovely dame, whom the old Ocean-god
For "convenience" once had married.
And in the daytime she wanders gaily
Through the high heaven, purple arrayed,

And all in diamonds gleaming,
And all beloved and all amazing
To every worldly being;
And every worldly being rejoicing
With warmth and splendour from her glances;
Alas! at evening, sad and unwilling,
Back must she bend her slow steps
To the dripping home, to the barren embrace
Of grisly old age.

"Believe me," added to this my friend,
And smiling and sighing, and smiling again,
"They're leading below there the lovingest life!
For either they're sleeping or they are scolding,
Till high uproars above here the sea,
And the fisher in watery roar can hear
How the Old One his wife abuses.
"Plump drab of the universe!
Wooing with radiance!
All the long day shinest thou for other loves;
By night, to me, thou art freezing and weary."
At such a stern curtain lecture,
Of course the Sun-bride falls to weeping,
Falls to weeping, and wails her sorrow,
And cries so wretchedly that the Sea-god
Quickly, all desperate leaps from his bed,
And straight to the ocean surface comes rising,
To get to fresh air—and his senses.

"So I beheld him but yesternight
Rising breast-high up from the ocean;
He wore a long jacket of yellow flannel,
And a new nightcap, white as a lily,
And a wrinkled, faded old face."

5.

THE SONG OF THE OCEANIDES.

COLDER the twilight falls on the ocean,
And lonely, with his own lonelier spirit,
There sits a man on the barren strand,
And casts death-chilling glances on high,
To the wide-spread, death-chilling vault of heaven,
And looks on the broad, wide wavering sea;
And over the broad, white wavering sea,
Like air-borne sailors, his sighs go sweeping,
Returning once more in sadness,
But to discover, firm fastened, the heart,
Wherein they fain would anchor;
And he groans so loud that the snow-white sea-mews,
Frightened up from their nests in the sand heaps,
In white clouds flutter round him,
And he speaks unto them the while, and laughing:—

"Ye black-legged sea-fowl,
With your white pinions o'er the sea fluttering,

With crooked dark bills drinking the sea-water,
And rank, oily seal-blubber devouring!
Your wild life is bitter, e'en as your food is,
While I here, the fortunate, taste only sweet things!
I taste the sweetest breath of roses,
The nourished with moonshine nightingale bride;
I eat the most delicate sugar *méringues*,
Filled with delicious whipped cream;
And the sweetest of all I've tasted:
Sweetest true love and sweetest returned love.

"She loves me! she loves me! the lovely maiden!
She now stands at home—perhaps at the window,
And looks through the twilight afar on the highway,
And looks and longs but for me—that's certain!
All vainly she gazes around, still sighing;
Then sighing, she walks adown in the garden,
Wandering in moonlight and perfume,
And speaks to the sweet flowers—oft telling them
How I, the beloved one, deserve her love,
And am *so* agreeable—that's certain!
In bed reposing, in slumber, in dreams,
There flits round her, happy, my well-loved form;
E'en in the morning at breakfast,
On the glittering bread and butter
She sees my dear features sweet smiling,
And she eats it up out of love—that's certain!"

Thus he's boasting and boasting,
And 'mid it all loud scream the seagulls,
Like old and ironical tittering.
The evening vapours are climbing up;
From clouds of violet, strange and dream-like,
Out there peeps the grass-yellow moon;
High are roaring the ocean billows,
And deep from the high uproaring sea,
All sadly as whispering breezes,
Sounds the lay of the Oceanides,
The beautiful, kind-hearted water-fairies,
And clearest among them the sweet notes are ringing
Of the silver-footed bride of Peleus,
And they sigh and are singing:—

"Oh, fool! thou fool! thou weak, boasting fool!
Thou tortured with sorrows!
Vanished and lost are the hopes thou hast cherished,
The light sporting babes of thy heart's love;
And ah! thy heart, thy Niobe heart,
Is by grief turned to stone!
And in thy wild brain 'tis night,
And through it is darting the lightning of madness,
And thou boastest from anguish!
Oh, fool! thou fool! thou weak, boasting fool!
Stiff-necked art thou, like thy first parent,

The noblest of Titans, who from the immortals
Stole heavenly fire, and on man bestowed it,
And eagle-tortured, to rocks firm fettered,
Defied Olympus, enduring and groaning,
Until we heard it deep down in the sea,
And gathered around him with songs consoling.

"Oh, fool! thou fool! thou weak, boasting fool!
Thou who art weaker by far than he,
Hadst thou thy reason, thou'dst honour th' immortals,
And bear with more patience the burden of suffering,
And bear it in patience, in silence, in sorrow,
Till even Atlas his patience had lost,
And the heavy world from his shoulders was thrown
Into endless night."

So rang the deep song of the Oceanides,
The lovely compassionate water-spirits,
Until the wild waters had drowned their music.
Behind the dark clouds down sank the moon,
Tired night was yawning,
And I sat yet awhile in darkness and weeping.

6.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

Thou full-blooming moon! in thy soft light,
Like wavering gold, bright shines the sea;
Like morn's first radiance, yet dimly enchanted,
It lies o'er the broad wide strand's horizon;
And in the pure blue starless heaven
The snowy clouds are sweeping,
Like giant-towering shapes of immortals
Of white gleaming marble.

Nay, but I err; no clouds are those yonder!
Those are in person the great gods of Hellas,
Who once so joyously governed the world,
But now long banished, long perished,
As monstrous terrible spectres are sweeping
Along o'er the midnight heaven.

Gazing and strangely bewildered, I see
The airy Pantheon,
The awfully silent, fearful far-sweeping
Giant-like spectres.

He there is Kronion, the king of heaven;
Snow-white are the locks of his head,
The far-famed locks which send throbs through
Olympus;

He holds in his hand the extinguished bolt;
Sorrow and suffering sit stern on his brow,
Yet still it hath ever its ancient pride.
Once there were lordlier ages, O Zeus,
When thou didst revel divinely,
'Mid fair youths and maidens on hecatombs many!
But e'en the immortals may not reign for ever;
The younger still banish the elder,
As thou thyself didst thy grey father,
And drove from their kingdom thy Titan uncles,
Jupiter Parricida!
Thee too I know well, haughty Juno!
Spite of all thy fearful jealousy,
Though from thee another thy sceptre hath taken,
And thou art no more the Queen of Heaven,
And thy wondrous eyes seem frozen,
And even thy lily-white arms are powerless,
And never more can fall thy vengeance
On the god-impregnated maiden,
And the wonder-working son of Jove.
Well too I know thee, Pallas Athéné!
With shield and wisdom still thou couldst not
Avert the sad fall of immortals!
Thee too I know now, yes, thee, Aphrodité!
Once the golden one, now the silver one!
E'en yet the charm of thy girdle adorns thee;
But I shudder in secret before thy beauty,
And could I enjoy thy burning embraces,

Like the ancient heroes, I'd perish with fear;
As the goddess of corpses thou seem'st to me,
Venus Libitina!
No more in fond love looks on thee,
There, the terrible Ares;
Sadly now gazeth Phœbus Apollo,
The youthful; his lyre sounds no more,
Which once rang with joy at the feasts of the gods.
And sadder still looks Hephaistos,
And—truly the limping one!—never more
Will he fill the office of Hebe,
And busily pour out in the assembly
The sweet-tasting nectar. And long hath been silent
The ne'er to be silenced laugh of immortals.

Gods of old time, I never have loved ye!
For the Greeks did never chime with my spirit,
And e'en the Romans I hate at heart;
But holy compassion and shudd'ring pity
Stream through my soul
As I now gaze upon ye yonder,
Gods long neglected,
Death-like, night-wandering shadows,
Weak as clouds which the wind hath scattered;
And when I remember how weak and windy
The gods now are who o'er you triumphed,
The new and the sorrowful gods now ruling,

The joy-destroyers in sheep-skins of meekness,
Then there comes o'er me gloomiest rage;
Fain would I shatter the modern temples,
And battle for ye, ye ancient immortals,
For ye and your good old ambrosial right;
And before your lofty altars,
Once more erected, with incense sweet smoking,
Would I, once more kneeling, adoring,
Raise up my arms to you in prayer.

For constantly, ye old immortals,
Was it your custom in mortal battles
Ever to lend your aid to the conqueror;
Therefore is man now far nobler than ye,
And in the contest I now take part
With the cause of the conquered immortals.

. . . . .

'Twas thus I spoke, and blushes were visible
Over the cold white aerial figures;
Gazing upon me like dying ones,
With pain transfigured, they quickly vanished.
The moon concealed her features
Behind a cloud, which darkly went sweeping:
Loudly the sea rose foaming,
And the beautiful calm beaming stars victorious
Shone out o'er heaven.

7.

QUESTIONING.

By the sea, by the dreary, darkening sea
A youthful man is standing,
His heart all sorrowing, his head all doubting,
And with gloomiest accent he questions the billows:—

"Oh, solve me Life's riddle, I pray ye,
The torturing ancient enigma,
O'er which full many a brain hath long puzzled,
Old heads in hieroglyph marked mitres,
Heads in turbans and caps mediæval,
Wig-covered pates and a thousand others,
Sweating, wearying heads of mortals,
Tell me what signifies *Man?*
Whence came he hither? Where goes he hence?
Who dwells there on high in the radiant planets?"

The billows are murmuring their murmur unceasing,
Wild blows the wind, the dark clouds are fleeting,
The stars are still gleaming, so calmly and cold,
And a fool awaits an answer

8.

THE PHŒNIX.

A BIRD from the far west his way came winging;
Still flying eastward
To the beautiful land of gardens,
Where spicy perfumes are breathing and growing,
And palm-trees rustle and brooks are rippling,
And flying sings the bird so wondrous:—

"She loves him! she loves him!
She bears his form in her little bosom,
And wears it sweetly and secretly hidden,
Yet she knows it not yet!
Only in dreams he comes to *her*,
And she prays and weeps, his hand oft kissing,
His name often calling,
And calling she wakens, and lies in terror,
And presses in wonder those eyes, soft gleaming—
She loves him! she loves him!"

9.

ECHO.

I LEANED on the mast; on the lofty ship's deck
Standing, I heard the sweet song of a bird.
Like steeds of dark green, with their manes of
bright silver,

Sprang up the white and wild curling billows.
Like trains of wild swans went sailing past us
With shimmering canvas the Heligolanders,
The daring *nomades* of the North Sea.
Over my head, in the infinite blue,
Went sailing a snowy white cloud.
Bright shone the eternal sun-orb,
The rose of heaven, the fire blossoming,
Who, joyful, mirrored his rays in ocean,
Till heaven and sea, and my heart besides,
Rang back with the echo,
"She loves him! she loves him!"

10.

SEA-SICKNESS.

The dark-grey vapours of evening
Are sinking deeper adown on the sea,
Which rises darkling to their embrace,
And 'twixt them on drives the ship.
Sea-sick, I sit as before by the main-mast,
Making reflections of personal nature,
World-ancient, ashy-grey observations,
Which Father Lot first made of old,
When he too much enjoyed life's good things,
And afterwards found that he felt unwell.
Meanwhile I think, too, on other old legends:
How cross- and scrip-bearing pilgrims, long perished,

In stormiest voyage the comforting image
Of the Blessed Virgin, confiding, kissed;
How knights, when sea-sick, in dole and sorrow,
The little glove of some fair lady
Pressed to their lips, and soon were calm;—
But here I'm sitting and munching in sorrow
A wretched herring, the salted refreshment
Of drunken sickness and heavy sorrow!

While I'm groaning, lo! our ship
Fights the wild and terrible flood;
As a capering war-horse now she bounds,
Leaping on high till the rudder cracks,
Now darting head-forward adown again
To the sad, howling, watery gulf;
Then, as if all careless—weak with love—
It seems as though 'twould slumber
On the gloomy breast of the giantess Ocean,
Who onward comes foaming,
When sudden a mighty sea-waterfall
In snowy foam-curls together rolls,
Wetting all and me with foam.

This tottering, and trembling, and shaking for ever
Is not to be borne with!
But vainly sweep my glances and seek
The German coast-line. Alas! but water,
And once again water—wild waving water!

As the winter wanderer, at evening, oft longs
For one good warm and comforting cup of tea,
Even so now longs my heart for thee,
My German Fatherland!

Though for all time thy fair soil should be covered
With madness, hussars, and wretched verses,
And little tracts, lukewarm and watery;
Though from this time forth all thy *zebras*
Should be nourished with roses instead of thistles,
And though for ever, too, thy noble monkeys
In a garb of leisure go grandly strutting,
And think themselves better than all the other
Low-plodding, stupid, mechanical cattle.
Though for all time, too, thy snail-like assemblies
Should deem themselves immortal
Because they so slowly go creeping,
And though they daily go on deciding
If the maggots of cheeses belong to the cheese;
And long be lost in deliberation
How breeds of Egyptian sheep may be bettered,
That their wool may be somewhat improved,
And the shepherd may shear them like any
other,
Sans difference!
And though for ever injustice and folly
Should cover thee over, O Germany!
Nevertheless I am longing for thee,
For e'en at the worst thou art solid land.

II.

IN PORT.

HAPPY the man who is safe in his haven,
And has left far behind the sea and its sorrows,
And now so warm and calmly sits
In the cosy Town Cellar of Bremen.

Oh, how the world so home-like and sweetly
In the wine-cup is mirrored again,
And how the wavering *microcosmos*
Sunnily flows through the thirstiest heart!
All things I behold in the glass—
Ancient and modern histories by myriads,
Grecian and Ottoman, Hegel and Gans,
Forests of lemon-trees, watches patrolling,
Berlin and Schilda, and Tunis and Hamburg;
But above all the form of the loved one,
An angel's head on a Rhine-wine gold ground.

Oh, how fair! how fair art thou, beloved!
Thou art as fair as roses!
Not like the roses of Shiraz,
The brides of the nightingale sung by old Hafiz;
Not like the Rose of Sharon,
Holily blushing and hallowed by prophets;
Thou art like the Rose in the cellar of Bremen![1]

[1] In the Rathskeller—Council Cellar or Town-Hall Cellar—of Bremen there is kept a celebrated tun called THE ROSE,

That is the Rose of Roses;
The older she grows the sweeter she blossoms,
And her heavenly perfume hath made me happy;
It has inspired me—has made me tipsy,
And were I not held by the shoulder fast
By the Town Cellar Master of Bremen,
I had gone rolling over!

The noble soul! we sat there together,
And drank, too, like brothers,
Discoursing of lofty mysterious matters.
Sighing and sinking in solemn embraces,
He made me a convert to Love's holy doctrine.
I drank to the health of my bitterest enemy,
And I forgave the worst of all poets,
As I myself some day shall be forgiven;
Till piously weeping before me,
Silently opened the gates of redemption,
Where the Twelve Apostles, the holy barrels,
Preach in silence and yet so distinctly
Unto all nations.

---

containing wine three hundred years old. Around it are the TWELVE APOSTLES, or hogsheads filled with wine of a lesser age. When a bottle is drawn from the Rose, it is supplied from one of the Apostles, and by this arrangement the contents of the Rose are thus kept up to the requisite standard of antiquity. Those who are familiar with the writings of Hauff will remember the exquisite and genial sketch entitled, "A Fantasy in the Rathskeller of Bremen."—*Note by Translator.*

Those are the fellows!
Invisible outwards in sound oaken garments,
Yet they within are lovely and radiant,
Than all the proudest priests of the Temple,
And the lifeguardsmen and courtiers of Herod,
Glittering in gold and arrayed in rich purple;
Still I have ever maintained
That not amid common vulgar people,
No—but in the *élite* of society
Constantly lived the monarch of heaven.

Hallelujah! How sweetly wave round me
The palm-trees of Bath-El!
How sweet breathe the myrrh shrubs of Hebron!
How Jordan ripples and tumbles with gladness,
And my own immortal spirit tumbleth,
And I tumble with it, and tumbling
I'm helped up the stairway into broad daylight
By the brave Council Cellar Master of Bremen!
Thou brave Council Cellar Master of Bremen!
Seest thou upon the roofs of the houses sitting
Lovely tipsy angels sweetly singing;
The radiant sun, too, yonder in heaven,
Is only a crimson wine-coloured proboscis,
The nose of the World-Soul,
And round the red nose of the World-Soul
Circles the whole of the tipsyfied world.

12.

EPILOGUE.

As in the meadow the wheat is growing,
So, sprouting and waving in mortal souls,
Thoughts are growing.
Aye; but the soft inspirations of love
Are like the blue and crimson flowerets,
Blossoming amid them.

Blue and crimson blossoms!
The ill-natured reaper rejects ye as useless,
Blockheaded simpletons scorn ye while threshing;
Even the penniless wanderer,
Who by your sight is made glad and inspired,
Shakes his head
And calls ye weeds, though lovely.
Only the fair peasant maiden,
The one who twines her garlands,
Honours you truly and plucks you,
And decks with you her lovely tresses,
And when thus adorned to the dance hastens,
Where the pipe and the viol are merrily pealing;
Or to the tranquil beech-tree,
Where the voice of the loved one more pleasantly sounds
Than the pipe or the viol.

PART THIRD.

(1826.)

Motto: Varnhagen von Ense's Biographische Denkmale, Part I. pp. 1, 2.

WRITTEN ON THE ISLAND NORDERNEY.

THE natives are generally poor as crows, and live by their fishery, which begins in the stormy month of October. Many of these islanders also serve as sailors in foreign merchant-vessels, and remain for years absent from home without being heard from by their friends. Not unfrequently they perish at sea. I have met upon the island poor women, all the male members of whose families had thus been lost—a thing which is likely enough to occur, as the father generally accompanies his sons on a voyage.

Maritime life has for these men an indescribable attraction, and yet I believe that they are happiest when at home. Though they may have arrived in their ships at those southern lands where the sun shines brighter and the moon glows with more romance, still all the flowers there do not fill the leak in their hearts, and in the perfumed home of spring they still long for their

sand island, for their little huts, and for the blazing hearth, where their loved ones, well protected in woollen jackets, crouch, drinking a tea which differs from sea-water only in name, and gabble a jargon of which the real marvel is that they can understand it themselves.

That which connects these men so firmly and contentedly is not so much the inner mystical sentiment of love as that of custom—that mutual "through-and-above-living" [1] according to nature, or that of social directness. They enjoy an equal elevation of soul, or, to speak more correctly, an equal depression, from which result the same needs and the same desires, the same experiences and the same reflections. Consequently, they more readily understand each other, and sit socially together by the fire in their little huts, crowd up together when it is cold, see the thoughts in each other's eyes before a word is spoken, all the conventional signs of daily life are readily intelligible, and by a single sound or a single gesture they excite in each other that laughter, those tears, or that pious feeling which we could not awaken in our like without long preliminary explanations, expectorations, and declamations. For at bottom we live spiritually alone,

[1] "*Das naturgemässe Ineinander-Hinüberleben.*" Living in and along in a natural way, or as things come. Heine is not often so German as this.—*Note by Translator.*

and, owing to peculiar methods of education and peculiar reading, we have each formed a different individual character. Each of us, spiritually masked, thinks, feels, and acts differently from his fellow; and misunderstandings are so frequent, that even in roomy houses life in common costs an effort, and we are everywhere limited, everywhere strange, and everywhere, so to speak, in a strange land.

Entire races have not unfrequently lived for ages, as equal in every particular in thought and feeling as these islanders. The Romish Church in the Middle Age seemed to have desired to bring about a similar condition in the corporate members of all Europe, and consequently took under its protection every attribute of life, every power and development—in short, the entire physical and moral man.[1] It cannot be denied that much tranquil happiness was thereby effected, that life bloomed more warmly and *inly*, and that Art, calmly developing itself, unfolded that splendour at which we are even yet amazed, and which, with all our dashing science, we cannot imitate. But the soul hath its eternal rights; it will not be darkened by statutes, nor lullabied by the

[1] The ancient Egyptians lived also for several thousand years, with little or no real change, under a theocracy. The beginning of civilisation was like the starting a locomotive, with long intervals between the first puffs of steam.—*Note by Translator.*

music of bells. It broke from its prison, shattering the iron leading-strings by which Mother Church trained it along; it rushed in a delirium of joyous liberty over the whole earth, climbed the highest mountain peaks, sang and shouted for wantonness, recalled ancient doubts, pored over the wonders of day, and counted the stars by night. We know not as yet the number of the stars; we have not yet solved the enigmas of the marvels of the day; the ancient doubts have grown mighty in our souls—are we *happier* than we were before? We know that this question, as far as the multitude are concerned, cannot be lightly assented to; but we know, also, that the happiness which we owe to a lie is no true happiness, and that we, in the few and far-between moments of a god-like condition, experience a higher dignity of soul and more happiness than in the long, onward, vegetating life of the gloomy faith of a coal-burner.

In every respect that Church government was a tyranny of the worst sort. Who can be bail for those good intentions as I have described them? Who can prove, indeed, that evil intentions were not mingled with them? Rome would always rule, and when her legions fell she sent dogmas into the provinces. Like a giant spider, she sat in the centre of the Latin world, and spun over it her endless web. Generations of people lived beneath it a peaceful life, for they believed that

to be a heaven near them which was only a Roman web. Only the higher striving spirits, who saw through its meshes, felt themselves bound down and wretched, and when they strove to break away, the crafty spider easily caught them and sucked the bold blood from their hearts;—and was not the dreamy happiness of the purblind multitude purchased too dearly by such blood? The days of spiritual serfdom are over; weak with age, the old *cross*[1] spider sits between the broken pillars of her Coliseum, ever spinning the same old web, —but it is weak and brittle, and catches only butterflies and bats, and no longer the wild eagles of the North.

It is right laughable to think that just as I was in the mood to expand with such good-will over the intentions of the Roman Church, the accustomed Protestant feeling which ever ascribes to her the worst suddenly seized upon me; and it is this very difference of opinion in myself which again supplies me with an illustration of the incongruities of the manner of thinking prevalent in these days. What we yesterday admired we hate to-day, and to-morrow, perhaps, we ridicule it with perfect indifference.[2]

---

[1] *Kreuzspinne*, "Cross-spider," so called from a common kind of large spider which is marked with a cross.—*Note by Translator.*

[2] Having one day mildly reproached one of the most distinguished "Æsthetes" of our time for having distinctly shown

Considered from a certain point, all is equally great or small, and I thus recurred to the great European revolutions of ages, while I looked at the little life of our poor islanders. Even *they* stand on the margin of such a new age, and their old unity of soul and simplicity will be disturbed by the success of the fashionable watering-place recently established here, inasmuch as they every day pick up from the guests some new bits of knowledge which they must find difficult to reconcile with their ancient mode of life. If they stand of an evening before the lighted windows of the conversation-hall, and behold within the conduct of the gentlemen and ladies, the meaning glances, the longing grimaces, the voluptuous dances, the full contented feasting, the avaricious gambling, *et cetera*, it is morally certain that evil results must ensue which can never be counterbalanced by the money which they derive from this bathing establishment. This money will never suffice for the consuming new wants which they conceive, and from this must result disturbances in life, evil enticements, and greater sorrows. When but a boy, I always experienced a burning desire when

himself as a Hegelian, a disciple of Schopenhauer, a Christian Mediæval mystic, and an Agnostic, all within half-an-hour, he replied, "True ; but, my dear fellow, what would you have? It is this horrid *age* in which we live which forces us into inconsistency."

beautiful freshly-baked tarts, which I could not obtain, were carried past me, reeking in delicious fragrance and exposed to view. Later in life I was goaded by the same feeling when I beheld fashionably *un*dressed beautiful ladies walk by me; and I often reflect that the poor islanders, who have hitherto lived in such a state of blessed innocence, have here unusual opportunities for similar sensations, and that it would be well if the proprietors of the beautiful tarts, and the ladies in question, would cover them—or themselves—up a *little* more carefully. These numerous and exposed delicacies, on which the natives can only feed with their eyes, must terribly whet their appetites; and if the poor female islanders, when *enceinte*, conceive all sorts of sweet-baked fancies, and even go so far as to bring forth children which strongly resemble the aristocratic guests, the matter is easily enough understood. I do not wish to be here understood as hinting at any immodest or immoral connections. The virtue of the islanderesses is amply protected by their ugliness, and still more so by an abominably fishy odour, which to me at least is insupportable. Moreover, they have transplanted hither for the bathing season, from the Continent, a person who takes all the sins of the visitors or boarders on himself, and thereby ensures the islanderesses from every evil influence. That is, however, a

bad rule which works only for a little island, and not as well, at any rate, for a great sea-side city, where public characters are at the same time the lightning-rods and bulwarks by which the morality of the citizens' daughters is protected; as I was shown, in fact, in Hamburg a tremendously broadly-built woman who in such fashion covered half the Wandrahm, and also a lean lightning-rod of a female, by means of whom the great Johannis Strasse was protected in summer. Should, in fact, children with fashionable boarder-faces be here born into the world, I should much prefer to recognise in it a psychological phenomenon, and explain it by those material-mystical laws which Goethe has so beautifully developed in his Elective Affinities.

The number of enigmatical appearances in nature which can be explained by these laws is truly astonishing. When I last year, owing to a storm at sea, was cast away on another East Frisian island, I there saw hanging in a boatman's hut an indifferent engraving, bearing the title, *La Tentation du Vieillard*, and representing an old man disturbed in his study by the appearance of a woman, who, naked to the hips, rose from a cloud; and singular to relate, the boatman's daughter had exactly the same wanton pug-dog face as the woman in the picture! To cite another example: In the house of a money-changer, whose wife attended to

the business, and carefully examined coins from morning till night, I found that the children had in their countenances a startling likeness to all the greatest monarchs of Europe, and when they were all assembled, fighting and quarrelling, I could almost fancy that I beheld a congress of sovereigns!

On this account the impression on coins is for politicians a matter of no small importance; for as people so often love money from their very hearts, and doubtlessly gaze lovingly on it, their children often receive the likeness of their prince impressed thereon, and thus the poor prince is suspected of being in sober sadness the father of his subjects. The Bourbons had good reasons for melting down the *Napoleons d'or*, not wishing to behold any longer so many Napoleon heads among their subjects. Prussia has carried it further than any other in her specie politics, for they there understand by a judicious intermixture of copper to so make their new small change, and changes, that a brazen blush very soon appears on the cheeks of the monarch. In consequence, the children in Prussia have a far healthier appearance than of old, and it is a real pleasure to gaze upon their blooming little silver groschen faces.

I have, while pointing out the destruction of morals with which the islanders are threatened, made no mention of their spiritual defences, the

pastor and church. The first is a strong man with a great head, who does not appear to have discovered either Rationalism or Mysticism, and his greatest merit is that one of the most beautiful women in the world had lodgings in his house. What his church looks like is beyond my powers of description, as I was never in it. The Lord knows I am a good Christian, and even often get so far as to intend to make a call at His house, but by some mishap I am invariably hindered in my good intentions. Generally this is done by some long-winded gentleman who holds me by the button in the street, and even if I get to the gate of the temple, some jesting, irreverent thought comes over me, and then I regard it as sinful to enter. Last Sunday something of the sort happened, when just before the door of the church there came into my head an extract from Goethe's "Faust," where the hero passing with Mephistopheles by a cross, asks the latter—

> "Mephisto, art in haste?
> Why cast'st thou at the cross adown thy glances?"

To which Mephistopheles replies—

> "I know right well it shows a wretched taste,
> But *crosses* never ranked among my fancies."

These verses, as I remember, are not printed in any edition of "Faust," and only the late Hofrath

Moritz, who had read them in Goethe's manuscript, gave them to the world in his "Philip Reiser," a long out-of-print romance, which contains the history of the author, or rather the history of several hundred dollars which his pocket did *not* contain, and owing to which his entire life became an array of self-denials and economies, while his desires were anything but presuming—namely, to go to Weimar and become a servant in the house of the author of Werther. His only desire in life was to live in the vicinity of the man who of all mankind had made the deepest impression on his soul.

Wonderful! even then Goethe had awoke such inspiration, and yet it seems that "our third after-growing race" is first in condition to appreciate his true greatness.

But this race has also brought forth men into whose hearts only foul water trickles, and who would fain dam up in others the springs of fresh healthy life-blood; men whose powers of enjoyment are extinguished, who slander life, and who would render all the beauty and glory of this world disgusting to others, representing it as a bait which the Evil One has placed here simply to tempt us, just as a cunning housewife leaves during her absence the sugar-bowl exposed, with every lump duly counted, that she may test the honesty of the maid. These men have assembled a virtuous mob around them, preaching to their

adherents a crusade against the Great Heathen and against his naked images of the gods, which they would gladly replace with their disguised dumb devils.

Masks and disguises are their highest aim, the naked and divine is fatal to them, and a satyr has always good reasons for donning pantaloons and persuading Apollo to do the same. People then call him a moral man, and know not that in the Clauren-smiles of a disguised satyr there is more which is really repulsive than in the entire nudity of a Wolfgang-Apollo, and that in those very times when men wore puff-breeches, which required in make sixty yards of cloth, morals were no better than at present.

But will not the ladies be offended at my saying *breeches* instead of trousers? Oh, the refined feelings of ladies! In the end only eunuchs will dare to write for them, and their spiritual servants in the West must be as harmless as their body servants in the East.

Here a fragment from Berthold's diary comes into my head.

"If we only reflect on it, we are all naked under our clothes," said Doctor M—— to a lady who was offended by a rather cynical remark to which he had given utterance.

The Hanoverian nobility is altogether discontented with Goethe, asserting that he disseminates

irreligion, and that this may easily bring forth false political views; in fine, that the people must by means of the old faith be led back to their ancient modesty and moderation. I have also recently heard much discussion of the question whether Goethe were greater than Schiller. But lately I stood behind the chair of a lady, from whose very back at least sixty-four descents were evident, and heard on the Goethe and Schiller theme a warm discourse between her and two Hanoverian nobles, whose origin was depicted on the Zodiac of Dendera. One of them, a long lean youth, full of quicksilver, and who looked like a barometer, praised the virtue and purity of Schiller, while the other, also a long up-sprouted young man, lisped verses from the "Dignity of Woman," smiling meanwhile as sweetly as a donkey who has stuck his head into a pitcher of molasses and delightedly licks his lips. Both of the youths confirmed their assertions with the refrain, "But he is still greater. He is really greater, in fact. He is the greater, I assure you upon my honour, he is greater." The lady was so amiable as to bring me into this æsthetic conversation and inquire, "Doctor, what do *you* think of Goethe?" I, however, crossed my arms on my breast, bowed my head as a believer, and said, "*La illah ill Allah wa Mohammed rasul Allah!*"

The lady had, without knowing it, put the

shrewdest of questions. It is not possible to directly inquire of a man, "What thinkest thou of heaven and earth? what are thy views of man and human life? art thou a reasonable being or a poor dumb devil?" Yet all these delicate queries lie in the by no means insidious question, "What do you think of Goethe?" For while Goethe's works lie before our eyes, we can easily compare the judgment which another pronounces with our own, and thus obtain an accurate standard whereby to measure all his thoughts and feelings. Thus has he unconsciously passed his own sentence. But as Goethe himself, like a common world, thus lies open to the observation of all, and gives us opportunities to learn mankind, so can we in turn best learn to know him by his own judgment of objects which are exposed to all, and on which the greatest minds have expressed opinions. In this respect I would prefer to point to Goethe's "Italian Journey," as we are all familiar with the country in question either from personal experience or from what we have learned from others. Thus we can remark how every writer views it with *subjective* eyes, one with Archenhölzern, dull, displeased looks,[1] which beheld only the worst; another, with the inspired

[1] A play on the name of Archenholtz, *Hölzern* meaning wooden. *Archenhölzernest*, "serious stare," also gives the form and spirit of this "split pun."—*Note by Translator.*

eyes of Corinna, seeing everywhere the glorious; while Goethe with his clear Greek glances sees all things, the dark and the light, colours nothing with his individual feelings, and pictures the land and its people in the true outlines and true colours in which God clothed it.

This is a merit of Goethe's, which will not be appreciated until later times, for we, as we are nearly all invalids, remain too firm in our sickly ragged romantic feelings, which we have brought together from all lands and ages, to be able to see plainly how sound, how uniform, and how plastic Goethe displays himself in his works. He himself as little remarks it; in his *naïve* unconsciousness of his own ability, he wonders when "a reflection on present things" or "objective thought" is ascribed to him; and while in his autobiography he seeks to supply us with a critical aid to comprehend his works, he still gives us no measure of judgment, but only new facts whereby to judge him. Which is all natural enough, for no bird can fly over itself.[1]

Later times will also, in addition to this ability of plastic perception, feeling, and thinking, discover much in Goethe of which we have as yet no shadow of an idea. The works of the soul are

[1] This simile of the bird occurs in Fichte's "Transcendental Idealism."—*Note by Translator.*

immutably firm, but criticism is somewhat volatile; she is born of the views of the age, is significant only for it, and if she herself is not of a sect which involves artistic value, as, for example, that of Schlegel, she passes with her time to the grave. Every age, when it gets new ideas, gets with them new eyes, and sees much that is new in the old efforts of mind which have preceded it. A Schubarth now sees in the Iliad something else and something more than all the Alexandrians; and critics will yet come who will see more than a Schubarth in Goethe.

And so I finally prattled with myself to Goethe! But such digressions are natural enough, when, as on this island, the roar of the ocean thrills our ears and tunes the soul according to its will.

There is a strong north-east wind blowing, and the witches have once again mischief in their heads. There are many strange legends current here of witches who know how to conjure storms —for on this, as on all northern islands, there is much superstition. The sea-folks declare that certain islands are secretly governed by peculiar witches, and that when mishaps occur to vessels passing them, it is to be attributed entirely to the evil will of these mysterious guardians. While I last year was some time at sea, the steersman of our ship told me one day that witches were

remarkably powerful on the Isle of Wight, and sought to delay every ship which went past during the day, that it might then by night be dashed to pieces on the rocks or driven ashore. At such times the witches are heard whizzing so sharply through the air and howling so loudly around the ship that the *Klabotermann* can with difficulty withstand them. When I asked who the *Klabotermann* was, the sailor answered very earnestly that he was the good invisible guardian angel of the ship, who takes care lest ill-luck befall honest and orderly skippers, who look after everything themselves and provide for proper ordering of things, as well as a good voyage. The brave steersman assured me, in a more confidential tone, that I could easily hear this spirit in the hold of the vessel, where he willingly busied himself with stowing away the cargo more securely, and that this was the cause of the creaking of the barrels and the boxes when the sea rolled high, as well as of the groaning of the planks and beams. It was also true that the *Klabotermann* often hammered without on the ship, and this was a warning to the carpenter to repair some unsound spot which had been neglected. But his favourite fancy is to sit on the topsail, as a sign that a good wind blows or will blow ere long. In answer to my question if he were ever seen, he replied, "No, that he was never seen, and that no man wished

to see him, for he only showed himself when there was no hope of being saved." The steersman could not vouch from his own experience, but he had heard others say that the *Klabotermann* was often heard giving orders from the topsail to his subordinate spirits; and that when the storm became too powerful for him, and utter destruction was unavoidable, he invariably took a place at the helm—showing himself for the first time—and then breaking it, vanished. Those who beheld him at this terrible moment were always engulphed the moment after.

The captain, who had listened with me to this narration, smiled more graciously than I could have anticipated from his rough countenance, hardened by wind and weather, and afterwards told me that fifty or a hundred years ago the faith in the *Klabotermann* was so strongly impressed on the sailors' minds that at meals they always reserved for him the best morsels, and that on some vessels this custom was still observed.[1]

---

[1] In the last generation many sailors, English and American, believed in a spirit who dwelt in the main-top and whistled his orders. This was told me by a young "Lowth officer," who seemed to be rather proud of *not* believing in such a tradition, and declared that he had found out a certain hole through which the wind blew, which caused the spirit-sound.—*Note by Translator.*

I often walk alone on the beach, thinking over these marvellous sea-legends. The most attractive of them all is that of the Flying Dutchman, who is seen in a storm with all sail set, and who occasionally sends out a boat to ships, giving them letters to carry home, but which no one can deliver, as they are all addressed to persons long since dead. And I often recall the sweet old story of the fisher-boy, who one night listened securely on the beach to the music of the water-nixies, and afterwards wandered through the world casting all into enchanted raptures who listened to the melody of the sea-nymph waltz. This legend was once told me by a dear friend as we were at a concert in Berlin. I once heard just such an air played by the wondrous boy, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdi.

There is an altogether peculiar charm in excursions around the island. But the weather must be fair, the clouds must assume strange forms, we must lie on our backs on deck, gazing into heaven, and at the same time have a piece of heaven in our hearts. Then the waves will murmur all manner of strange things, all manner of words in which sweet memories flutter, all manner of names which, like sweet associations, re-echo in the soul—"Evelina!" Then ships come sailing by, and we greet them as if we could see them again every day. But *at night* there is something uncanny

and mysterious in thus meeting strange ships at sea; and we imagine that our best friends, whom we have not seen for years, sail silently by, and that we are losing them for ever.[1]

I love the sea as my own soul.

I often feel as if the sea were really my own soul itself, and as there are in it hidden plants, which only rise at the instant in which they bloom above the water, and sink again at the instant in which they fade, so from time to time there rise wondrous flower forms from the depths of my soul, and breathe forth perfume, and gleam, and vanish—"Evelina!"

They say that on a spot not far from this island, where there is now nothing but water, there once stood the fairest villages and towns, which were all suddenly overwhelmed by the sea, and that in clear weather sailors yet see in the ocean, far below, the gleaming pinnacles of church spires, and that many have often heard, early on quiet Sabbath mornings, the chime of their bells. The story is true, for the sea is my own soul.

---

[1] This remark, in nearly the same words, was made to me by the captain of an American packet, who had certainly never read Heine, in 1846. It was on the occasion of meeting another ship, which came near us in darkness.

"A moment white, then lost for ever."

—*Note by Translator.*

"There a wondrous world to ocean given,
Ever hides from daylight's searching gleam;
But it shines at night like rays from heaven,
In the magic mirror of my dream."[1]

Awakening them, I hear the echoing tones of bells and the song of holy voices—"Evelina!"

If we go walking on the Strand, the ships sailing by present a beautiful sight. When in full sail they look like great swans. But this is particularly beautiful when the sun sets behind some passing ship, and this seems to be rayed round as with a giant glory.

Shooting on this beach is also said to present many very great attractions. As far as I am concerned, I am not particularly qualified to appreciate its charms. A love for the sublime, the beautiful, and the good is often inspired in men by education, but a love for hunting lies in *blood*. When ancestors in ages beyond recollection killed stags, the descendant still finds pleasure in this legitimate occupation. But my ancestors did not belong to the hunters so much as to the hunted, and the idea of attacking the descendants of those who were our comrades in misery goes against

[1] From "The Sunken City," a very beautiful poem by W. Müller. A book might be written on the legends of submerged cities in every part of the world.—*Note by Translator.*

my grain. Yes, I know right well from experience and from moral conviction that it would be much easier for me to let fly at a hunter who wishes that those times were again here when human beings were a higher class of game. God be praised! those days are over! If such hunters now wish to chase a man, they must pay him for it, as was the case with a runner whom I saw two years ago in Göttingen. The poor being had already run himself weary in the heat of a sultry Sunday, when some Hanoverian aristocrats, who there studied *humaniora*, offered him a few dollars if he would run the whole course over again. The man did it. He was deathly pale, and wore a red jacket, and close behind him, in the whirling dust, galloped the well-fed, noble youths, on high horses, whose hoofs occasionally struck the goaded, gasping being, —and he was a man!

For the sake of the experiment, for I must accustom my blood to a better state, I went hunting yesterday. I shot at a few seagulls, which flew too confidently around, and could not, of course, know that I was a bad shot. I did not wish to shoot them, but only to warn them from going another time so near persons with loaded guns; but my gun shot "wrong," and I had the bad luck to kill a young gull. It was well that it was not an old one, for what would then have become of the poor little gulls which, as yet un-

fledged, lie in their sand-nests on the great downs, and which, without their mother, must starve to death. Before I went out I had a presentiment that something unfortunate would happen, for a hare run across my path.[1]

But I am in an altogether strange mood when I wander alone by twilight on the strand—behind me the flat downs, before me the waving, immeasurable ocean, and above me heaven, like a giant crystal dome—for I then appear to myself so ant-like small, and yet my soul expands so world-wide. The lofty simplicity of nature, as she here surrounds me, at the same time subdues and elevates my heart, and indeed in a higher degree than in any other scene, however exalting. Never did any dome as yet appear great enough to me; my soul, with its Titan prayer, ever strove higher than the Gothic pillars, and would ever fain pierce the vaulted roof. On the peaks of the Rosstrappe, at first sight the colossal rocks in their bold groupings, had a tolerably imposing effect on me; but this impression did not long endure, my soul was only startled, not subdued, and those monstrous masses of stone became, little by little, smaller in my eyes, and finally they merely appeared

[1] This passage is very suggestive of a certain sentimental young lady, who often whipped and pinched younger girls till they cried, that she might have the pleasure of pitying and weeping with them.—*Note by Translator.*

like the little ruins of a giant palace, in which perhaps my soul would have found itself comfortably at home.

Ridiculous as it may sound, I cannot conceal it, but the disproportion between soul and body torments me not a little, and here on the sea, in the sublimest natural scenery, it becomes very significant, and the metempsychosis is often the subject of my reflection. Who knows the divine irony which is accustomed to bring forth all manner of contradictions between soul and body? Who knows in what tailor's body the soul of Plato now dwells, and in what schoolmaster the soul of Cæsar may be found? Who knows if the soul of Gregory VII. may not sit in the body of the Great Turk, and feel itself, amid the caressing hands of a thousand women, more comfortable than of old in its purple celibate's cowl? On the other hand, how many true Moslem souls, of the days of Ali, may, perhaps, be now found among our anti-Hellenic statesmen? The souls of the two thieves who were crucified by the Saviour's side, now hide, perhaps, in fat consistorial bodies, and glow with zeal for orthodox doctrine. The soul of Ghengis-khan lives, it may be, in some literary reviewer, who daily, without knowing it, sabres down the souls of his truest Baschkirs and Calmucks in a critical journal! Who knows? who knows? The soul of Pytha-

goras hath travelled, mayhap, into some poor candidate for a university degree, and who is plucked at examination because he cannot explain the Pythagorean doctrines, while in his examiners dwell the souls of those oxen which Pythagoras once offered to the immortal gods for joy at discovering the doctrines in question.[1] The Hindoos are not so stupid as our missionaries think. They honour animals for the human souls which they suppose dwell in them, and if they found hospitals for invalid monkeys, after the manner of our academies, nothing is more likely than that in those monkeys dwell the souls of great scholars, since it is evident enough that among us in many great scholars are only apish souls!

But who can look with the omniscience of the past from above on the deeds of mortals? When I by night wander by the sea listening to the song of the waves, and every manner of presentiment and of memory awakes in me, then it seems as though I had once heard the like from above, and had fallen, through tottering terror, to earth; it seems too as though my eyes had been so telescopically keen that I could see the stars wandering as large as life in heaven, and had been dazzled

---

[1] This idea of the transmigrated souls of oxen is repeated in another and equally ingenious form in "The Gods in Exile" (Germany).—*Note by Translator.*

by all their whirling splendour; then, as if from the depth of a millennium, there come all sorts of strange thoughts into my soul, thoughts of wisdom old as the world, but so obscure that I cannot surmise what they mean; only this much I know, that all our cunning, knowledge, effort, and production must to some higher spirit seem as little and valueless as those spiders seemed to me which I have so often seen in the library of Göttingen. There they sat, so busily weaving, on the folios of the world's history, looking so philosophically confident on the scene around them, and they had so exactly the pedantic obscurity of Göttingen, and seemed so proud of their mathematical knowledge, of their contributions to art, of their solitary reflections, and yet they knew nothing of all the wonders which were in the book on which they were born, on which they had passed their lives, and on which they must die, if not disturbed by the prying Doctor L——. And who is the prying Doctor L——?[1] His soul once dwelt in just such a spider, and *now* he guards the folios on which he once sat; and if he reads them, he never learns their true contents.[2]

---

[1] Termed "the old, creeping-about Librarian Stiefel," in the French edition of the *Reisebilder*.—*German Edition.*

[2] In the French edition of the *Reisebilder* this Dr. L—— appears as "the old slinking Librarian Stiefel,"—"*Der alte schleichende Bibliothekar.*"—*Note by A. Strodtmann.*

What may have happened on the ground where I now walk? A *Conrector*, who was bathing here, asserted that it was in this place that the religious rites of Hertha, or, more correctly speaking, of Forsete, were once celebrated—those rites of which Tacitus speaks so mysteriously. Let us only trust that the reporter from whom Tacitus picked up the intelligence did not err, and mistake a bathing waggon for the sacred vehicle of the goddess.

In the year 1819 I attended in Bonn, in one and the same season, four courses of lectures on German antiquities from the remotest times. The first of these was the history of the German tongue, by Schlegel, who for three months developed the most old-fashioned hypotheses on the origin of the Teutonic race; 2. The Germania of Tacitus, by Arndt, who sought in the old German forests for those virtues which he misses in the saloons of the present day; 3. German National Law, by Hüllmann, whose historical views are the least vague of those current; and 4. Primitive German History, by Radloff, who at the end of the half year had got no farther than the time of Sesostris. In those days the legend of the ancient Hertha may have interested me more than at present. I did not at all admit that she dwelt in Rügen, and preferred to believe that it was on an East Frisian island. A young *savant* always likes to have his own private hypothesis. But at any rate, I never

supposed that I should some day wander on the shore of the North Sea without thinking of the old goddess with patriotic enthusiasm. Such is, in fact, not altogether the case, for I am here thinking of goddesses, only younger and more beautiful ones. Particularly when I wander on the strand, near those terrible spots where the most beautiful ladies have recently been swimming like nymphs. For neither ladies nor gentlemen bathe here under cover, but walk about in the open sea. On this account the bathing places of the two sexes are far apart, and yet not altogether *too* far, and he who carries a good spy-glass can everywhere in this world see many marvels. There is a legend of the island that a modern Actæon in this manner once beheld a bathing Diana, and, wonderful to relate, it was not he, but the *husband* of the beauty who got the horns.

The bathing-carriages, those hackney-coaches of the North Sea, are here simply shoved to the edge of the water. They are generally angular wooden structures, covered with coarse stiff linen. Now, during winter, they are ranged along the conversation hall, and without doubt maintain among themselves as wooden and stiff linen-like conversations as the aristocratic world which not long since filled their place.

But when I say the aristocratic world, I do not

mean the good citizens of East Friesland, a race flat and tame as their own sand-hills, who can neither pipe nor sing, and yet possess a talent worth any trilling and nonsense—a talent which ennobles man, and lifts him above those windy souls of service, who believe themselves alone to be noble. I mean the talent for freedom. If the heart beats for liberty, that beating is better than any strokes conferring knighthood, as the "free Frisians" well know, and they well deserve this, their national epithet. With the exception of the ancient days of chieftainship, an aristocracy never predominated in East Friesland; very few noble families have ever dwelt there, and the influence of the Hanoverian nobility by force and military power as it now spreads over the land, troubles many a free Frisian heart. Everywhere a love for their earlier Prussian government is manifested.

Yet I cannot unconditionally agree with the universal German complaint of the pride of birth of the Hanoverian nobility. The Hanoverian corps of officers give least occasion for complaints of this nature. It is true that, as in Madagascar, only the nobility have the right to become butchers, so in days of old, only the nobility in Hanover were permitted to become soldiers. But since, in recent times, so many citizens have distinguished themselves in German regiments, and risen to be

officers, this evil customary privilege has fallen into disuse. Yes, the entire body of the German legions has contributed much to soften all prejudices, for these men have travelled afar, and out in the world men see many things, especially in England; and they have learned much, and it is a real pleasure to hear them talk of Portugal, Spain, Sicily, the Ionian Isles, Ireland, and other distant lands where they have fought, and "seen full many towns and learned full many manners," so that we can imagine that we are listening to an Odyssey, which, alas! will never find its Homer. Among these officers many independent English customs have also found their way, which contrast more strikingly with the old Hanoverian manners than we in the rest of Germany would imagine, as we are in the habit of supposing that England has exercised great influence over Hanover. Through all the land of Hanover nothing is to be seen but genealogical trees, to which horses are bound, so that for mere trees the land itself is obscured, and with all its horses it never advances. No; through this Hanoverian forest of nobility there never penetrated a sun-ray of British freedom, and no tone of British freedom was ever perceptible amid the neighing noise of Hanoverian steeds. But what a British tone of freedom is I lately learned as I saw an English ship sailing past in the wildest storm, while on its deck were

men who almost outroared wind and waves with their old song—

> "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
> And Britons never, never shall be slaves."

The general complaint of Hanoverian pride of birth is best founded as regards the hopeful youth of certain families, who either rule or believe that they really rule the realm. But these noble youths will soon lay aside this haughtiness, or more correctly speaking, this naughtiness, when they too have seen a little more of the world, or have had the advantage of a better education. It is true that they are sent to Göttingen, but they hang together, talking about their horses, dogs, and ancestry, learning but little of modern history; and if they happen once in a while by chance to hear of it, their minds are notwithstanding stupefied by the sight of "the count's table," which, a true indication of Göttingen, is intended only for students of noble birth. Of a truth, if the young Hanoverian nobility were better taught many complaints would be obviated. But the young become like the old. The same delusion, as though they were the flowers of the earth, and we others but its grass; the same folly, seeking to cover their own worthlessness with their ancestors' merits; the same ignorance of what there may be problematic in these merits, as there are

few indeed among them who reflect that princes seldom reward their most faithful and virtuous subjects, but very often their panders, flatterers, and similar favourite rascals with ennobling grace. Few indeed among these nobles could say with any certainty what their ancestors have done, and they can only show their name in Rüxner's Book of Tournaments; yes, and if they could prove that an ancestor was at the taking of Jerusalem, then ought they, before availing themselves of the honour, to prove that their ancestor fought as a knight should, that his mail suit was not lined with fear, and that beneath his red cross beat an honest heart. Were there no Iliad, but simply a list of names of those heroes who fought before Troy; and if those family names were yet among us, how would the descendants of Thersites be puffed up with pride! As for the purity of the blood, I will say nothing; philosophers and family footmen have doubtless some peculiar thoughts on this subject.

My fault-finding, as already hinted, is based upon the lame education of the Hanoverian nobility, and their early impressed delusion as to the importance of certain idle forms. Oh! how often have I laughed when I remarked the importance attached to these forms, as if it were even a difficult matter to learn this representing, this presenting, this smiling without saying any-

thing, this saying something without thinking, and all these noble arts which the good plain citizen stares at as on wonders from beyond sea, and which after all every French dancing-master has better and more naturally than the German nobleman, to whom they have with weary pains been made familiar in the cub-licking Lutetia, and who, after their importation, teaches them with German thoroughness and German labour to his descendants. This reminds me of the fable of the dancing-bear, who, having escaped from his master, rejoined his fellow-bears in the wood, and boasted to them of the difficulty of learning to dance, and how he himself excelled in the art; and in fact the poor brutes who beheld his performances could not withhold their admiration. That *nation*, as Werther calls them, formed the aristocratic world, which here at this watering-place shone on water and land, and they were altogether nice, dear folks, and played their parts well.

Persons of royal blood were also here, and I must admit that they were more modest in their address than the lesser nobility. Whether this modesty was in the hearts of these elevated persons, or whether they were impelled to it by their position, I will here leave undecided. I assert this, however, only of the German mediatised princes. These persons have of late suffered great

injustice, inasmuch as they have been robbed of a sovereignty to which they had as good right as the greater princes, unless, indeed, any one will assume, with my fellow-unbeliever Spinoza, that that which cannot maintain itself by its own power has no right to exist. But for the greatly divided Germany, it was a benefit that this array of 16mo despots were obliged to resign their power. It is terrible when we reflect on the number which we poor Germans are obliged to feed, for although these mediatised princes no longer wield the sceptre, they still wield knives, forks, and spoons, and do not eat hay, and if they did, hay would still be expensive enough. I imagine that we shall eventually be freed by America from this burden of princes. For sooner or later the presidents of those free states will be metamorphosed into sovereigns, and if they need legitimate princesses for wives, they will be glad if we give them our blood-royal dames, and if they take six, we will throw in the seventh gratis; and by and bye our princes may be busied with their daughters in turn; for which reason the mediatised princes have acted very shrewdly in retaining at least their right of birth, and value their family trees as much as the Arabs value the pedigrees of their horses, and indeed with the same object, as they well know that Germany has been in all ages the great princely stud from

which all the reigning neighbouring families have been supplied with mares and stallions.[1]

In every watering-place it is an old-established customary privilege that the departed guests should be sharply criticised by those who remain, and as I am here the last in the house, I may presume to exercise that right to its fullest extent.

And it is now so lonely in the island, that I seem to myself like Napoleon on St. Helena. Only that I have here found something entertaining, which he wanted. For it is with the great Emperor himself with whom I am now busied. A young Englishman recently presented me with Maitland's book, published not long since, in which the mariner sets forth the way and manner in which Napoleon gave himself up to him, and deceived himself on the *Bellerophon*, till he, by command of the British Ministry, was brought on board the *Northumberland*. From this book it appears clear as day that the Emperor, in a spirit of romantic confidence in British magnanimity, and to finally give peace to the world, went to the English more as a guest than as a prisoner. It was an error which no other man would have fallen into, and least of all a Wellington. But history will declare

[1] This prediction that a time would come when Americans would devote themselves with zeal to intermarrying with any and every kind of European nobility, or "anything with a title," is now being rapidly fulfilled.—*Note by Translator.*

that this error was so beautiful, so elevated, so sublime, that it required more true greatness of soul than we, the rest of the world, can elevate ourselves to in our greatest deeds.

The cause which has induced Captain Maitland to publish this book appears to be no other than the moral need of purification which every honourable man experiences who has been entangled by bad fortune in a piece of business of a doubtful complexion. The book itself is an invaluable contribution to the history of the imprisonment of Napoleon, as it forms the last portion of his life, singularly solves all the enigmas of the earlier parts, and amazes, reconciles, and purifies the mind, as the last act of a genuine tragedy should. The characteristic differences of the four principal writers who have informed us as to his captivity, and particularly as to his manner and method of regarding things, is not distinctly seen save by their comparison.

Maitland, the stern, cold, English sailor, describes events without prejudice, and as accurately as though they were maritime occurrences to be entered in a log-book. Las Casas, like an enthusiastic chamberlain, lies, as he writes, in every line, at the feet of his Emperor; not like a Russian slave, but like a free Frenchman, who involuntarily bows the knee to unheard-of heroic greatness and to the dignity of renown. O'Meara,

the physician, though born in Ireland, is still altogether a Briton, and as such was once an enemy of the Emperor; but now, recognising the majestic rights of adversity, he writes boldly, without ornament, and conscientiously, almost in a lapidary style. While we recognise, on the contrary, not so much a style as a stiletto in the pointed, striking manner of writing of the Italian Autommarchi, who is altogether mentally intoxicated with the vindictiveness and poetry of his land.

Both races, French and English, gave from either side two men of ordinary powers of mind, uninfluenced by the powers that be, and this jury has judged the Emperor, and sentenced him to live eternally—an object of wonder and of commiseration.

There are many great men who have already walked in this world. Here and there we see the gleaming marks of their footsteps, and in holy hours they sweep like cloudy forms before our souls; but an equally great man sees his predecessors far more significantly. From a single spark of the traces of their earthly glory he recognises their most secret act, from a single word left behind he penetrates every fold of their hearts; and thus in a mystical brotherhood live the great men of all times. Across long centuries they bow to each other, and gaze on each other

with significant glances, and their eyes meet over the graves of buried races whom they have thrust aside between, and they understand and love each other. But we little ones, who may not have such intimate intercourse with the great ones of the past, of whom we but seldom see the traces and cloudy forms, it is of the highest importance to learn so much of these great men that it will be easy for us to take them distinct, as in life, into our own souls, and thereby enlarge our minds. Such a man is Napoleon Bonaparte. We know more of his life and deeds than of the other great ones of this world, and day by day we learn still more and more. We see the buried form divine slowly dug forth, and with every spadeful of earth which is removed increases our joyous wonder at the symmetry and splendour of the noble figure which is revealed, and the spiritual lightnings with which foes would shatter the great statue serve but to light it up more gloriously. Such is the case with the assertions of Madame de Staël, who, with all her bitterness, says nothing more than that the Emperor was not a man like other men, and that his soul could be measured with no measure known to us.

It is to such a spirit that Kant alludes when he says that we can think to ourselves an understanding, which, because it is not discursive like our own, but intuitive, goes from the synthetic

universal of the observation of the whole, as such, to the particular; that is to say, from the whole to a part. Yes; Napoleon's spirit saw through that which we learn by weary analytical reflection and long deduction of consequences, and comprehended it in one and the same moment. Thence came his talent to understand his age, to cajole its spirit into never abusing him and being ever profitable to him.

But as this spirit of the age is not only revolutionary, but is formed by the antagonism of both sides—the revolutionary and the counter-revolutionary—so did Napoleon act not according to either alone, but according to the spirit of both principles, both efforts, which found in him their union, and he accordingly always acted naturally, simply, and greatly; never convulsively and harshly, ever composed and calm. Therefore he never intrigued in details, and his striking effects were ever brought about by his ability to comprehend and to bend the masses to his will. Little analytical souls incline to entangled, wearisome intrigues; while, on the contrary, synthetic intuitive spirits understand in a wondrously genial manner, so to avail themselves of the means which are afforded them by the present, as quickly to turn them to their own advantage. The former often founder, because no mortal wisdom can foresee all the events of life, and life's relations are

never long permanent; the latter, on the contrary, the intuitive men, succeed most easily in their designs, as they only require an accurate computation of that which is at hand, and act so quickly that their calculations are not miscarried by any ordinary agitation, or by any sudden unforeseen changes.

It is a fortunate coincidence that Napoleon lived just in an age which had a remarkable inclination for history, for research, and for publication. Owing to this cause, thanks to the memoirs of contemporaries, but few particulars of Napoleon's life have been withheld from us, and the number of histories which represent him as more or less allied to the rest of the world increase every day. On this account the announcement of such a work by Scott awakens the most anxious anticipation.

All those who honour the genius of Scott must tremble for him, for such a book may easily prove to be the Moscow of a reputation which he has won with weary labour by an array of historical romances, which, more by their subject than by their poetic power, have moved every heart in Europe.[1] This theme is, however, not merely an

[1] We have here an indication of a characteristic of Heine; that is, the belief that a good work by any author loses all its value when the latter publishes anything indifferent. This is closely allied to the kindred folly of judging men's works by their lives, and off-setting the positive results of genius which benefits the world, by petty human weaknesses which are possibly only due to exaggerated gossip.—*Note by Translator.*

elegiac lament over Scotland's legendary glory, which has been little by little banished by foreign manners, rule, and modes of thought, but the greatest suffering for the loss of those national peculiarities which perish in the universality of modern civilisation—a grief which now causes the hearts of every nation to throb. For national memories lie deeper in man's heart than we generally imagine. Let any one attempt to bury the ancient forms, and overnight the old love blooms anew with its flowers. This is not a mere figure of speech, but a fact; for when Bullock, a few years ago, dug up in Mexico an old heathen stone image, he found next morning that during the night it had been crowned with flowers, although Spain had destroyed the old Mexican faith with fire and sword, and though the souls of the natives had been for three centuries digged about and ploughed and sowed with Christianity. And such flowers as these bloom in Walter Scott's poems. These poems themselves awaken the old feeling; and as once in Grenada men and women ran with the wail of desperation from their houses, when the song of the departure of the Moorish king rang in the streets, so that it was prohibited, on pain of death, to sing it, so hath the tone which rings through Scott's romance thrilled with pain a whole world. This tone re-echoes in the hearts of our nobles, who see their castles and armorial

bearings in ruins; it rings again in the hearts of our burghers, who have been crowded from the comfortable narrow way of their ancestors by wide-spreading, uncongenial modern fashion; in Catholic cathedrals, whence faith has fled; in Rabbinic synagogues, from which even the faithful flee. It sounds over the whole world, even into the Banyan groves of Hindostan, where the sighing Brahmin sees before him the destruction of his gods, the demolition of their primeval cosmogony, and the entire victory of the Briton.

But this tone—the mightiest which the Scottish bard can strike upon his giant harp—accords not with the imperial song of Napoleon, the new man—the man of modern times—the man in whom this new age mirrors itself so gloriously, that we thereby are well-nigh dazzled, and never think meanwhile of the vanished Past, nor of its faded splendour. It may well be presupposed that Scott, according to his predilections, will seize upon the stable element already hinted at, the counter-revolutionary side of the character of Napoleon, while, on the contrary, other writers will recognise in him the revolutionary principle. It is from this last side that Byron would have described him—Byron, who forms in every respect an antithesis to Scott, and who, instead of lamenting, like him, the destruction of old forms, even feels himself vexed and bounded by those which

remain, and would fain annihilate them with revolutionary laughter and with gnashing of teeth. In this rage he destroys the holiest flowers of life with his melodious poison, and like a mad harlequin, strikes a dagger into his own heart, to mockingly sprinkle with the jetting black blood the ladies and gentlemen around.

I truly realise at this instant that I am no worshipper, or at least no bigoted admirer of Byron. My blood is not so splenetically black; my bitterness comes only from the gall-apples of my ink; and if there be poison in me, it is only an antipoison for those snakes which lurk so threateningly amid the shelter of old cathedrals and castles. Of all great writers, Byron is just the one whose writings excite in me the least passion, while Scott, on the contrary, in his every book gladdens, tranquillises, and strengthens my heart. Even his imitators please me, as in such instances as Willibald Alexis, Bronikowski, and Cooper, the first of whom, in the ironic "Walladmoor," approaches nearest his pattern, and has shown in a later work such a wealth of form and of spirit, that he is fully capable of setting before our souls with a poetic originality well worthy of Scott a series of historical novels.

But no true genius follows paths indicated to him; these lie beyond all critical computation, so that it may be allowed to pass as a harmless play

of thought if I may express my anticipatory judgment over Walter Scott's History of Napoleon. Anticipatory judgment[1] is here the most comprehensive expression. Only one thing can be said with certainty, which is, that the book will be read from its uprising even unto the downsetting thereof, and we Germans will translate it.[2]

We have also translated Segur. Is it not a pretty epic poem? We Germans also write epic poems, but their heroes only exist in our own

---

[1] "*Vorurtheil*"—*præjudicium*—prejudice—fore-judgment.—*Note by Translator.*

[2] These remarks were written in 1826, and in the following year the History of Napoleon Bonaparte by Walter Scott appeared, and I saw, to my great sorrow, that my prediction as to the work was fulfilled, for it was a complete failure, and since that mournful event the literary star of the Great Unknown has been extinguished. The excess of work with which he burdened himself to satisfy the demands of his creditors had broken down Walter Scott's health; but he worked all the harder to write several wearisome, absurd (*alberne*) romances, and died soon after. At the time when his work on Napoleon, this blasphemy in twelve volumes, appeared, I was in Munich, where I published a monthly magazine, "The Political Annals," and for this I wrote the remarks on the book which I subsequently embodied in the fourth volume of the *Reisebilder.—Note by Heine to the French version of the "Reisebilder."*

It can hardly be denied that in these remarks on Scott's Napoleon, Heine appears as one greatly forcing the oracle, or endeavouring to exalt his own rather ambiguous prediction to a prophecy. None of Scott's romances deserve the epithets "wearisome and almost absurd;" nor did his renown fade, nor

heads. The heroes of the French epos, on the contrary, are real heroes, who have performed more doughty deeds and suffered far greater woes than we in our garret-rooms ever dreamed of. And yet we have much imagination and the French but little. Perhaps on this account the Lord helped them out in another manner, for they only need truly relate what has happened to them during the last thirty years to have such a literature of experience as no nation and no age ever yet brought forth. Those memoirs of statesmen, soldiers, and noble ladies which appear daily in France form a cycle of legends in which posterity will find material enough for thought and song—a cycle in whose centre the life of the great Emperor rises like a giant tree. Segur's "History of the Russian Campaign" is a song, a French song of the people, which belongs to this legend cycle, and which in its tone and matter equals, and will remain equal to, the epic poetry of all ages. A

---

is his star even yet extinguished. Homer sometimes nods, and it does not follow because a first-class horse is sometimes fagged that he is incurably foundered. That is a hard judgment which would declare that an author's fame is utterly extinguished because he has, under cruel pressure of overwork, written something unequal to his former productions. Heine himself did not always maintain the same pace. It is amusing to compare this remark as to *alberne*—absurd or foolish—romances with the foregoing declaration that *every* book by Scott gladdened, tranquillised, and strengthened our author's heart.—*Note by Translator.*

heroic poem, which from the magic words "freedom and equality" has shot up from the soil of France, and, as in a triumphal procession, intoxicated with glory and led by the goddess Fame herself, has swept over, terrified, and glorified the world. And now at last it dances clattering sword-dances on the ice-fields of the North, until they break in, and the children of fire and of freedom perish by cold and by the *Slaves*.

Such a description of the destruction of a heroic world is the key-note and material of the epic poems of all races. On the rocks of Ellora and other Indian grotto-temples there remain such epic catastrophes, engraved in giant hieroglyphics, the key to which must be sought in the *Mahabarata*. The North, too, in words not less rock-like, has narrated this twilight of the gods in its "Edda;" the Nibelungen sings the same tragic destruction, and has in its conclusion a striking similarity with Segur's description of the burning of Moscow. The Roland's song of the battle of Roncesvalles, which, though its words have perished, still exists as a legend, and which has recently been raised again to life by Immermann, one of the greatest poets of the Fatherland, is also the same old song of woe. Even the song of Troy gives most gloriously the old theme, and yet it is not grander or more agonising than that French song of the people in which Segur has sung the

downfall of his hero-world. Yes, this is a true epos, the heroic youth of France is the beautiful hero who early perishes, as we have already seen in the deaths of Balder, Siegfried, Roland, and Achilles, who also perished by ill-fortune and treachery; and those heroes whom we once admired in the Iliad we find again in the song of Segur. We see them counselling, quarrelling, and fighting, as once of old before the Skaic gate. If the coat of the King of Naples is somewhat too variedly modern, still his courage in battle and his pride are greater than those of Pelides; a Hector in mildness and bravery is before us in "Prince Eugene, the knight so noble." Ney battles like an Ajax; Berthier is a Nestor without wisdom; Davoust, Daru, Caulincourt, and others possess the souls of Menelaus, of Odysseus, of Diomed—only the Emperor alone has not his like; in his head is the Olympus of the poem, and if I compare him in his heroic apparition to Agamemnon, I do it because a tragic end awaited him with his lordly comrades in arms, and because his Orestes yet lives.

There is a tone in Segur's epos like that in Scott's poems, which moves our hearts. But this tone does not revive our love for the long-vanished legions of olden time. It is a tone which brings to us the present, and a tone which inspires us with its spirit.

But we Germans are genuine Peter Schlemihls! In later times we have seen much and suffered much—for example, having soldiers quartered on us, and pride from our nobility; and we have given away our best blood, for example, to England, which has still a considerable annual sum to pay for shot-off arms and legs to their former owners, and we have done so many great things on a small scale, that if they were reckoned up together, they would result in the grandest deeds imaginable—for instance, in the Tyrol; and we have lost much—for instance, our "greater shadow," the title of the holy darling Roman Empire; and still, with all our losses, sacrifices, self-denials, misfortunes, and great deeds, our literature has not gained one such monument of renown as rise daily among our neighbours like immortal trophies. Our Leipzig Fairs have profited but little by the battle of Leipzig. A native of Gotha intends, as I hear, to sing them successively in epic form, but as he has not as yet determined whether he belongs to the one hundred thousand souls of Hildburghausen, or to the one hundred and fifty thousand of Meiningen, or to the one hundred and sixty thousand of Altenburg, he cannot as yet begin his epos, and must accordingly begin with, "Sing, immortal souls, Hildburghausian souls, Meiningian or even Altenburgian souls, sing, all the same, sing the deliverance of the sinful Ger-

mans!" This trafficker in souls in the heart of the Fatherland, and his fearful ruggedness, allows no proud thought, and still less a proud word, to manifest itself; our brightest deeds become ridiculous by a stupid result; and while we gloomily wrap ourselves in the purple mantle of German heroic blood, there comes a political waggish knave and puts his cap and bells on our head.

One must also compare the literatures of our neighbours beyond the Rhine and the British Channel with our own trivial writing, to appreciate the emptiness and insignificance of our own bagatelle-life. Often when I read the *Morning Chronicle*, and behold in every line the English people, with its horse-races, boxing, cock-fights, assizes, Parliamentary debates, and so on, I then take up a German journal and find nothing but literary old woman's gossip[1] and theatrical twaddle.

And yet what else could be expected? When all public life is suppressed among a people, it will still seek for subjects of general conversation, and Germany finds these in its authors and comedians. Instead of horse-races, are races of books to the Leipzig Fair. Instead of the prize-ring, we have Mystics and Rationalists, who batter one

[1] *Fraubascrcien*, or, as one might say in American, "Cousin Sallies," Cousin Sally being a generic term for a gossip.—*Note by Translator.*

another about in their pamphlets, till the former come to their senses, and the latter, by losing sight and hearing, experience true faith. Instead of cock-fights, we have newspapers in which poor devils who are fed up for the purpose abuse and vilify one another, while the Philistines cry out with joy, "There's a cock of the walk for you!" "That fellow has his comb up now!" "That bird has a sharp bill!" "That young rooster's pen-feather wants pulling!" "That chicken needs spurring; give him a slasher-gaff," and so on. After this fashion we hold our assizes, that is, in the grey sponge-paper Saxon journals, in which every chuckle-head is judged by his like, according to the principles of a literary criminal law, which favours the theory of utter discouragement and punishes every book as a misdemeanour. Should its author manifest intelligence, then the offence is "qualified;" but if he can prove an *alibi*—or absence of mind—the penalty is mitigated. It is, of course, a great fault that in this so much is left to judicial prejudice, all the more so because our book-judges, like Falstaff, will not give their reasons on compulsion, and are very often themselves sinners in private, and foresee that they themselves may be judged to-morrow by the same delinquents whom they now condemn. Youth is in our literary criminal proceedings a great mitigation of crime; for which reason many an old lite-

rary sinner is let off easily, because he is regarded as being in his second childhood. Indeed, the recent discovery that young men about the time of puberty have an insane tendency to pyromania, has had its influence in æsthetics, for which reason people regard with more mercy so many flaming tragedies, as, for instance, that of the fiery youth who did nothing less than set fire to the royal palace of Persepolis. We have also—to continue the comparison—our Parliamentary debates, by which I mean our theatrical critics; since as our theatre can properly enough be called a House of Commons from the abundance of common and vulgar things which bloom therein, and on account of the trampled-down French filth which our public gladly swallows even when it has had a Raupach tragedy on the same evening, just as a fly, when driven away from a honey-pot, sits down with the best appetite at once on dung, and so concludes its meal. I have here specially in mind Raupach's *Bekehrten*, "The Converted," which I saw performed last winter by admirable actors, and that with just as much applause as was bestowed on the *Schülerschwänke-Scholars*, or "Students' Pranks," a perfumed excrement, which was played afterwards on the same evening.[1] But

[1] It is amusing to observe, as characteristic of Heine, that while he here praises Raupach as if his plays were the very best,

our theatres there is poison as well as filth. I hear, in fact, that in our comedies the holiest morals and feelings of life are parodied in a rollicking tone and trolled away in such an easy style, that people at last will come to consider it all as of the utmost matter of course; and when I consider all these chamber-maidenly declarations of love, the sentimental friendly alliances for mutual deceit, the merry plans for deceiving parents or husbands,[1] or whatever these stereotyped themes for comedies may be called—ah! then an inner grief and boundless melancholy seizes me, and I look with anxious, painful gaze at the poor innocent little angels' heads unto whom all this is declaimed in the theatre—most certainly not without results!

The complaints of the decay and ruin of German comedy, as they have been sighed by honourable hearts, the critical zeal of Tieck and Zimmermann, who have in cleaning out our theatres a worse task than was that of Hercules in purifying

---

he subsequently, in his "Germany," abuses "The Cossack" as a disgrace to literature. He always seems also to be naïvely unconscious that his own contributions to the "perfumed dirt" were every whit as gross as that which he here condemns. But these "caprices of the artist" must be passed over in a panorama.—*Note by Translator.*

[1] Of which kind of literature Heine gives us a masterpiece in his "Florentine Nights," where he describes the debauching his friend's wife in detail.—*Note by Translator.*

the stables of Augeas, since our theatrical stalls must be washed out while the oxen or asses still remain in them—the efforts of highly-gifted men who would fain found a romantic drama, the most hitting satire,[1] as, for example, Robert's *Paradiesvogel*, "Bird of Paradise,"—all is of no avail; sighs, advice, attempts and lashes—all only move the air, and every word uttered in relation to it is only just so much spoken in the air.

Our Upper House, or Tragedy, makes a far better display. I refer specially here to scenes, decoration, and wardrobes. But here, too, there is a limit. In the Roman theatres elephants danced on the tight-rope and made great jumps; but man could bring it no further than this, and so the Roman realm perished, and at the same time its theatre. In our own theatres there is no lack of dances and leaps, but these are executed by the young tragedians themselves; and as it has sometimes happened that girls by taking tremendous jumps have been turned into boys,[2] so some lady-like poetling acts shrewdly enough when he

---

[1] *Die trefflichste und treffendste*, satire. The English word *hitting* exactly combines the full meaning of both these terms. —*Note by Translator.*

[2] Madame de Stael has somewhere naïvely recorded that having heard this when young, she daily practised jumping, with the hope of bringing about a conclusion so devoutly wished for. —*Note by Translator.*

attempts tremendous Alexandrine leaps with his lame iambics.

But as I intend to subsequently extend my observations over this theme of German *literaturmisère*,[1] I here offer a merrier compensation by the intercalation of the following Xenia, which have flown from the pen of Immermann, my lofty colleague. Those of congenial dispositions will, without doubt, thank me for communicating these verses; and with a few exceptions, which I have indicated with stars, I willingly admit that they express my own views.

THE POETIC MAN OF LETTERS.

Cease thy laughing, cease thy weeping; let the truth be plainly said;
When Hans Sachs first saw the daylight, Weckherlin just then was dead.

"All mankind at length must perish," quoth the dwarf with wondrous spirit;
Ancient youth, the news you tell us hath not novelty for merit.

In forgotten old black-letter, still his author-boots he's steeping,
And he eats poetic onions to inspire a livelier weeping.

---

[1] *Literaturmisère*, literary misery. This specimen of one of Heine's "inimitable graces" is rather better in English than in the original, since it takes in a *rémise*.—*Note by Translator.*

*Spare old Luther, Frank, I pray you, in the comments which you utter;
He's a fish which pleases better plain, than with thy melted butter.

THE DRAMATIST.

1.

*"To revenge me on the public, tragedies I'll write no longer!"
Only keep thy word, and then we'll let thee curse us more and stronger.

2.

In a cavalry lieutenant, stinging spur-like verse we pardon;
For he orders phrase and feelings like recruits whom drills must harden.

3.

Were Melpomené a maiden, tender, loving as a child,
I would bid her marry this one—he's so trim, so neat, and mild.

4.

For the sins on earth committed, goes the soul of Kotzebue
In the body of this monster, stockingless, without a shoe.

Thus to honour comes the doctrine, which the earliest ages give,
That the souls of the departed afterwards in beasts must live.

ORIENTAL POETS.

At old Saadi's imitators *tout le monde* just now are wondering;—
Seems to me the same old story, if we East or West go blundering.

Once there sang in summer moonlight, Philomel *seu* nightingale;
Now the *bulbul* pipes unto us, still it seems the same old tale.

Of the rat-catcher of Hameln, ancient poet, you remind me;
Whistling eastwards, while the little singers follow close behind thee.

India's holy cows they honour for a reason past all doubt,
For ere long in every cow-stall they will find Olympus out.

Too much fruit they ate in Shiraz, where they held their thievish revels;
In "Gazelles" they cast it up now—wretched Oriental devils.

BELL-TONES.

See the plump old pastor yonder at his door, with pride elate
Loudly singing, that the people may adore him dressed in state.

And they flock to gaze upon him, both the blind men and the lame,
Cramped and pectoral sufferers—with them many a hysteric dame.

Simple cerate healeth nothing, neither doth it hurt a wound;
Therefore, friends, in every bookshop simple cerate may be found.

If the matter thus progresses, till they every priest adore,
To old Mother Church's bosom I'll go creeping back once more.

There a single Pope they honour and adore a *præsens numen;*
Here each one ordained as *lumen* elevates himself to *numen.*

*ORBIS PICTUS.

If the mob who spoil the world had but one neck, and here would show it!
Oh, ye gods, a single neck of wretched actors, priests, and poets!

In the church to look at farces oft I linger of a morning,
In the theatre sit at evening, from the sermon taking warning.

E'en the Lord to me oft loses much in influence and vigour,
For so many thousand people carve him in their own base figure.

Public, when I please ye, then I think myself a wretched weaver;
But when I can really vex you, then it strengthens up my liver.

"How he masters all the language!"—yes, and makes us die of laughter;
How he jumps, and makes his captive crazily come jumping after!

Much can I endure that's vexing—one thing makes me sick and haggard,
When I see a nervous weakling try to play the genial blackguard.

*Once I own that thou didst please me, fair *Lucinda's* favours winning;
Out upon thy brazen courtship, now with *Mary* thoud'st be sinning!

First in England, then 'mid Spaniards—then where Brahma's darkness scatters
Everywhere the same old story—German coat and shoes in tatters.

When the ladies write, for ever in their private pains they're dealing,
Fausses couches and damaged virtue—oh, such open hearts revealing!

Let the ladies write—they please me; in one thing they beat us hollow;
When a dame takes "pen in hand," we're sure no bad results can follow.

Literature will soon resemble parties at a tea or christening,
Naught but lady-gossips prating, while the little boys are listening.

Were I a Ghengis-Khan, O China, long in dust had'st thou been lying;
From thy cursed tea came parties, and of them I'm slowly dying.

All now settles down in silence, o'er the Mightiest peace is flowing,
Calmly in his ledger entering what the early age is owing.

Yonder town is full of statues, pictures, verses, music's din;
At the door stands Merry Andrew with his trump and cries "Come in!"

Why, these verses ring most vilely, without measure, feet, or form:
But should literary Pandours wear a royal uniform?

Say, how can you use such phrases—such expression
without blushing?
We must learn to use our elbows when through market
crowds we're pushing.

But of old thou oft hast written rhymes both truly
good and great;
He who mingles with the vulgar must expect a vulgar
fate.

When the summer flies are swarming, with your caps
you knock them dead;
At these rhymes you will be hitting with the cowls
upon your head.

IDEAS.

BOOK LE GRAND.

(1826.)

MAY

EVELINA

RECEIVE THESE PAGES

AS A MARK OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

FROM THEIR AUTHOR.

"The mighty race of Oerindur,
The pillar of our throne,
Though Nature perish, will endure
For ever and alone."—MULLNER.

CHAPTER I.

"She was worthy of love, and he loved her. He, however, was not lovable, and she did not love him."—*Old Play.*

MADAME, are you familiar with that old play? It is an altogether extraordinary performance—only a little too melancholy. I once played the leading part in it myself, so that all the ladies wept save one, who did not shed so much as a single

tear, and in that consisted the *whole* point of the play—the real catastrophe.

Oh, that single tear! it still torments me in my reveries. When the devil desires to ruin my soul, he hums in my ear a ballad of that tear which ne'er was wept, a deadly song with a more deadly tune. Ah! such a tune is only heard in hell!

. . . . . .

You can readily form an idea, Madame, of what life is like in heaven—the more readily as you are married. There people amuse themselves altogether superbly, every sort of entertainment is provided, and one lives in nothing but desire and its gratification, or, as the saying is, "like the Lord in France." There they eat from morning to night, and the cookery is as good as Jagor's; roast geese fly around with gravy-boats in their bills, and feel flattered if any one condescends to eat them; tarts gleaming with butter grow wild like sun-flowers; everywhere there are rivulets of *bouillon* and champagne, everywhere trees on which clean napkins flutter wild in the wind, and you eat and wipe your lips and eat again without injury to the health. There, too, you sing psalms, or flirt and joke with the dear delicate little angels, or take a walk on the green Hallelujah Meadow, and your white flowing garments fit so comfortably, and nothing disturbs your feeling of perfect happiness—no pain, no vexation. Nay,

when one accidentally treads on another's corns and exclaims, "*Excusez!*" the one trodden on smiles as if glorified, and insists, "Thy foot, brother, did not hurt in the least, quite *au contraire*— it only causes a deeper thrill of heavenly rapture to shoot through my heart!"

But of hell, Madame, you have not the faintest idea. Of all the devils in existence, you have probably made the acquaintance only of Amor, the nice little *croupier* of hell, who is the smallest Beelze-"bub" of them all.[1] And you know him only from "Don Juan," and doubtless think that for such a betrayer of female innocence hell can never be made hot enough, though our praiseworthy theatre directors shower down upon him as much flame, fiery rain, squibs and colophonium as any Christian could desire to have emptied into hell itself.

However, things in hell look much worse than our theatre directors imagine;—if they *did* know what is going on there, they would never permit such stuff to be played as they do. For in hell it is infernally hot, and when I was there, in the dog-days, it was past endurance. Madame, you can have no idea of hell! We have very few official returns from that place. Still it is rank

[1] *Bub* and *bubby* are familiarly used in Philadelphia as diminutives or pet terms for a small boy. From the German *Bube*. —*Note by Translator.*

calumny to say that down there all the poor souls are compelled to read all day long all the dull sermons which were ever printed on earth. Bad as hell is, it has not *quite* come to that,—Satan will never invent such refinements of torture. On the other hand, Dante's description is too mild—I may say, on the whole, too poetic. Hell appeared to me like a great town-kitchen, with an endlessly long stove, on which were placed three rows of iron pots, and in these sat the damned and were cooked. In one row were placed Christian sinners, and, incredible as it may seem, their number was anything but small, and the devils poked the fire up under them with especial good-will. In the next row were Jews, who continually screamed and cried, and were occasionally mocked by the fiends, which sometimes seemed droll enough—as, for instance, when a fat, wheezy old pawnbroker complained of the heat, and a little devil poured several buckets of cold water on his head, that he might realise what a refreshing benefit baptism was. In the third row sat the heathen, who, like the Jews, could take no part in salvation, and must burn for ever. I heard one of the latter, as a square-built, burly devil put fresh coals under his kettle, cry out from his pot, "Spare me! I was once Socrates, the wisest of mortals; I taught Truth and Justice, and sacrificed my life for Virtue." But the clumsy, stupid devil went on

with his work, and grumbled, "Oh, shut up there! All heathens must burn, and we can't make an exception for the sake of a single man." I assure you, Madame, the heat was terrible, with such a screaming, sighing, groaning, croaking, crying, quacking, cracking, growling, grunting, yelling, squealing, wailing, trilling; and through all this terrible turmoil there rang distinctly the fatal melody of the Song of the Unwept Tear.

CHAPTER II.

"She was worthy of his love, and he loved her. He, however, was not lovable, and she did not love him."—*Old Play.*

MADAME, that old play is a tragedy, though the hero in it is neither killed nor commits suicide. The eyes of the heroine are beautiful, very beautiful. Madame, do you scent the perfume of violets? very beautiful, and yet so piercing that they struck like poignards of glass through my heart, and probably came out through my back, and yet I was not killed by those treacherous, murderous eyes. The voice of the heroine was also sweet. Madame, was it a nightingale you heard sing just as I spoke?—a soft, silken voice,

a sweet web of the sunniest tones, and my soul was entangled in it, and choked and tormented itself. I myself—it is the Count of Ganges who now speaks, and, as the story goes on, in Venice—I myself soon had enough of those tortures, and had thoughts of putting an end to the play in the first act, and of shooting myself through the head, foolscap and all. Therefore I went to a fancy store in the Via Burstah, where I saw a pair of beautiful pistols in a case—I remember them perfectly well—near them stood many ornamental articles of mother-of-pearl and gold, steel hearts on gilt chains, porcelain cups with delicate devices, and snuff-boxes with pretty pictures, such as the divine history of Susannah, the Swan Song of Leda, the Rape of the Sabines, Lucretia, a fat, virtuous creature, with naked bosom, in which she was lazily sticking a dagger; the late Bethmann,[1] *la belle Ferronière*, all enrapturing faces; but I bought the pistols without much ado, and then I bought balls, then powder, and then I went to the restaurant of Signor Somebody, and ordered oysters and a glass of hock.

I could eat nothing, and still less could I drink. The warm tears fell in the glass, and in that glass I saw my dear home, the blue, holy Ganges, the

[1] By "the late Bethmann," Heine means the Ariadne, which belonged to him, and which is so common in gypsum and porcelain, &c.—*Note by Translator.*

ever-gleaming Himalaya, the giant banyan woods, amid whose broad arcades calmly wandered wise elephants and white-robed pilgrims; strange dream-like flowers gazed on me with meaning glance, wondrous golden birds sang softly, flashing sun-rays, and the droll, silly chatter of monkeys pleasantly mocked me; from far pagodas sounded the pious prayers of priests, and amid them rang the melting, wailing voice of the Sultaness of Delhi. She ran wildly around in her carpeted chamber, she tore her silver veil, she struck with her peacock fan the black slave to the ground; she wept, she raged, she cried. I could not hear what she said; the restaurant of Signor Somebody is three thousand miles distant from the harem of Delhi, besides the fair Sultaness had been dead three thousand years; and I quickly drank up the wine, the clear, joy-giving wine, and yet my soul grew darker and sadder. I was condemned to death.

. . . . .

As I left the restaurant I heard the "bell of poor sinners" ring; a crowd of people swept by me; but I placed myself at the corner of the *Strada San Giovanni* and recited the following monologue:—

In ancient tales they tell of golden castles,
Where harps are sounding, lovely ladies dance,
And trim attendants serve, and jessamine,

Myrtle, and roses spread their soft perfume,
And yet a single word of disenchantment
Sweeps all the glory of the scene to naught,
And there remains but ruins old and grey,
And screaming birds of night and foul morass.
E'en so have I with a short single word
Quite disenchanted nature's loveliness.
There lies she now, lifeless and cold and pale,
E'en like a monarch's corse laid out in state,
The royal deathly cheeks fresh stained with rouge,
And in his hand the kingly sceptre laid;
Yet still his lips are yellow and most changed,
For they forgot to dye them, as they should,
And mice are jumping o'er the monarch's nose,
And mock the golden sceptre in his grasp.

It is an universal regulation, Madame, that every one should deliver a soliloquy before shooting himself. Most men on such occasions use Hamlet's "To be or not to be." It is an excellent passage, and I would gladly have quoted it, but charity begins at home, and when a man has written tragedies himself, in which such farewell-to-life speeches occur, as, for instance, in my immortal "Almansor," it is very natural that one should prefer his own words even to Shakespeare's. At any rate the delivery of such speeches is an excellent custom, for thereby one gains at least a little time. And as it came to pass that I remained a long time standing on the corner of the

Strada San Giovanni, and as I stood there like a condemned criminal awaiting death, I raised my eyes, and suddenly beheld HER.

She wore her blue silk dress and rose-red bonnet and her eyes beamed on me so mild, so death-conqueringly, so life-givingly. Madame, you well know that when the vestals in ancient Rome met on their way a malefactor condemned to death, they had the right to pardon him, and the poor rogue lived. With a single glance she saved my life, and I stood before her revived, and dazzled by the sunny gleaming of her beauty, and she passed on, and left me alive.

CHAPTER III.

AND she saved my life, and I live, and that is the main point.

Others may, if they choose, enjoy the good fortune of having their lady-love adorn their graves with garlands, and water them with the tears of true love. Oh, women! hate me, laugh at me, mitten me, but let me live! Life is all too wondrous sweet, and the world is so beautifully bewildered; it is the dream of an intoxicated divinity

who has taken French leave of the tippling multitude of immortals, and has laid down to sleep in a solitary star, and knows not himself that he also creates all that which he dreams, and the dream images form themselves often so fantastically wildly, and often so harmoniously and reasonably. The Iliad, Plato, the battle of Marathon, Moses, the Medician Venus, the Cathedral of Strasburg, the French Revolution, Hegel, and steamboats, &c., &c., are other good thoughts in this divine dream; but it will not last long, and the immortal one awakes and rubs his sleepy eyes, and smiles; and our world has run to nothing, yes, has never been.

No matter, I live! If I am but the shadowy image in a dream, still this is better than the cold black void annihilation of death. *Life* is the greatest of blessings and death the worst of evils. Berlin lieutenants of the guard may sneer, and call it cowardice, because the Prince of Homburg shudders when he beholds his open grave. Henry Kleist had, however, as much courage as his high-breasted, tightly-laced colleagues, and has, alas! proved it. But all great, powerful souls love life. Goethe's Egmont does not cheerfully take leave "of the cheerful wontedness of being and action." Immermann's Edwin clings to life "like a child upon the mother's breast." And though he finds

it hard to live by stranger mercy, he still begs for mercy, "for life and breath are still the best of boons."

When Odysseus, in the lower world, regards Achilles as the leader of dead heroes, and extols his renown among the living, and his glory even among the dead, the latter replies—

No more discourse of death, consolingly, noble Odysseus!
Rather would I in the field as daily labourer be toiling,
Slave to the meanest of men, a pauper and lacking possessions,
Than 'mid the infinite host of long-vanished mortals be ruler.

Yes, when Major Duvent challenged the great Israel Lyon to fight with pistols, and said to him, "If you do not meet me, Mr. Lyon, you are a dog;" the latter replied, "I would rather be a live dog than a dead lion!" and was right. I have fought often enough, Madame, to dare to say this, God be praised, I live! Red life boils in my veins, earth yields beneath my feet, in the glow of love I embrace trees and statues, and they live in my embrace. Every woman is to me the gift of a world. I revel in the melody of her countenance, and with a single glance of my eye

I can enjoy more than others with their every limb through all their lives. Every instant is to me an eternity; I do not measure time with the ell of Brabant or of Hamburg, and I need no priest to promise me a second life, for I can live enough in this life, when I live backwards in the life of those who have gone before me, and win myself an eternity in the realm of the past.

And I live! The great pulsation of nature beats too in my breast; and when I carol aloud, I am answered by a thousand-fold echo. I hear a thousand nightingales. Spring hath sent them to awaken earth from her morning slumber, and earth trembles with ecstasy, her flowers are hymns, which she sings in inspiration to the sun; the sun moves far too slowly; I would fain lash on his steeds that they might advance more rapidly. But when he sinks hissing in the sea, and the night rises with her great eyes, oh! then true pleasure first thrills through me like a new life, the evening breezes lie like flattering maidens on my wild heart, and the stars wink to me, and I rise and sweep over the little earth and the little thoughts of mankind.[1]

---

[1] The reader has already been forewarned in the preface that Heine's writings abound in frank expressions of his views. In these chapters we see him under the influence of a purely material Greek nature-worship. In one of his latest poems, a translation from which appeared in the London *Athenæum*, March

CHAPTER IV.

But a day must come when the fire of youth will be quenched in my veins, when winter will dwell in my heart, when his snowflakes will whiten my locks, and his mists will dim my eyes. Then

---

31, 1855, we find evidences of a fearful, though occasional, reaction from this early intoxication :—

"How wearily time crawls along,
That hideous snail that hastens not,
While I, without the power to move,
Am ever fixed to one dull spot.

Upon my dreary chamber wall
No gleam of sunshine can I trace ;
I know that only for the grave,
Shall I exchange this hopeless place.

Perhaps already I am dead,
And these perhaps are phantoms vain :
These motley phantasies that pass
At night through my disordered brain.

Perhaps with ancient heathen shapes,
Old faded gods, this brain is full ;
Who, for their most unholy rites,
Have chosen a dead poet's skull.

And charming frightful orgies hold,
The mad-cap phantoms !—all the night,
That in the morning this dead hand
About their revelries may write."

—*Note by Translator.*

my friends will lie in their weatherworn tombs, and I alone will remain like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new race will have sprung up, with new desires and new ideas; full of wonder, I hear new names and listen to new songs, for the old names are forgotten, and I myself am forgotten, perhaps honoured by but few, scorned by many, and loved by none! And then the rosy-cheeked boys will spring around me and place the old harp in my trembling hand, and say, laughing, "Thou indolent grey-headed old man, sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth."

Then I will grasp the harp, and my old joys and sorrows will awake, the clouds vanish, tears will again gleam on my pale cheeks. Spring will bloom once more in my breast, sweet tones of woe will tremble on the harp-strings. I will see once more the blue flood and the marble palaces and the lovely faces of ladies and young girls, and I will sing a song of the flowers of Brenta.

It will be my last song, the stars will gaze on me as in the nights of my youth, the loving moonlight will once more kiss my cheeks, the spirit chorus of nightingales long dead will sound flute-like from afar, my eyes, intoxicated with sleep, will softly close, my soul will re-echo with the notes of my harp—perfume breathes from the flowers of the Brenta.

A tree will shadow my grave. I would gladly

have it a palm, but that tree will not grow in the North. It will be a linden, and of a summer evening lovers will sit there caressing; the greenfinches will be listening silently, and my linden will rustle protectingly over the heads of the happy ones, who will be so happy that they will have no time to read what is written on the white tombstone. But when, at a later day, the lover has lost his love, then he will come again to the well-known linden, and sigh and weep, and gaze long and oft upon the stone until he reads the inscription, "He loved the flowers of the Brenta."

CHAPTER V.

MADAME, I have been telling you lies. I am not the Count of the Ganges. Never in my life did I see the holy stream, nor the lotus flowers which are mirrored in its sacred waves. Never did I lie dreaming under Indian palms, nor in prayer before the diamond deity Juggernaut, who with his diamonds might have easily aided me out of my difficulties. I have no more been in Calcutta than the turkey of which I ate yesterday at dinner had ever been in the realms of the

Grand Turk. Yet my ancestors came from Hindostan, and therefore I feel so much at my ease in the great forest of song of Valmiki. The heroic sorrows of the divine Ramo move my heart like familiar griefs, from the flower lays of Kalidasa the sweetest memories bloom; and when a few years ago a gentle lady in Berlin showed me the beautiful pictures which her father, who had been Governor-General in India, had brought from thence, the delicately painted, holy, calm faces seemed as familiar to me as though I were gazing at my own family gallery.

Franz Bopp—Madame, you have of course read his "Nalus" and his "System of Sanskrit Conjugations" gave me much information relative to my ancestry, and I now know with certainty that I am descended from Brahma's head, and not from his corns. I have also good reason to believe that the entire *Mahabarata*, with its two-hundred thousand verses, is merely an allegorical love-letter which my first forefather wrote to my first foremother. Oh, they loved dearly; their souls kissed, they kissed with their eyes, they were both but one single kiss!

An enchanted nightingale sits on a red coral bough in the silent sea, and sings a song of the love of my ancestors; earnestly gaze the pearls from their shelly cells; the wondrous water-flowers tremble with sad longing, the cunning-quaint sea-

snails, bearing on their backs many-coloured porcelain towers, come creeping onwards; the ocean-roses blush with shame; the yellow, sharp-pointed starfish and the thousand-hued glassy jellyfish quiver and stretch, and all swarm and crowd and listen.

Unfortunately, Madame, this nightingale song is far too long to admit of translation here; it is as long as the world itself—even its mere dedication to Anangas, the god of love, is as long as all Sir Walter Scott's novels together, and there is a passage referring to it in Aristophanes, which in German [1] reads thus:—

> "Tiotio, tiotio, tiotinx,
> Totototo, totototo, totototinx."
> —*Voss's Translation.*

No, I was not born in India. I first beheld the light of the world on the shores of that beautiful stream, in whose green hills folly grows and is plucked in autumn, laid away in cellars, poured into barrels, and exported to foreign lands.

In fact, only yesterday I heard some one speaking a piece of folly which, in the year 1818, was imprisoned in a bunch of grapes, which I myself then saw growing on the Johannisburg. But much folly is also consumed at home, and men are the same there as everywhere; they are born, eat,

[1] Or in English.

drink, sleep, laugh, cry, slander each other, are in great trouble and care about the continuation of their race; try to seem what they are not and to do what they cannot; never shave until they have a beard, and often have beards before they get discretion; and when they at last have discretion, they drink it away in white and red folly.

Mon Dieu! if I had faith, so that I could remove mountains, the Johannisburg would be just the mountain which I would transport about everywhere. But not having the requisite amount of faith, fantasy must aid me, and she at once bears me to the beautiful Rhine.

Oh, *there* is a fair land, full of loveliness and sunshine. In its blue streams are mirrored the mountain shores, with their ruined towers, and woods, and ancient towns. There, before the house-door, sit the good people of a summer evening, and drink out of great cans, and gossip confidingly how the wine—the Lord be praised!—thrives, and how justice should be free from all secrecy, and Marie Antoinette's being guillotined is none of our business, and how dear the tobacco-tax makes the tobacco, and how all mankind are equal, and what a glorious fellow Gœrres is.

I have never troubled myself much with such conversation, and greatly preferred sitting by the maidens in the arched window, and laughed at their laughing, and let them strike me in the face

with flowers, and feigned ill-nature until they told me their secrets, or some other story of equal importance. Fair Gertrude was half wild with delight when I sat by her. She was a girl like a flaming rose, and once as she fell on my neck, I thought that she would burn away in perfumes in my arms. Fair Katherine melted in musical sweetness when she talked with me, and her eyes were of that pure, perfect *internal* blue, which I have never seen in animated beings, and very seldom in flowers—one gazed so gladly into them, and could then ever imagine the sweetest things. But the beautiful Hedwiga loved me, for when I came to her she bowed her head till the black locks fell down over the blushing countenance, and the gleaming eyes shone forth like stars from a dark heaven. Her diffident lips spoke not a word, and even I could say nothing to her. I coughed and she trembled. She often begged me, through her sisters, not to climb the rocks so eagerly, or to bathe in the Rhine when I had exercised or drunk wine until I was heated. Once I overheard her pious prayer to the image of the Virgin Mary, which she had adorned with leaf-gold and illuminated with a glowing lamp, and which stood in a corner of the sitting-room. She prayed to the Mother of God to keep me from climbing, drinking, and bathing! I should certainly have been desperately in love with her had

she manifested the least indifference, and *I* was indifferent because I knew that she loved me. Madame, if any one would win my love, they must treat me *en canaille.*

Johanna was the cousin of the three sisters, and I was right glad to be with *her.* She knew the most beautiful old legends, and when she pointed with the whitest hand in the world through the window out to the mountains where all had happened which she narrated, I became fairly enchanted. The old knights rose visibly from the ruined castles, and hewed away at each other's iron clothes, the Lorely sat again on the mountain summit, singing adown her sweet seductive song, and the Rhine rippled so intelligibly, so calmingly, and yet at the same time so mockingly and strangely, and the fair Johanna gazed at me so bewilderingly, so mysteriously, so enigmatically confiding, as though she herself were one with the legend which she narrated. She was a slender, pale beauty, sickly and musing, her eyes were clear as truth itself, her lips piously arched, in her features lay a great untold story, but it was a sacred one, perhaps a love legend! I know not what it was, nor had I ever courage to ask. When I gazed long upon her, I became calm and cheerful; it seemed to me as though there were a tranquil Sunday in my heart, and that the angels were holding church service there.

In such happy hours I told her tales of my childhood, and she listened earnestly to me, and singular! when I could not think of this or that name, she remembered it. When I then asked her with wonder where she had learned the name, she would answer with a smile that she had learned it of a little bird which had built its nest on the sill of her window; and she tried to make me believe that it was the same bird which I once bought with my pocket-money from a hard-hearted peasant boy, and then let fly away. But I believed that she knew everything because she was so pale, and really soon died. She also knew when she must die, and wished that I would leave Andernach the day before. When I bade her farewell, she gave me both her hands—they were white, sweet hands, and pure as the Host—and she said, "Thou art very good, and when thou art bad, then think of the little dead Veronica."

Did the chattering birds also tell her *this* name? Often in hours when desirous of recalling the past, I had wearied my brain in trying to think of that dear name, and could not.

And now that I have it again, my earliest infancy shall bloom again in recollections; and I am again a child, and play with other children in the castle court at Düsseldorf, on the Rhine.

CHAPTER VI.

YES, Madame, there was I born, and I am particular in calling attention to this fact, lest after my death seven cities—those of Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstadt[1]—should contend for the honour of having witnessed my birth. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine, where about sixteen thousand mortals live, and where many hundred thousands are buried, and among them are many of whom my mother says it were better if they were still alive—for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr von Geldern, and the young Herr von Geldern, who were both such celebrated doctors, and saved the lives of so many men, and yet at last must both die themselves. And good pious Ursula, who bore me, when a child, in her arms, also lies buried there, and a rose-bush grows over her grave; she loved rose-perfume so much in her life, and her heart was all rose perfume and goodness. And the shrewd old *Canonicus* also lies there buried. Lord, how miserable he looked

[1] All insignificant towns, with the exception of Göttingen, which is here supposed to be equally insignificant.—*Note by Translator.*

when I last saw him! He consisted of nothing but soul and plasters, and yet he studied night and day as though he feared lest the worms might find a few ideas missing in his head. Little William also lies there, and that is my fault. We were schoolmates in the Franciscan cloister, and were one day playing on that side of the building where the Düssel flows between stone walls, and I said, "William, do get the kitten out, which has just fallen in!" and he cheerfully climbed out on the board which stretched over the brook and pulled the cat out of the water, but fell in himself, and when they took him out he was dripping and dead. The kitten lived to a good old age.

The town of Düsseldorf is very beautiful, and if you think of it when in foreign lands, and happen at the same time to have been born there, strange feelings come over the soul. I was born there, and feel as if I must go directly home. And when I say *home* I mean the *Volkerstrasse* and the house where I was born. This house will be some day very remarkable, and I have sent word to the old lady who owns it that she must not for her life sell it. For the whole house she would now hardly get as much as the present which the green-veiled English ladies will give the servant girl when she shows them the room where I was born, and the hen-house wherein my father generally imprisoned me for stealing grapes,

and also the brown door on which my mother taught me to write with chalk—O Lord! Madame, should I ever become a famous author, it has cost my poor mother trouble enough.

But my renown as yet slumbers in the marble quarries of Carrara; the waste-paper laurel with which they have bedecked my brow has not spread its perfume through the wide world, and the green-veiled English ladies, when they visit Düsseldorf, leave the celebrated house unvisited, and go directly to the Market-Place and there gaze on the colossal black equestrian statue which stands in its midst. This represents the Prince Elector, Jan Wilhelm. He wears black armour and a long hanging wig. When a boy, I was told that the artist who made this statue observed with terror while it was being cast that he had not metal enough to fill the mould, and then all the citizens of the town came running with all their silver spoons, and threw them in to make up the deficiency; and I often stood for hours before the statue wondering how many spoons were concealed in it, and how many apple-tarts the silver would buy. Apple-tarts were then my passion—now it is love, truth, liberty and crab-soup—and not far from the statue of the Prince Elector, at the Theatre corner, generally stood a curiously constructed sabre-legged rascal with a white apron, and a basket girt around him full of

smoking apple-tarts, which he well knew how to praise with an irresistible voice, "Here you are! hot apple-tarts! just from the oven—see how they smoke—quite delicious!" Truly, whenever in my later years the Evil One sought to win me, he always cried in just such an enticing soprano voice, and I should certainly have never remained twelve hours by the Signora Guilietta, if she had not thrilled me with her sweet perfumed apple-tart tones. And in fact the apple-tarts would never have so sorely tempted me if the crooked Hermann had not covered them up so mysteriously with his white aprons; and it is aprons, you know, which—but I wander from the subject. I was speaking of the equestrian statue which has so many silver spoons in it, and no soup, and which represents the Prince Elector, Jan Wilhelm.

He was a brave gentleman, 'tis reported, a lover of art and handy therein himself. He founded the picture-gallery in Düsseldorf; and in the observatory there, they show a very curiously executed piece of wooden work, consisting of one box within another which he himself had carved in his leisure hours, of which latter he had every day four-and-twenty.

In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches which they now are. Their crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their caps over it and slept in peace, and their people

slumbered calmly at their feet, and when they awoke in the morning they said, "Good morning, father!" and he replied, "Good morning, dear children!"

But there came a sudden change over all this, for one morning when we awoke, and would say, "Good morning, father!" the father had travelled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a funeral-like expression, and people slipped silently through the market and read the long paper placed on the door of the town-house. It was dark and lowering, yet the lean tailor Kilian stood in the nankeen jacket, which he generally wore only at home, and in his blue woollen stockings, so that his little bare legs peeped out as if in sorrow, and his thin lips quivered as he read, murmuringly, the handbill. An old invalid soldier from the Palatine read it in a somewhat louder tone, and little by little a transparent tear ran down his white, honourable old moustache. I stood near him, and asked why he wept? And he replied, "The Prince Elector has abdicated." And then he read further, and at the words "for the long-manifested fidelity of my subjects," "and hereby release you from allegiance," he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when so old a man, in faded uniform, with a scarred veteran's face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the

Princely Electoral coat-of-arms was being taken down from the Town-Hall, and everything began to appear as miserably dreary as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The gentlemen town-councillors went about at an abdicating wearisome gait; even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy Aloysius stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals, while the tipsy, crooked Gumpertz rolled around in the gutter, singing *Ça ira ! Ça ira !*

But I went home, weeping and lamenting because "the Prince Elector had *abducted !*" My mother had trouble enough to explain the word, but I would hear nothing. I knew what I knew, and went weeping to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end—that all the fair flower gardens and green meadows of the world were taken up and rolled up, and put away like carpets and baize from the floor; that a beadle climbed up on a high ladder and took down the sun, and that the tailor Kilian stood by and said to himself, "I must go home and dress myself neatly, for I am dead and am to be buried this afternoon." And it grew darker and darker—a few stars glimmered sparely on high, and these at length fell down like yellow leaves in autumn; one by one all men vanished, and I, a poor child, wan-

dered in anguish around, until, before the willow fence of a deserted farmhouse, I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly, spiteful-looking woman, who held something in her apron like a human head—but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the open grave —and behind me stood the Palatine invalid, sighing and spelling, "The Prince Elector has abducted."

When I awoke, the sun shone as usual through the window, there was a sound of drums in the street, and as I entered the sitting-room and wished my father, who was sitting in his white dressing-gown, a good morning, I heard the little light-footed barber, as he made up his hair, narrate very minutely that homage would that morning be offered at the Town-Hall to the Archduke Joachim. I heard, too, that the new ruler was of excellent family, that he had married the sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and was really a very respectable man; that he wore his beautiful black hair in flowing locks, that he would shortly enter the town, and in fine, that he must please all the ladies. Meanwhile the drumming in the streets continued, and I stood before the house-door and looked at the French troops marching in that joyful race of fame, who, singing and playing, swept over the world, the merry, serious faces of the grenadiers, the bear-skin shakoes, the tri-

coloured cockades, the glittering bayonets, the *voltigeurs*, full of vivacity and *point d'honneur*, and the omnipotent giant-like silver-laced tambour-major, who cast his *baton* with a gilded head as high as the first storey, and his eyes to the second, where pretty girls gazed from the windows. I was so glad that soldiers were to be quartered in our house,—in which my mother differed from me,—and I hastened to the market-place. There everything looked changed, somewhat as though the world had been new whitewashed. A new coat-of-arms was placed on the Town-Hall, its iron balconies were hung with embroidered velvet drapery. French grenadiers stood as sentinels; the old gentlemen town-councillors had put on new faces, and donned their Sunday-coats, and looked at each other Frenchily, and said "*Bon jour!*" ladies gazed from every window, curious citizens and armed soldiers filled the square, and I, with other boys, climbed on the great bronze horse of the Prince Elector, and thence stared down on the motley crowd.

Our neighbours, Peter and tall Jack Short, nearly broke their necks in accomplishing this feat, and it would have been better if they had been killed outright, for the one afterwards ran away from his parents, enlisted as a soldier, deserted, and was finally shot in Mayence; while the other, having made geographical researches

in strange pockets, was on this account elected member of a public tread-mill institute. But having broken the iron bands which bound him to his fatherland, he passed safely beyond sea, and eventually died in London, in consequence of wearing a much too long cravat, one end of which happened to be firmly attached to something, just as a royal official removed a plank from beneath his feet.

Tall Jack told us that there was no school to-day on account of the homage. We had to wait a long time ere this was over. Finally, the balcony of the Council-House was filled with gaily dressed gentlemen, with flags and trumpets, and our burgomaster, in his celebrated red coat, delivered an oration, which stretched out like india-rubber, or like a night-cap into which one has thrown a stone—only that it was not the stone of wisdom—and I could distinctly understand many of his phrases—for instance, that "we are now to be made happy;" and at the last words the trumpets sounded out, and the people cried *hurrah!* and as I myself cried hurrah, I held fast to the old Prince Elector. And it was really necessary that I should, for I began to grow giddy. It seemed to me as if the people were standing on their heads, because the world whizzed around, while the old Prince Elector, with his long wig, nodded and whispered, "Hold fast to me!" and

not till the cannon re-echoed along the wall did I become sobered, and climbed slowly down from the great bronze horse.

As I went home, I saw the crazy Aloysius again dancing on one leg, while he chattered the names of French generals, and I also beheld crooked Gumpertz rolling in the gutter and growling *ça ira, ça ira,* and I said to my mother that we were all to be made happy, and that on that account we had that day no school.

CHAPTER VII.

The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before—the Roman emperors, chronology, the *nomina* in *im,* the *verba irregularia,* Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic—Lord! my head is still giddy with it!—all must be thoroughly learned. And much of it was eventually to my advantage. For had I not learned the Roman emperors by heart, it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed.

And had I not learned the numbers of the different years, how could I ever, in later years, have found out any one in Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head. Therefore I associated with every friend some historical event, which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met any one whom I visited. For instance, when I met my tailor, I at once thought of the battle of Marathon; if I saw the banker, Christian Gumpel, I remembered the destruction of Jerusalem; if a Portuguese friend, deeply in debt, of the flight of Mahomet; if the university judge, a man whose probity is well known, of the death of Haman; and if Wadzeck, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra. Ah, heaven! the poor creature is dead now; our tears are dry, and we may say of her with Hamlet, "Take her for all in all, she was an old woman; we oft shall look upon her like again!" But as I said, chronology is necessary. I know men who have nothing in their heads but a few years, yet who know exactly where to look for the right houses, and are moreover regular professors. But oh! the trouble I had at school with my learning to count; and it went even

worse with the ready reckoning. I understood best of all *subtraction*, and for this I had a very practical rule, "four can't be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one;" but I advise all in such a case to borrow a few extra dollars, for no one can tell what may happen.

But oh! the Latin. Madame, you can really have no idea of what a mess it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been obliged first to learn Latin.[1] Lucky dogs! they already knew in their cradles the nouns ending in *im*. I, on the contrary, had to learn it by heart, in the sweat of my brow, but still it is well that I knew it. For if I, for example, when I publicly disputed in Latin in the College Hall of Göttingen, on the 20th of July 1825—Madame, it was well worth while to hear it —if I, I say, had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, the blunder would have been evident to the freshmen, and an endless shame for me. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis.* These words, which have attracted so much attention in the world, effected this, inasmuch as they belonged to a determined class, and yet were withal an exception. And the fact that I have them ready at my fingers' ends when I perhaps

[1] Heine took this idea almost *verbatim* from the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*.

need them in a hurry, often affords me in life's darkened hours much internal tranquillity and spiritual consolation. But, Madame, the *verba irregularia*—they are distinguished from the *verbis regularibus* by the fact that the boys in learning them got more whippings—are terribly difficult. In the arched way of the Franciscan cloister near our schoolroom there hung a large Christ-crucified of grey wood, a dismal image, that even yet at times rises in my dreams, and gazes sorrowfully on me with fixed bleeding eyes. Before this image I often stood and prayed, "Oh, Thou poor and also tormented God, I pray Thee, if it be possible, that I may get by heart the irregular verbs!"

I will say nothing of *Greek*, otherwise I should vex myself too much. The monks of the Middle Ages were not so very much in the wrong when they asserted that Greek was an invention of the devil. Lord knows what I suffered through it. It went better with Hebrew, for I always had a great predilection for the Jews, although they to this very hour have crucified my good name. But yet, I never could get so far in Hebrew as my watch did, which had a much more intimate intercourse with pawnbrokers than I, and in consequence acquired many Jewish habits; for instance, it would not go on Saturday, and it learned the holy language, and was subsequently occupied with its grammar, for often when sleepless in the

night I have, to my amazement, heard it industriously repeating, *katal, katalta, katalki—kittel, kittalta, kittalti—pokat, pokadeti—pikat, pik, pik.*

Meanwhile I learned more of German than of any other tongue, though German itself is not such child's play, after all. For we poor Germans, who have already been sufficiently vexed with having soldiers quartered on us, military duties, poll-taxes, and a thousand other exactions, must needs, over and above all this, bag Mr. Adelung, and torment each other with accusatives and datives. I learned much German from the old Rector Schallmeyer, a brave, clerical gentleman, whose protégé I was from childhood. Something of the matter I also learned from Professor Schramm, a man who had written a book on eternal peace, and in whose class my schoolfellows quarrelled and fought with unusual vigour.

And while thus dashing on in a breath, and thinking of everything, I have unexpectedly found myself back among old school stories, and I avail myself of this opportunity to mention, Madame, that it was not my fault if I learned so little of geography that later in life I could not make my way in the world. For in those days the French made an intricate mixture of all limits and boundaries; every day lands were recoloured on the world's map; those which were once blue sud-

denly became green, many indeed were even dyed blood-red; the old established rules were so confused and confounded that the devil himself would never have remembered them. The products of the country were also changed; chickory and beets now grew where only hares and hunters running after them were once to be seen; even the character of different races changed; the Germans became pliant, the French paid compliments no longer; the English ceased making ducks and drakes of their money, and the Venetians were not subtle enough; there was promotion among princes, old kings obtained new uniforms, new kingdoms were cooked up and sold like hot cakes; many potentates were chased, on the other hand, from house and home, and had to find some new way of earning their bread, while others went at once at a trade, and manufactured, for instance, sealing-wax, or—Madame, this paragraph must be brought to an end, or I shall be out of breath—in fine, in such times it is impossible to advance far in geography.

I succeeded better in natural history, for there we find fewer changes, and we always have standard engravings of apes, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceroses, &c., &c. And having many such pictures in my memory, it often happens that at first sight many mortals appear to me like old acquaintances.

I also did well in mythology, and took a real delight in the mob of gods and goddesses who ran so jolly naked about the world. I do not believe that there was a schoolboy in ancient Rome who knew the principal points of his catechism—that is, the loves of Venus—better than I. To tell the plain truth, it seems to me that if we must learn all the heathen gods by heart, we might as well have kept them from the first; and we have not perhaps, made so much out of our New-Roman Trinity or our Jewish unity. Perhaps the old mythology was not in reality so immoral as we imagine, and it was, for example, a very decent idea of Homer to give to the much-loved Venus a husband.

But I succeeded best in the French class of the Abbé d'Aulnoi, a French *emigré* who had written a number of grammars, and wore a red wig, and jumped about very nervously when he recited his *Art poétique* and his German history. He was the only one in the whole gymnasium who taught German history. Still French has its difficulties, and to learn it there must be much quartering of troops, much drumming in, much *apprendre par cœur*, and above all, no one should be a *bête allemande*. From all this resulted many a cross word, and I can remember as though it happened but yesterday, that I got into many a scrape through *la réligion*. I was once asked at least

six times in succession, "Henry, what is the French for 'the faith?'"[1] And six times, ever more weepingly, I replied, "It is called *le crédit.*" And after the seventh question, with his cheeks of a deep red-cherry-rage colour, my furious examinator cried, "It is called *la réligion*"—and there was a rain of blows and a thunder of laughter from all my schoolmates. Madame! since that day I never hear the word *religion* without having my back turn pale with terror, and my cheeks turn red with shame. And to tell the honest truth, *le crédit* has during my life stood me in better stead than *la réligion.* It occurs to me just at this instant that I still owe the landlord of the Lion in Bologna five dollars. And I pledge you my sacred word of honour that I would willingly owe him five dollars more if I could only be certain that I should never again hear that unlucky word, *la réligion,* as long as I live.

Parbleu, Madame! I have succeeded tolerably well in French; for I understand not only *pâtois,* but even aristocratic governess French. Not long ago, when in noble society, I understood full one-half of the conversation of two German countesses, one of whom could count at least sixty-four years,

[1] Heine's real name, or the one given him in baptism, was not Heinrich, Henri, nor Henry, but Harry.

and as many descents. Yes, in the *Café Royal*, I once heard Monsieur Hans Michel Martens talking French, and could understand every word he spoke, though there was no understanding in anything he said. We must know the *spirit* of a language, and this is best learned by *drumming*. *Parbleu!* how much do I not owe to the French drummer who was so long quartered in our house, who looked like the devil, and yet had the good heart of an angel, and who above all this drummed so divinely!

He was a little, nervous figure, with a terrible black moustache, beneath which red lips came bounding suddenly outwards, while his wild eyes shot fiery glances all around.

I, a young shaver, stuck to him like a burr, and helped him to clean his military buttons till they shone like mirrors, and to pipe-clay his vest —for Monsieur Le Grand liked to look well—and I followed him to the watch, to the roll-call, to the parade—in those times there was nothing but the gleam of weapons and merriment—*les jours de fête sont passées!* Monsieur Le Grand knew but a little broken German, only the three principal words in every tongue—"Bread," "Kiss," "Honour"—but he could make himself very intelligible with his drum. For instance, if I knew not what the word *liberté* meant, he drummed the *Marseillaise* — and I understood

him. If I did not understand the word *egalité*, he drummed the march—

> "Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
> Les aristocrats à la lanterne !"

and I understood him. If I did not know what *bêtise* meant, he drummed the Dessauer March, which we Germans, as Goethe also declares, have drummed in Champagne—and I understood him. He once wanted to explain to me the word *l'Allemagne* (or Germany), and he drummed the all too *simple* melody which on market-days is played to dancing-dogs—namely, *dum—dum—dum !* I was vexed, but I understood him for all that ![1]

In like manner he taught me modern history. I did not understand, it is true, the words which he spoke, but as he constantly drummed while speaking, I understood him. This is, fundamentally, the best method. The history of the storming of the Bastile, of the Tuileries, and the like, cannot be correctly understood until we know how *the drumming* was done on such occasions. In our school compendiums of history we merely read: "Their excellencies the Baron and Count, with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid, were beheaded." "Their highnesses the Dukes and Princes, with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid, were beheaded." "His Majesty the

[1] *Dum*, i.e. *dumm*, dumb or stupid.—*Translator.*

King, with his most sublime spouse, the Queen, was beheaded." But when you hear the red march of the guillotine *drummed*, you understand it correctly for the first time, and with it the how and the why. Madame, that is really a wonderful march! It thrilled through marrow and bone when I first heard it, and I was glad that I forgot it. People are apt to forget one thing and another as they grow older, and a young man has now-a-days so much and such a variety of knowledge to keep in his head—whist, Boston, genealogical registers, parliamentary conclusions, dramaturgy, the liturgy, carving—and yet, I assure you that, despite all my jogging up of my brain, I could not for a long time recall that tremendous tune! And only to think, Madame; not long ago I sat one day at table with a whole menagerie of counts, princes, princesses, chamberlains, court-marshalesses, seneschals, upper court mistresses, court keepers of the royal plate, court hunters' wives, and whatever else these aristocratic domestics are termed, and *their* under-domestics ran about behind their chairs and shoved full plates before their mouths; but I, who was passed by and neglected, sat at leisure without the least occupation for my jaws, and kneaded little bread-balls, and drummed with my fingers; and, to my astonishment, I found myself suddenly drumming the red, long-forgotten guillotine march.

"And what happened?" Madame, the good people were not in the least disturbed, nor did they know that *other* people, when they can get nothing to eat, suddenly begin to drum, and that, too, very queer marches, which people have long forgotten.

Is drumming now an inborn talent, or was it early developed in me? Enough, it lies in my limbs, in my hands, in my feet, and often involuntarily manifests itself. I once sat at Berlin in the lecture-room of the Privy Councillor Schmaltz, a man who had saved the state by his book on the "Red and Black Coat Danger." You remember, perhaps, Madame, that in Pausanias we are told that by the braying of an ass an equally dangerous plot was once discovered, and you also know from Livy, or from "Becker's History of the World," that geese once saved the Capitol, and you must certainly know from Sallust that by the chattering of a loquacious *putain*, the Lady Livia, that the terrible conspiracy of Catiline came to light. But to return to the mutton aforesaid. I listened to popular law and right in the lecture-room of the Herr Privy Councillor Schmaltz, and it was a lazy sleepy summer afternoon, and I sat on the bench, and little by little I listened less and less—my head had gone to sleep—when all at once I was wakened by the roll of my own feet, which had *not* gone to sleep, and

had probably observed that anything but popular rights and constitutional tendencies was being preached, and my feet, which, with the little eyes of their corns, had seen more of how things go in the world than the Privy Councillor with his Juno eyes—these poor dumb feet, incapable of expressing their immeasurable meaning by words, strove to make themselves intelligible by drumming, and they drummed so loudly that I thereby came near getting into a terrible scrape.

Cursed, unreflecting feet! They once acted as though they were corned indeed, when I on a time in Göttingen sponged, without subscribing, on the lectures of Professor Saalfeld, and as this learned gentleman, with his angular activity, jumped about here and there in his pulpit, and heated himself in order to curse the Emperor Napoleon in regular set style, right and left—no, my poor feet, I cannot blame you for drumming *then*—indeed, I would not have blamed you if in your dumb naïveté you had expressed yourselves by still more energetic movements. How could *I*, the scholar of Le Grand, hear the Emperor cursed? The Emperor! the Emperor! the great Emperor!

When I think of the great Emperor, all in my memory again becomes summer-green and golden. A long avenue of lindens rises blooming around, on the leafy twigs sit singing nightingales, the

waterfall rustles, flowers are growing from full round beds, dreamily nodding their fair heads: I stood amidst them once in wondrous intimacy, the rouged tulips, proud as beggars, condescendingly greeted me, the nervous sick lilies nodded with woeful tenderness, the tipsy red roses nodded at me at first sight from a distance, the night-violets sighed; with the myrtle and laurel I was not then acquainted, for they did not entice with a shining bloom, but the mignonnette, with whom I am now on such bad terms, was my very particular friend. I am speaking of the Court garden of Düsseldorf, where I often lay upon the bank, and piously listened there when Monsieur Le Grand told of the warlike feats of the great Emperor, beating meanwhile the marches which were drummed during the deeds, so that I saw and heard all to the life. I saw the passage over the Simplon—the Emperor in advance and his brave grenadiers climbing on behind him, while the scream of frightened birds of prey sounded around, and the glaciers thundered in the distance—I saw the Emperor with flag in hand on the bridge of Lodi—I saw the Emperor in his grey cloak at Marengo—I saw the Emperor mounted in the battle of the Pyramids, naught around save powder, smoke, and Mamelukes—I saw the Emperor in the battle of Austerlitz—ha! how the bullets whistled over the smooth, icy road!—

I saw, I heard the battle of Jena—*dum, dum, dum*—I saw, I heard the battles of Eylau, of Wagram—no, I could hardly stand it! Monsieur Le Grand drummed so that I nearly burst my own sheepskin.

CHAPTER VIII.

But what were my feelings when I first saw with highly blest and with my own eyes *him*, Hosannah! the Emperor!

It was exactly in the avenue of the Court garden at Düsseldorf. As I pressed through the gaping crowd, thinking of the doughty deeds and battles which Monsieur Le Grand had drummed to me, my heart beat the "general march"—yet at the same time I thought of the police regulation that no one should dare under penalty of five dollars fine ride through the avenue. And the Emperor with his *cortège* rode directly down the avenue. The trembling trees bowed towards him as he advanced, the sun-rays quivered, frightened, yet curiously through the green leaves, and in the blue heaven above there swam visibly a golden star. The Emperor wore his invisible-green uniform and the little world-renowned hat.

He rode a white palfrey, which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly—had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia I would have envied that horse. The Emperor sat carelessly, almost lazily, holding with one hand his rein, and with the other good-naturedly patting the neck of the horse. It was a sunny marble hand, a mighty hand—one of the pair which bound fast the many-headed monster of anarchy, and reduced to order the war of races—and it good-naturedly patted the neck of the horse. Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble Greek and Roman busts, the traits were as nobly proportioned as in the antiques, and on that countenance was plainly written, "Thou shalt have no gods before me!" A smile, which warmed and tranquillised every heart, flitted over the lips—and yet all knew that those lips needed but to whistle, *et la Prusse n'existait plus*—those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing—those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire Holy Roman realm would have danced. It was an eye clear as heaven; it could read the hearts of men; it saw at a glance all things at once, and as they were in this world, while we ordinary mortals see them only one by one and by their shaded hues. The brow was not so clear, the phantoms of future battles were nestling there, and there was a quiver

which swept over the brow, and those were the creative thoughts, the great seven-mile-boots thoughts wherewith the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world; and I believe that every one of those thoughts would have given to a German author full material wherewith to write all the days of his life.

The Emperor rode calmly straight through the avenue; no policeman stopped him; behind his *cortège* rode proudly, loaded with gold and ornaments, on panting horses; the trumpets pealed; near me crazy Aloysius spun round and snarled the names of his generals; not far off growled the tipsy Gumpert, and the multitude cried with a thousand voices, "*Es lebe der Kaiser!*"—Long live the Emperor!

CHAPTER IX.

THE Emperor is dead. On a waste island in the Indian Sea lies his lonely grave, and he for whom the world was too narrow lies silently under a little hillock, where five weeping willows hang their green heads, and a gentle little brook, murmuring sorrowfully, ripples by. There is no inscription on his tomb; but Clio, with unerring pen, has written thereon invisible words, which

will resound, like spirit-tones, through thousands of years.

Britannia! the sea is thine. But the sea hath not water enough to wash away the shame with which the death of that mighty one hath covered thee. Not thy windy Sir Hudson—no, thou thyself wert the Sicilian bravo with whom perjured kings bargained, that they might revenge on the man of the people that which the people had once inflicted on one of themselves. And he was thy guest, and had seated himself by thy hearth.

Until the latest times the boys of France will sing and tell of the terrible hospitality of the *Bellerophon,* and when those songs of mockery and tears resound across the strait, there will be a blush on the cheeks of every honourable Briton. But a day will come when this song will ring thither, and there will be no Britannia in existence—when the people of pride will be humbled to the earth, when Westminster's monuments will be broken, and when the royal dust which they enclosed will be forgotten. And St. Helena is the holy grave whither the races of the east and of the west will make their pilgrimage in ships, with pennons of many a hue, and their hearts will grow strong with great memories of the deeds of the worldly saviour, who suffered and died under Sir Hudson Lowe, as it is written in the evangelists, Las Casas, O'Meara, and Automarchi.

Strange! A terrible destiny has already overtaken the three greatest enemies of the Emperor. Londonderry has cut his throat, Louis XVIII. has rotted away on his throne, and Professor Saalfield is still, as before, professor in Göttingen.

CHAPTER X.

It was a clear frosty morning in autumn as a young man, whose appearance denoted the student, slowly loitered through the avenue of the Düsseldorf Court garden, often, as in child-like mood, pushing aside with wayward feet the leaves which covered the ground, and often sorrowfully gazing towards the bare trees, on which a few golden-hued leaves still fluttered in the breeze. As he thus gazed up, he thought on the words of Glaucus:—

"Like the leaves in the forests, e'en so are the races of mortals;
Leaves are blown down to the earth by the wind, while others are driven
Away by the green budding wood, when fresh up-liveth the spring-tide;
So the races of man—this grows and the other departeth."

In earlier days the youth had gazed with far different eyes on the same trees. When he was a boy he had there sought birds' nests or summer

chafers, which delighted his very soul, as they merrily hummed around, and were glad in the beautiful world, and were contented with a sap-green leaf and a drop of water, with a warm sun-ray and with the perfume of the herbage. In those times the boy's heart was as gay as the fluttering insects. But now his heart had grown older, its little sun-rays were quenched, its flowers had faded, even its beautiful dream of love had grown dim; in that poor heart was naught save wanton will and care, and to say the worst—it was my heart.

I had returned that day to my old father-town, but I would not remain there over-night, and I longed for Godesberg, that I might sit at the feet of my lady friend and tell of the little Veronica. I had visited the dear graves. Of all my living friends, I had found but an uncle and an aunt. Even when I met once known forms in the street, they knew me no more, and the town itself gazed on me with strange glances. Many houses were coloured anew, strange faces gazed on me through the window-panes, worn out old sparrows hopped on the old chimneys; everything looked dead and yet fresh, like a salad growing in a grave-yard. Where French was once spoken I now heard the Prussian dialect; even a little Prussian court had taken up its retired dwelling there, and the people bore court titles. The hairdresser of my mother had now become the Court-hairdresser

and there were Court-tailors, Court-shoemakers, Court-bed-bug-destroyers, Court-groggeries — the whole town seemed to be a court-hospital for courtly spiritual invalids. Only the old Prince Elector knew me; he still stood in the same old place; but he seemed to have grown thinner. For just because he stood in the market-place, he had had a full view of all the miseries of the time, and people seldom grow fat on such sights. I was as if in a dream, and thought of the legend of the enchanted city, and hastened out of the gate, lest I should awake too soon. I missed many a tree in the Court garden, and many had grown crooked with age, and the four great poplars which once seemed to me like green giants had become smaller. Pretty girls were walking here and there, dressed as gaily as wandering tulips. And I had known these tulips when they were but little bulbs; for ah! they were the neighbour's children with whom I had once played "Princess in the Tower." But the fair maidens, whom I had once known as blooming roses were now faded roses, and in many a high brow whose pride had once filled my heart, Saturn had cut deep wrinkles with his scythe. And now for the first time, and alas! too late, I understood what those glances meant, which they had once cast on the adolescent boy; for I had meanwhile in other lands fathomed the meaning of

similar passages in other lovely eyes. I was deeply moved by the humble bow of a man, whom I had once known as wealthy and respectable, and who had since become a beggar. Everywhere in the world, we see that men when they once begin to fall, do so according to Newton's theory, ever faster and faster in ratio as they descend to misery. One, however, who did not seem to be in the least changed was the little Baron, who tripped merrily as of old through the Court garden, holding with one hand his left coat-skirt on high, and with the other swinging hither and thither his light cane;—he still had the same genial face as of old, its rosy bloom now somewhat concentrated towards the nose, but he wore the same nine-pin hat, and the same old queue behind, only that the hairs which peeped from it were now white instead of black. But merry as the old Baron seemed, it was still evident that he had suffered much sorrow; his face would fain conceal it, but the white hairs of his queue betrayed him behind his back; yet the queue itself seemed striving to lie, so merrily yet sadly did it shake.

I was not weary, but a fancy seized me to sit once more on the wooden bench, on which I had once carved the name of my love. I could hardly discover it among the many new names, which had since been cut around. Ah! once I slept

upon this bench, and dreamed of happiness and love. "Dreams are foams and gleams." And the old plays of childhood came again to my soul, and with them old and beautiful stories; but a new treacherous game, and a new terrible tale ever resounded through all, and it was the story of two poor souls who were false to each other, and went so far in their untruth, that they were at last unfaithful to the good God himself. It is a bad, sad story, and when one has nothing better on hand to do, he can well weep over it. Oh, Lord! once the world was so beautiful, and the birds sang thy eternal praise, and little Veronica looked at me with silent eyes, and we sat by the marble statue before the castle court. On one side lies an old ruined castle, wherein ghosts wander, and at night a headless dame in long, trailing, black silken garments, sweeps around; on the other side is a high, white dwelling in whose upper rooms gay pictures gleamed beautifully in their golden frames, while below stood thousands of great books which Veronica and I beheld with longing, when the good Ursula lifted us up to the window. In later years, when I had become a great boy, I climbed every day to the very top of the library ladder, and brought down the topmost books, and read in them so long, that finally I feared nothing—least of all ladies without heads —and became so wise that I forgot all the old

games and stories and pictures, and little Veronica, whose very name I also forgot.

But while I, sitting upon the bench in the Court garden, dreamed my way back into the past, there was a sound behind me of the confused voices of men lamenting the ill fortune of the poor French soldiers, who having been taken prisoners in the Russian war and sent to Siberia, had there been kept prisoners for many a long year, though peace had been re-established, and who now were returning home. As I looked up, I beheld in reality several of these orphan children of Fame. Through their tattered uniforms peeped naked misery, deep sorrowing eyes were couched in their desolate faces, and though mangled, weary, and mostly lame, something of the military manner was still visible in their mien. Singularly enough, they were preceded by a drummer who tottered along with a drum, and I shuddered as I recalled the old legend of soldiers who had fallen in battle, and who by night rising again from their graves on the battlefield, and with the drummer at their head, marched back to their native city. And of them the old ballad sings thus :—

"He beat on the drum with might and main ;
To their old night-quarters they go again ;
Through the lighted street they come ;
Trallerie—trallerei—trallera,
They march before Sweetheart's home.

Thus the dead return ere break of day,
Like tombstones white in their cold array,
And the drummer he goes before ;
Trallerie—trallerei—trallera,
And we see them come no more."

Truly the poor French drummer seemed to have risen but half repaired from the grave. He was but a little shadow in a dirty patched grey capote, a dead yellow countenance, with a great mustache which hung down sorrowfully over his faded lips, his eyes were like burnt-out tinder, in which but a few sparks still gleamed, and yet by one of those sparks I recognised Monsieur Le Grand.

He too recognised me, and drew me to the turf, and we sat down together as of old, when he taught me on the drum French and Modern History. He had still the well-known old drum, and I could not sufficiently wonder how he had preserved it from Russian plunderers. And he drummed again as of old, but without speaking a word. But though his lips were firmly pressed together, his eyes spoke all the more, flashing fiercely and victoriously, as he drummed the old marches. The poplars near us trembled as he again thundered forth the red march of the guillotine. And he drummed, as before, the old battles for freedom, the deeds of the Emperor, and it seemed as though the drum itself were a living creature which rejoiced to speak out its inner soul. I

heard once more the cannon thunder, the whistling of balls, the riot of battle, the death-rage of the Guards—I saw once more the waving flags, again the Emperor on his steed;—but little by little there fell a sad tone in amid the most stirring confusion; sounds rang from the drum in which the wildest hurrahs and the most fearful grief were mysteriously mingled; it seemed a march of victory and a march of death. Le Grand's eyes opened spirit-like and wide, and I saw in them nothing but a broad white field of ice covered with corpses—it was the battle of Moscow.

I had never imagined that the hard old drum could give forth such wailing sounds as Monsieur Le Grand had drawn from it. They were tears which he drummed, and they sounded ever softer and softer, and like a troubled echo deep sighs broke from Le Grand's breast. And they became ever more languid and ghost-like; his dry hands trembled as if from frost; he sat as in a dream, and stirred with his drum-stick nothing but the air, and seemed listening to voices far away; and at last he gazed on me with a deep—oh, so deep and entreating a glance. I understood him—and then his head sunk down on the drum.

In this life Monsieur Le Grand never drummed more. And his drum never gave forth another sound, for it was not destined to serve the enemies

of liberty for their servile roll-calls. I had well understood the last entreating glance of Le Grand, and I at once drew the rapier from my cane, and with it pierced the drum.

CHAPTER XI.

Du *sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas,* Madame!

But life is in reality so terribly serious that it would be insupportable were it not for these unions of the pathetic and the comic, as our poets well know. Aristophanes only exhibits the most harrowing forms of human madness in the laughing mirror of wit; Goethe only presumes to set forth the fearful pain of thought comprehending its own nothingness in the doggrel of a puppet-show, and Shakespeare puts the most agonising lamentations on the misery of the world in the mouth of a fool, who meanwhile rattles his cap and bells in all the nervous suffering of pain.

They have all learned from the great First Poet, who, in his World Tragedy in thousands of acts, knows how to carry *humour* to the highest point, as we see every day:—after the departure of the heroes, the clowns and *graciosos* enter with their baubles and lashes, and after the bloody scenes of the Revolution there came waddling on the stage

the fat Bourbons, with their stale jokes and tender "legitimate" *bon mots,* and the old noblesse with their starved laughter hopped merrily before them, while behind all swept the pious Capuchins with candles, cross, and banners of the Church. Yes, even in the highest pathos of the World Tragedy bits of fun slip in. It may be that the desperate republican, who, like a Brutus, plunged a knife to his heart, first smelt it to see whether some one had not split a herring with it—and on this great stage of the world all passes exactly the same as on our beggarly boards. On it, too, there are tipsy heroes, kings who forget their parts, scenes which obstinately stay up in the air, prompters' voices sounding above everything, *danseuses* who create astonishing effects with their leg-poetry, and, above all, *costumes,* which are and ever will be the main thing. And high in heaven, in the first row of the boxes, sit the lovely angels, and keep their *lorgnettes* on us poor sinners comedianising here down below, and the blessed Lord himself sits seriously in his splendid seat, and, perhaps, finds it dull, or calculates that this theatre cannot be kept up much longer because this one gets too high a salary, and that one too little, and that they altogether play far too indifferently.

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame! As I ended the last chapter narrating to you how Monsieur Le Grand died, and how I

conscientiously executed the *testamentum militare*, which lay in his last glance, some one knocked at my room-door, and there entered an old woman, who asked pleasantly if I were not a doctor. And as I assented, she asked me in a friendly, patronising tone to go with her to her house, that I might there cut the corns of her husband.

CHAPTER XII.

THE German censors of the press— —— ——
—— —— —— —— —— —— ——
—— —— —— —— —— —— ——
—— —— —— —— —— —— ——
—— —— blockheads —— ——
—— —— —— —— —— —— ——
—— —— —— —— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——

CHAPTER XIII.

MADAME! under Leda's productive hemispheres lay in embryo the whole Trojan world, and you could never understand the far-famed tears of Priam if I did not first tell you of the ancient

eggs of the swan; therefore, I pray you, do not complain of my digressions. In every foregoing and foregone chapter there is not a line which does not belong to the business in hand. I write in bonds; I avoid all superfluity; I ever and often neglect the necessary. For instance, I have not regularly cited, I do not mean spirits, but, on the contrary, beings which are often quite spiritless, that is to say, authors; and yet the citation of old and new books is the chief pleasure of a young author, and a few fundamentally erudite quotations often adorn the entire man. Never believe, Madame, that I am wanting in knowledge of titles of books. Moreover, I have caught the knack of those great souls who know how to pick corianders out of biscuit and citations from college lecture-books; and I can also tell whence Bartle brought the new wine. Nay, in case of need, I can negotiate a loan of quotations from my learned friends. My friend G——, in Berlin, is, so to speak, a little Rothschild in quotations, and will gladly lend me a few millions; and if he does not happen to have them about him, I can easily find some cosmopolite spiritual bankers who have. Apropos, Madame, the three per cent. Böckhs are dull, but the five per cent. Hegels have risen. But what need of loans have I, who am a man who stands well with the world, and have my annual income of 10,000 quotations to spend at

will? I have even discovered the art of passing off forged quotations for genuine. If any wealthy literary man—for instance, Michael Beer—would like to buy this secret, I will cheerfully sell it for 19,000 current dollars, or will trade with him. Another of my discoveries I will impart gratis for the benefit of literature.

I hold it to be an advisable thing when quoting from an obscure author to invariably give the number of his house.

These "good men and bad musicians," as the orchestra is termed in *Ponce de Leon*—these unknown authors almost invariably still possess a copy of their long out-of-print works, and to hunt up this latter it is necessary to know the number of their houses. If I wanted, for example, to find "Spitta's Song Book for Travelling Journeymen Mechanics," my dear Madame, where would *you* look for the book? But if quoted—

"*Vide* Song Book for Travelling Journeymen Apprentices, by P. Spitta, Lüneburg, Lüner Street, No. 2, right hand, around the corner."

—— So you could, if it were worth your while, Madame, hunt up the book. But it is *not* worth the while.

Moreover, Madame, you can have no idea of the *facility* with which I quote. Everywhere do I discover opportunities to parade my profound pedantry. If I chance to mention eating, I at

once remark in a note that the Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews also ate; I quote all the costly dishes which were prepared by Lucullus's cook—woe me, that I was born fifteen hundred years too late. I also remark that these meals were called this, that, or the other by the Romans, and that the Spartans ate bad black broth. After all, it is well that I did not live in *those* days, for I can imagine nothing more terrible than if I, poor devil, had been a Spartan. Soup is my favourite dish. Madame, I have thought of going next year to London, but if it is really true that no soup is to be had there, a deep longing will soon drive me back to the soup flesh-pots of the Fatherland. I could also dilate by the hour on the cookery of the ancient Hebrews, and also descend into the kitchen of the Jews of the present day. I may cite apropos of this the entire *Steinweg*. I might also allege the refined manner in which many Berlin *savans* have expressed themselves relative to Jewish eating, which would lead me to the other excellences and pre-eminencies of the chosen people to which we are indebted—as, for instance, their invention of bills of exchange and Christianity. But hold! it will hardly do for me to praise the latter too highly, not having as yet made much use of it, and I believe that the Jews themselves have not profited so much by it as by their bills of exchange. While on the Jews I could

appropriately quote Tacitus; he says that they honoured asses in their temples, and what a field of rich erudition and quotation opens on us here! How many a noteworthy thing can be adduced on ancient asses as opposed to the modern! How intelligent were the former, and, ah! how stupid are the latter! How reasonably, for instance, spoke the ass of B. Balaam!

Vide Pentat. Lib. — — —

Madame, I have not the work just at hand, and will here leave a *hiatus* to be filled at a convenient opportunity. On the other hand, to confirm my assertion of the dulness, tameness, and stupidity of modern asses, I may allege

Vide — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — No, I will leave these quotations also unquoted, otherwise I myself will be cited—namely, *injuriarum* or for *scan. mag.* The modern asses are great asses. The antique asses, who had reached such a pitch of refinement

Vide Gesneri *de antiqua honestate asinorum.*
(*In comment. Götting.* t. ii. p. 32).

— would turn in their graves could they hear how people talk about their descendants. Once "Ass" was an honourable title, signifying as much as "Court Councillor," "Baron," "Doctor of Philosophy." Jacob compared his son Issachar to one,

Homer his hero Ajax, and now we compare Mr. von —— to the same.

Madame, while speaking of *such* asses I could sink deep into literary history, and mention all the great men who ever were in love—for example, Abelardus, Picus Mirandola, Borbonius, Curtesius, Angelus Politianus, Raymondus Lullius, and Henricus Heineus. While on *Love* I could mention all the great men who never smoked tobacco, as, for instance, Cicero, Justinian, Goethe, Hugo, I myself—by chance it happens that we are all five a sort of half-and-half lawyers. Mabillion could not for an instant endure the piping of another, for in his *Itinere Germanico* he complains as regarded the German taverns, "*quod molestus ipsi fuerit tabaci grave olentis foetor.*" On the other hand, very great men have manifested an extraordinary partiality for tobacco. Raphael Thorus wrote a hymn in its praise. Madame, you may not perhaps be aware that Isaac Elzevir published it in 1628 at Leyden in quarto, and Ludovicus Kinschot wrote an oration in verses on the same subject. Grævius has even composed a sonnet on the soothing herb, and the great Boxhornius also loved tobacco. Bayle, in his *Dict. Hist. et Critiq.*, remarks of him that in smoking he wore a hat with a broad brim, in the forepart of which he had a hole, through which the pipe was stuck that it might not hinder his studies.

Apropos of Boxhornius, I might cite all the great literati who were threatened with bucks' horns, and who ran away in terror. But I will only mention Joh. Georg Martius: *de fuga literatorum, et cetera, etc., &c.* If we go through history, Madame, we find that all great men have been obliged to run away once in their lives: Lot, Tarquin, Moses, Jupiter, Madame de Staël, Nebuchadnezzar, Benjowsky, Mahomet, the whole Prussian army, Gregory VII., Rabbi Jizchak Abarbanel, Rousseau — to which I could add very many other names, as, for instance, those whose names stand on the black board of the Exchange.[1]

So, Madame, you see that I am not wanting in well-grounded erudition and profundity. Only in systematology am I a little behindhand. As a genuine German, I ought to have begun this book with a full explanation of its title, as is usual in the Holy Roman Empire, by custom and by prescription. Phidias, it is true, made no preface to his Jupiter, as little to the Medicean Venus—I have regarded her from every point of view, without finding the slightest introduction; but the old Greeks were Greeks, and when a man is a decent,

[1] In some German cities the names of absconding bankrupts are permanently placarded on the Exchange. In America, such names are published in a much more original manner, viz., by changing them into verbs synonymous of "grabbing and bolting," *e.g.*, to Swartwout, to Schuylerise.

honest, honourable German, he cannot lay aside his German nature, and I must accordingly "hold forth" in regular order on the title of my book.

Madame, I shall consequently proceed to speak

I. Of ideas.

A. Of ideas in general.

α. Of reasonable ideas.

β. Of unreasonable ideas.

a. Of ordinary ideas.

β. Of ideas covered with green leather.

These are again divided into — — — as will appear in due time and place.

CHAPTER XIV.

MADAME, have you, on the whole, an idea of an idea? What *is* an idea? "There are some good ideas in the build of this coat," said my tailor to me, as he with earnest attention gazed on the overcoat which dates in its origin from my Berlin dandy days, and from which a respectable quiet dressing-gown is now to be manufactured. My washerwoman complains that the Reverend Mr. S—— has been putting "ideas" into the head of her daughter, which have made her foolish and unreasonable. The coachman, Pattensen, grumbles out on every occasion, "That's an idea! that's

an idea!" Yesterday evening he was regularly vexed when I inquired what sort of a thing he imagined an idea to be? And vexedly did he growl, "*Nu*, *Nu*,—an idea is an idea!—an idea is any d——d nonsense that a man gets into his head." It is in this signification that the word is used as the title of a book by the Court Councillor Heeren in Göttingen.

The coachman Pattensen is a man who can find his way through night and mist over the broad Lüneburger Heath;—the Court Councillor Heeren is one who, with equally cunning instinct, can discover the ancient caravan road to the East, and plods on thither as safely and as patiently as any *camel* of antiquity.[1] We can trust such people and follow them without doubt, and therefore I have entitled this book "Ideas."

But the title of the book signifies, on that account, as little as the title of its author. It was chosen by him under any inspiration save that of pride, and should be interpreted to signify anything but vanity. Accept, Madame, my most sorrowful assurance that I am not vain. This remark—as you yourself were about to remark—is necessary. I am not vain—I would not become so if a forest of laurels grew on my head and a

[1] A *camel* in French means a prostitute, and in German a stupid, plodding man.

sea of incense were poured into my young heart, still I would not be vain. My friends, as well as divers more or less contemptible contemporaries, have fully taken care of *that* in advance of you. You know, Madame, that old women are accustomed to take children down a little when any one praised their beauty lest praise might hurt the little darlings. You remember, too, Madame, that in Rome when any one who had gained a military triumph and rode like a god, crowned with glory and arrayed in purple on his golden chariot with white horses from the *Campus Martius*, amid a festal train of lictors, musicians, dancers, priests, slaves, elephants, trophy-bearers, consuls, senators, soldiers: then behind him the vulgar mob sang all manner of mocking songs. And you know, Madame, that in our beloved Germany there are many old women and a very great vulgar mob.

As I intimated, Madame, the ideas here alluded to are as remote from those of Plato as Athens from Göttingen, and you should no more form undue expectations as to the book than as to its author. In fact, how the latter could ever have excited anything of the sort is as incomprehensible to me as to my friends. The Countess Julia explains the matter by assuring us that when he says anything really witty and original, he only does it to humbug the world, and that he is in fact as stupid as any other mortal. That is false

—I do not humbug at all; I sing just as my bill grows. I write in all innocence and simplicity whatever comes into my head, and it is not my fault if that happens to be something dashed with genius. At any rate, I have better luck in writing than in the Altona Lottery—I wish that it was the other way—and there come from my pen many heart-stunners, many *choirs* of thought,[1] all of which is done by the Lord; for HE who has denied to the most devoted psalm-makers and moral poets all beautiful thoughts and all literary reputation, lest they should be praised too much by their earthly fellow-creatures, and thereby forget heaven, where the angels have already engaged board for them in advance—HE, I say, provides us other profane, sinful, heretical authors, for whom heaven is as good as nailed up, all the more with admirable ideas and earthly fame, and this indeed from divine grace and mercy, so that the poor souls, since they are really here, be not altogether wanting, and that they may at least enjoy upon earth some of that joy which is denied to them in heaven.

Vide Goethe and the tract-writers.

You consequently see, Madame, that you can, without distrust, read my writings, as they set forth the grace and mercy of God. I write in

[1] Quires of thought. *Gedankenquaterne.*

blind reliance on His omnipotence. I am in this respect a true Christian author, and, to speak like Gubitz, even in this present paragraph do not know exactly how I am going to bring it to an end, and to effect it I trust entirely to the aid of the Lord. And how could I write without this pious reliance?—for lo! even now there stands before me the devil from Langhoff's printing-office, waiting for copy, and the new-born word wanders warm and wet to the press, and what I at this instant think and feel may to-morrow be waste paper.

It is all very fine, Madame, to remind me of the Horatian *nonum prematur in annum.* This rule, like many others, may be very pretty in theory, but is worth little in practice. When Horace gave to the author that celebrated precept, to let his works lie nine years in the desk, he should also have given with it a receipt for living nine years without food. While Horace was inventing this advice, he sat, in all probability, at the table of Mæcenas eating roast turkey with truffles, pheasant puddings with venison sauce, ribs of larks with mangled turnips, peacock's tongues, Indian bird's nests, and the Lord knows what all, and everything *gratis* at that. But we, the unlucky ones, born too late, live in another sort of times. Our Mæcenases have an altogether different set of principles; they believe that

authors, like medlars, are best after they have lain some time on straw; they believe that literary hounds are spoiled for hunting similes and thoughts if they are fed too high; and when they do take it into their heads to give to some one a feed, it is generally the worst dog who gets the biggest piece,—some fawning spaniel who licks the hand, or diminutive "King Charles" who knows how to cuddle up into a lady's perfumed lap, or some patient puppy of a poodle, who has learned some bread-earning science, and who can fetch and carry, dance, and drum. While I write this, my little pug-dog behind me begins to bark. Be still there, *Ami!* I did not mean you, for you love me, and accompany your master about, in need and danger, and you would die on my grave, as true-heartedly as many other German dogs, who, turned away, lie before the gates of Germany, and hunger and whine. Excuse me, Madame, for digressing merely to vindicate the honour of my dog:—I now return to the Horatian rule and its inapplicability in the nineteenth century, when poets are compelled to make cream-pot love to the Muse. *Ma foi*, Madame, I could never observe that rule for four-and-twenty hours, let alone nine years; *my* belly has no appreciation of the beauties of immortality. I have thought the matter over, and concluded that it is better to be only half immortal and altogether fat; and if Voltaire was

willing to give three hundred years of his eternal fame for one good digestion, so would I give twice as much for the dinner itself. And oh! what lovely beautiful eating there is in this world! The philosopher Pangloss is right—it is the best world! But one must have money in this best of worlds—money in the pocket, not manuscripts in the desk. Mr. Marr, mine host of "The King of England," is himself an author, and also knows the Horatian rule, but I do not believe that if I wished to put it into practice, he would feed me for nine years.

And why, in fact, should I practise it? I have so much which is good to write of, that I have no occasion to fritter away time over "tight papers." So long as my heart is full of love, and the heads of my fellow-mortals full of folly, I shall never be hot pressed for writing material. And my heart will ever love so long as there are women; should it cool over one, it will immediately fire up over another, and as the king never dies in France, so the queen never dies in my heart, where the word is *La reine est morte, vive la reine!* And in like manner the folly of my fellow-mortals will live for ever. For there is but one wisdom, and it hath its fixed limits, but there are a thousand illimitable follies. The learned casuist and carer for souls, Schupp, even saith that in the world are more fools than human beings.

Vide Schupp's "Instructive Writings," p. 1121.

If we remember that the great Schuppius lived in Hamburg, we may find that his statistical return was not exaggerated. I am now in the same place, and may say that I really become cheerful, and when I reflect that all these fools whom I see here can be used in my writings; they are cash down, ready money, I feel like a diamond in cotton. The Lord hath blessed me; the fool-crop has turned out uncommonly well this year, and, like a good landlord, I consume only a few at a time, and lay up the best for the future. People see me out walking, and wonder that I am jolly and cheerful. Like a rich, plump merchant, who, rubbing his hands with genial joy, wanders here and there amid chests, bales, boxes, and casks, even so do I wander around among my people. Ye are all my mine own! Ye are all equally dear to me, and I love ye, as ye yourselves love your own gold, and that is more than a little. Oh, how I laughed from my heart when I lately heard that one of my people had asserted with concern that he knew not how I could live, or what means I had; and yet he himself is such a first-rate fool that I could live from him alone as on a capital. Many a fool is, however, to me not only ready money, but I have already determined in my own mind what is to be done with the cash which I intend to write out of him. Thus, for instance,

from a certain well-lined plump millionaire I shall write me a certain well-lined plump arm-chair. From his fat millionairess I will buy me a horse. When I see the plump old gentleman—a camel will get into heaven before that man would ever go through the eye of a needle—when I see him waddling along on the Promenade, a wondrous feeling steals over me. I salute him involuntarily, though I have no acquaintance with him, and he greets me again so invitingly, that I would fain avail myself of his goodness on the spot and sit on him at once, and am only prevented by the sight of the many gaily dressed people passing by. His lady wife is not so bad-looking; she has, it is true, only one eye, but that is all the greener on that account; her nose is like the tower which looketh forth towards Damascus; her bosom is broad as the billowy sea, and all sorts of ribbons flutter above it, like the flags of the ships which have long since sailed over this ocean bosom—it makes one sea-sick just to glance at it; her neck is quite as fair and plumply rounded as—the comparison will be found further on—and on the violet blue curtain which covers this comparison, thousands on thousands of silkworms have spun away their lives. And I stand there, with folded arms, looking pleasedly on her as she goes, and reflect whether I shall ride my steed with a curbed bit or a snaffle-bridle. People who see me stand-

ing thus cannot conceive what there can be in the lady which so attracts me. Meddling scandal-bearing tongues have already tried to make her husband uneasy, and insinuated that I looked on his wife with the eye of a *roué*. But my honest, soft leather chair has answered that he regards me as an innocent, even somewhat bashful youth, who looks carefully, like one desirous of nearer acquaintance, but who is restrained by blushing bashfulness. My lady steed thinks, on the contrary, that I have a free, independent, chivalric air, and that my salutatory politeness only expresses a wish to be invited for once to dinner with her.

You see, Madame, that I can thus use everybody, and that the city directory is really the inventory of my property. And I can consequently never become bankrupt, for my creditors themselves are my profits, or will be changed to such. Moreover, as I before said, I live economically,—d——d economically! For instance, while I write this, I sit in a dark, noisy room, on the "Dismal street;" but I cheerfully endure it, for I could, if I only chose, sit in the most beautiful garden, as well as my friends and my loves, for I only need at once realise my *schnapps-clients*. These, Madame, consist of decayed hairdressers, broken-down panders, bankrupt keepers of eating-houses, who themselves can get nothing to eat—finished blackguards, who know where to seek me,

and who, for the wherewithal to buy a drink (money down), furnish me with all the *chronique scandaleuse* of their quarter of the town. Madame, you wonder that I do not, once for all, kick such a pack out of doors? Why, Madame, what can you be thinking of? These people are my flowers. Some day I will write them all down in a beautiful book, with the proceeds from which I will buy me a garden, and their red, yellow, blue, and variegated countenances now appear to me like the flowers of that fair garden. What do I care if strange noses assert that these flowers smell of aniseed brandy, tobacco, cheese, and blasphemy! My own nose, the chimney of my head, wherein the chimney-sweep of my imagination climbs up and down, asserts the contrary, and smells in the fellows nothing but the perfume of roses, violets, pinks, and tuberoses. Oh, how gloriously will I some morning sit in my garden, listening to the song of the birds, and warm my limbs in the blessed sunshine, and inhale the fresh breath of the leaves, and, as I glance at the flowers, think of my old blackguards!

At present I sit near the dark "Dismal street," in my darker room, and please myself by hanging up in it the greatest "obscurity" of the country, "*Mais est ce que vous verrez plus clair alors?*"[1]

[1] *Obscurant*, any one who "rays out darkness," political or social; one who is not a child of light, a reactionary, an anti-progressive.

Apparently, Madame, such is the case, but do not misunderstand me; I do not mean that I hang up the man himself, but the crystal lamp which I intend to buy with the money I mean to write out of him. Meanwhile, I believe that it would be clearer through all creation if we could hang up the "obscurities," not in imagination, but in reality. But if they cannot be hung they must be branded—I again speak figuratively, referring to branding *en effigie*. It is true that Herr von White—he is white and innocent as a lily—tried to whitewash over my assertion in Berlin that he had really been branded. On account of this, the fool had himself inspected by the authorities, and obtained from them a certificate that his back bore no marks, and he was pleased to regard this negative certificate of arms as a diploma which would open to him the doors of the best society, and was astonished when they kicked him out—and now he screams death and murder at me, poor devil! and swears to shoot me wherever he finds me. And what do you suppose, Madame, that I intend doing? Madame, from this fool—that is, from the money which I intend to write out of him—I will buy me a good barrel of Rudesheimer Rhine wine. I mention this, that you may not think it is a malicious joy which lights up my face whenever I meet the Herr Von White in the street. In fact, I only see in him my blessed

Rudesheimer; the instant I set eyes on him, I become cheerful and genial-hearted, and begin to trill, in spite of myself, "Upon the Rhine, 'tis there our grapes are growing," "This picture is enchanting fair," "Oh, White Lady." Then my Rudesheimer looks horribly sour, enough to make one believe that he was compounded of nothing but poison and gall, but I assure you, Madame, it is a genuine vintage; and though the inspector's mark be not branded on it, the connoisseur still knows how to appreciate it. I will merrily tap this cask, and should it chance to ferment and threaten to fly out dangerously, I will have it bound down with a few iron hoops by the proper authorities.

You see, therefore, Madame, that you need not trouble yourself on my account. I can look at ease on all in this world. The Lord has blessed me in earthly goods, and if he has not exactly stored the wine away for me in my cellar, he at least allows me to work in his vineyard. I only need gather my grapes, press them, barrel them, cellar them, and there I have my clear heavenly gift; and if fools do not fly exactly roasted into my mouth, but run at me rather raw, and not even "half baked," still I know how to roast them, baste them, and "give them pepper," until they are tender and savoury. Oh, Madame, but you will enjoy it when I some day give a grand

fête! Madame, you shall then praise my kitchen. You shall confess that I can entertain my satraps as pompously as once did the great Ahasuerus, when he was king from India even unto the Blacks, over one hundred and seven and twenty provinces. I will slaughter whole hecatombs of fools. That great Philoschnaps, who came as Jupiter in the form of an ox, and lusted for favour in the eyes of Europa, will supply the roast beef; a tragical tragedian, who, on the stage, when it represented a tragical Persian kingdom, exhibited to us a tragical Alexander in whose education no Aristotle took part, will supply my table with a splendid pig's head, grinning, as usual, sourly sweet, with a slice of lemon in his mouth, and shrewdly decked by the artistic cook with laurel leaves; while that singer of coral lips, swan necks, bounding, snowy, little hills, little things, little legs, little kisses, and little assessors, namely, H. Clauren, or, as the pious Berharder girls cry after him on the Frederick's Street, "Father Clauren! *our* Clauren!" will supply me with all the dishes which he knows how to describe so juicily in his annual little pocket-brothels with all the imagination of a lusciously longing kitchen-maid. And he shall give us, over and above, an altogether extra little dish, with a little plate of celery, "for which the little heart bounds with love!" A shrewd dried-up maid of honour will

give us a similar dish, namely, asparagus, and there will be no want of Göttingen sausages, Hamburg smoked beef, Pomeranian geese-breasts, ox tongues, calves' brains, "cheek," salt fish, steamed calves' brains, "small potatoes," and therewith all sorts of jellies, Berlin pancakes, Vienna tarts, comfits.

Madame, I have already, in imagination, over-eaten myself! The devil take such gormandising! I cannot stand much, my digestion is bad; the hog's head acts on me as on the rest of the German public. I must eat a Wilibald-Alexis salad on it—that purges and purifies. Oh, the wretched hog's head! with the still wretcheder sauce, which has neither a Grecian nor a Persian flavour, but which tastes like tea and soft soap! Bring me my plump millionaire!

CHAPTER XV.

MADAME, I observe a faint cloud of discontent on your lovely brow, and you seem to ask if it is not wrong that I should thus dress fools, stick them on the spit, carbonado them, lard them, and even butcher many which must lie untouched save by the sharp bills of the fowls of the air, while widows and orphans cry for want?

Madame, *c'est la guerre!* But now I will solve you the whole riddle. I myself am by no means one of the wise ones, but I have joined their party, and now for five thousand five hundred and eighty-eight years we have been carrying on war with the fools. The fools believe that they have been wronged by us, inasmuch as they believe that there was once in the world but a certain determined quantity of reason, which was thievishly appropriated—the Lord only knows how—by the wise men, and it is a sin which cries to heaven to see how much sense one man often gets, while all his neighbours, and, indeed, the whole country for miles around, is fairly befogged with stupidity. This is the veritable secret cause of war, and it is most truly a war of extermination. The intelligent show themselves, as usual, the calmest, most moderate, and most intelligent; they sit firmly fortified behind their ancient Aristotelian works, have much ordnance, and also ammunition, in store—for they themselves were the inventors of powder—and now and then they shoot a well-aimed bomb among their foes. But, unfortunately, the latter are by far the most numerous, and their outcries are terrible, and day by day they do the most cruel deeds of torture—for, in fact, every folly is a torture to the wise. Their military stratagems are often very cunning indeed. Some

of the chiefs of the great Fool Army take good care not to admit the secret origin of the war. They have heard that a well-known deceitful man, who advanced so far in the art of falsehood that he ended by writing false memoirs—I mean Fouché—once asserted that *les paroles sont faites pour nous cacher nos pensées;* and therefore they talk a great deal in order to conceal their want of thought, and make long speeches and write big books; and if any one is listening, they praise that only spring of true happiness, namely, wisdom; and if any one is looking on at them, they work away at mathematics, logic, statistics, mechanical improvements, plain citizen-like common-sense, stable-fodder, and so forth; and as a monkey is more ridiculous the more he resembles man, so are these fools more laughable the more reasonably they behave. Other chiefs of the great army are more open-hearted, and confess that their own share of wisdom is not remarkably great, and that perhaps they never had any, but they cannot refrain from asserting that wisdom is a very sour, bitter affair, and, in reality, of but little value. This may perhaps be true, but, unfortunately, they have not wisdom enough to prove it. They therefore jump at every means of vindication, discover new powers in themselves, explain that these are quite as effectual as reason, and, in some cases, much more so—for instance, feeling,

faith, inspiration—and with this surrogate of wisdom, this beet-rooted reason, they console themselves. I, poor devil, am especially hated by them, as they assert that I originally belonged to their party, that I am a runaway, a fugitive, a bolter—a deserter, who has broken the holiest ties;—yes, that I am a spy, who secretly reveals their plans, in order to subsequently give point to the laughter of the enemy, and that I myself am so stupid as not to see that the wise at the same time laugh at me, and never regard me as an equal. And there the fools speak sensibly enough.

It is true that my party do not regard me as one of themselves, and often laugh at me in their sleeves. I know that right well, though I pretend not to observe it. But my heart bleeds within me, and when I am alone, then my tears flow. I know right well that my position is a false one, that all I do is folly to the wise and a torment to the fools. They hate me, and I feel the truth of the saying, "Stone is heavy and sand is a burden, but the wrath of a fool is heavier than both." And they do not hate me without reason. It is perfectly true, I have torn asunder the holiest bands, when I might have lived and died among the fools, in the way of the law and of God. And oh! I should have lived so comfortably had I remained among them! Even now, if I would repent, they would still receive me with open

arms. They would see by my eyes if they could do anything to please me. They would invite me every day to dinner, and in the evening ask me to their tea-parties and clubs, and I could play whist with them, smoke, talk politics, and if I yawned from time to time, they would whisper behind my back, "What beautiful feelings!" "A soul inspired with such faith!"—permit me, Madame, that I hereby offer up a tear of emotion —ah! and I could drink punch with them, too, until the proper inspiration came, and then they would bring me in a hackney-coach to my house, anxiously concerned lest I might catch cold, and one would quickly bring me my slippers, another my silk dressing-gown, a third my white night-cap, and finally they would make me a "professor extraordinary," a president of a society for converting the heathen, or head calculator or director of Roman excavations;—and then I would be just the man for all this, inasmuch as I can very accurately distinguish the Latin declensions from the conjugations, and am not so apt as other people to mistake a Prussian postillion's boot for an Etruscan vase. My peculiar nature, my faith, my inspiration, could, besides this, effect much good during the prayer-meeting—viz., for myself —and then my remarkable poetic genius would stand me in good stead on the birthdays and at the weddings of the great; nor would it be a bad

thought if I, in a great national epic, should sing of all those heroes, of whom we know with certainty that from their mouldering bodies crept worms, who now give themselves out for their descendants.

Many men who are not born fools, and who were once gifted with reason, have on this account gone over to the fools, and lead among them a real *pays du Cocâgne*[1] life, and those follies which at first so pained them have now become second nature—yes, they are in fact no longer to be regarded as hypocrites, but as true converts. One of these, in whose head utter and outer darkness does not as yet entirely prevail, really loves me; and lately, when I was alone with him, he closed the door, and said, with an earnest voice, "Oh, Fool! you who play the wise man and have not after all as much sense as a recruit in his mother's belly; know you not that the great in the land only elevate those who abase themselves, and esteem their own blood less worthy than that of

---

[1] *Schlaraffenland*, or, in French, "*pays du Cocagne;*" in English, "the Jack-Pudding Paradise;" where the pigs run about ready roasted, with puddings in their bellies, crying, "Come eat me!" as an old authority hath it. It was in this land that "little King Boggen once built a fine hall. Pie-crust and pastry-crust—that was the wall." (*Vide* Mother Goose's Melodies.) In maritime circles *Schlaraffenland* is known as "Fiddler's Green." Rabelais gives us an idea of it in his *Thdeme*, and Mahomet in his Koran, while a fine poem on the same subject occurs in most collections of *Trouvcur lais.—Note by Translator.*

the great? And now you would ruin all among the pious! Is it then such a difficult thing to roll up your eyes in a holy rapture, to hide your arms crossed in faith in your coat-sleeve, to let your head hang down like a lamb of God's, and to murmur Bible sayings got by heart. Believe me, no Gracious Highness will reward you for your godlessness; the men of love will hate, abuse, and persecute you, and you will never make your way either in this world or in the next."

Ah, me! it is all true enough. But I have unfortunately contracted this unlucky passion for Reason. I love her though her love I can't attain—I give her all, she gives me naught again. I cannot tear myself from her. And as once the Jewish King Solomon in his canticles sang the Christian Church, and that, too, under the form of a black, love-insatiate maiden, so that his Jews might not suspect what he was driving at, so have I in countless lays sung just the contrary—that is to say, Reason, and that under the form of a white cold beauty, who attracts and repels me, who now smiles at me, then scorns me, and finally turns her back on me. This secret of my unfortunate love, which I reveal to none, gives you, Madame, some insight into my folly. You doubtless perceive that it is of an extraordinary description, and that it rises, magnificently rises over the ordinary follies of mankind. Read my Radcliffe,

my Almanzor, my lyrical Intermezzo—reason, reason, nothing but reason—and you will be terrified at the immensity of my folly. In the words of Augur, I can say, "I am the most foolish of all mankind, and the wisdom of man is not in me."

High in the air rises the forest of oaks, high over the oaks soars the eagle, high over the eagle sweep the clouds, high over the clouds gleam the stars—Madame, is not that too high? *Eh bien!* high over the stars sweep the angels, high over the angels rises—no, Madame, my folly can bring it no higher than this. It soars high enough. It grows giddy before its own sublimity. It makes of me a giant in seven-mile boots. At noon I feel as though I could devour all the elephants of Hindostan, and then pick my teeth with the spire of Strasburg Cathedral; in the evening I become so sentimental that I would fain drink up the Milky Way, without reflecting how indigestible I should find the little fixed stars, and by night there is the Devil himself broke loose in my head and no mistake. For then there assemble in my brain the Assyrians, Egyptians, Medes, Persians, Hebrews, Philistines, Frankforters, Babylonians, Carthaginians, Berliners, Romans, Spartans, Flatheads, and Chuckleheads. Madame, it would be too wearisome should I continue to enumerate all these people. Do you only read Herodotus, Livy, the Magazine of Haude and Spener, Curtius, Cor-

nelius Nepos, the "Companion." Meanwhile, I will eat my breakfast. This morning I do not get along very well with my writing; the blessed Lord leaves me in the lurch. Madame, I even fear—yes, yes, you remarked it before I did myself; yes, I see—the right kind of divine aid is to-day wanting. Madame, I will begin a new chapter, and tell you how after the death of Le Grand I came to Godesberg.

CHAPTER XVI.

When I arrived at Godesberg I sate myself once more at the feet of my fair friend, and near me lay her brown hound, and we both looked up into her lovely eyes.

Ah, Lord! in those eyes lay all the splendour of earth, and an entire heaven besides. I could have died with rapture as I gazed into them, and had I died at that instant, my soul would have flown directly into *those eyes*. Oh, they are indescribable! I must borrow some poet, who went mad for love, from a lunatic asylum, that he may from the uttermost abyss of his madness fish up some simile wherewith to compare those eyes. (Between you and I, reader, it seems to me that I must be mad enough myself to want any help

in such a business.) "God damn [it]!" said an English gentleman, "when she looks at a man quietly from head to foot, she melts his coat buttons and heart all into a lump!" "*F—e!*" said a Frenchman. "Her eyes are of the largest calibre, and when she shoots one of her forty-two pound glances—crack!—there you are in love!" There was a red-headed lawyer from Mayence who said that her eyes resembled two cups of coffee—without cream. He wished to say something sweet, and thought that he had done it—because he always sugared his coffee to death. Wretched, wretched comparisons! I and the brown hound lay quietly at the feet of the fair lady and gazed and listened. She sat near an old iron-grey soldier, a knightly looking man with cross-barred scars on his terrible brow. They both spoke of the Seven Mountains painted by the evening red, and the blue Rhine which flooded its way along in sublime tranquillity. What did we care for the Seven Mountains and the blue Rhine, and the snowy sail-boats which swam thereon, and the music which rang from one particular boat, or the jackass of a student who, seated in it, sang so meltingly and beautifully? I and the brown hound both gazed into the eyes of our fair friend, and looked at the face which came forth rosy pale from amid its black braids and locks, like the moon from dark clouds. The

features were of the noblest Grecian type, the lips boldly arched, over which played melancholy, rapture, and child-like caprice, and when she spoke, the words were breathed forth almost sighingly, and then again shot out impatiently and rapidly; and *when* she spoke, and her speech fell softly as snow, yet like a warm genial flower shower from her lovely mouth—oh! then the crimson of evening fell gently over my soul, and through it flitted with ringing melody the memories of childhood; but above all, like a fairy bell there pealed within the voice of the little Veronica, and I grasped the fair hand of my lady friend and pressed it to my eyes till the ringing in my soul had passed away, and then I leaped up and laughed, and the hound bayed, and the brow of the old general wrinkled up sternly, and I sat down again and clasped and kissed the beautiful hand, and told and spoke of little Veronica.

CHAPTER XVII.

MADAME, you wish me to describe the appearance of the little Veronica? But I will not. You, Madame, cannot be compelled to read more than you please, and I, on the other hand, have the right to write exactly what I choose. But I

will now tell what the lovely hand was like which I kissed in the previous chapter.

First of all, I must confess that I was not worthy to kiss that hand. It was a lovely hand —so tender, so transparent, so perfumed, brilliant, sweet, soft, beautiful—by my faith I must send to the apothecary for twelve shillings' worth of adjectives.

On the middle finger there sat a ring with a pearl—I never saw a pearl which played a more sorrowful part; on the marriage finger she wore a ring with a blue antique—I have studied archæology in it for hours; on the forefinger she wore a diamond—it was a talisman; as long as I looked at it I was happy, for wherever it was, there too was the finger with its four friends—and she often struck me on the mouth with all five of them. Since I was thus manipulated I believe fast and firm in animal magnetism. But she did not strike hard, and when she struck I always deserved it by some godless speech; and as soon as she had struck me, she at once repented it, and took a cake, broke it in two, and gave me one half and the brown hound the other half, and smiled and said, "Neither of you have any religion and you will never be happy, and so you must be fed with cakes in this world for there will be no table spread for you in heaven." And she was more than half right, for in those

days I was very irreligious, and read Thomas Paine, the *Système de la Nature*, the Westphalian Advertiser, and Schleiermacher, letting my beard and my reason grow together, and had thoughts of enrolling myself among the Rationalists. But when that soft hand swept over my brow, my "reason" stood still and sweet dreams came into my soul, and I again dreamed that I heard gentle songs of the Virgin Mother, and I thought on the little Veronica.

Madame, you can hardly imagine how beautiful little Veronica looked as she lay in her little coffin. The burning candles as they stood around cast a glow on the white smiling little face, and on the red silk roses and rustling gold spangles with which the head and the little shroud were decked. Good old Ursula had led me at evening into the silent chamber, and as I looked at the little corpse laid amid lights and flowers on the table, I at first believed that it was a pretty saint's image of wax. But I soon recognised the dear face, and asked, smilingly, why little Veronica laid so still? And Ursula said, "Because she is dead, dear!"

And as she said, "Because she is dead;"—but I will go no further to-day with this story, it would be too long; besides I should first speak of the lame magpie which hopped about the castle court-yard, and was three hundred years old, and then

I could become regularly melancholy. A fancy all at once seizes on me to tell another story, which is a merry one, and just suits this place, for it is really the history itself which I propose to narrate in this book.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Night and storm raged in the bosom of the knight. The poniard blows of slander had struck to his heart, and as he advanced sternly along over the bridge of San Marco, the feeling stole over him as though that heart must burst and flow away in blood. His limbs trembled with weariness—the noble quarry had been fiercely hunted during the live-long summer day—the drops fell from his brow, and as he entered the gondola he sighed heavily. He sat unthinkingly in the black cabin of the gondola, unthinkingly the soft waves shook him and bore him along the well-known way to the Brenta; and as he stepped out before the well-known palace he heard that the "Signora Laura was in the garden."

She stood leaning on the statue of the Laöcöon, by the red rose-tree, at the end of the terrace, near the weeping willows, which hung down mournfully over the water. There she stood

smiling, a pale image of love amid the perfume of roses. At the sight he suddenly awaked as from some terrible dream, and was at once changed to mildness and longing. "Signora Laura," said he, "I am wretched and tormented with hatred and oppression and falsehood," and here he suddenly paused and stammered, "but I love you," and then a tear of joy darted into his eye, and with palpitating heart he cried, "Maiden, be mine —and love me! . . ."

There lies a veil of dark mystery over that hour; no mortal has ever known what Signora Laura replied, and when they ask her guardian angel in heaven what took place, he hides his face and sighs, and is silent.

Solitary and alone stood the knight by the statue of the Laöcöon; his own face was not less convulsed and deathly pale; unconsciously he tore away the roses from the rose-tree; yes, he plucked even the young buds. *Since that hour the rose-tree never bore another floweret;* far in the dim distance sang an insane nightingale, the willows whispered in agony, mournfully murmured the cool waves of the Brenta; night rose on high with her moon nd stars, and one star, the loveliest of all, fell lown from heaven!

CHAPTER XIX.

Vous *pleurez*, Madame?

Oh, may the eyes which shed such lovely tears long light up the world with their rays, and may a warm and loving hand close them in the hour of death! A soft pillow, Madame, is also a very convenient thing when dying, and I trust that you will not be without it; and when the fair, weary head sinks down, and the black locks fall in waves over the fast fading face, oh! then may God repay those tears which have fallen for me, for I myself am the knight for whom you wept; yes, I am the erring errant-knight of love, the knight of the fallen star!

Vous pleurez, Madame!

Oh, I understand those tears! Why need I longer play a feigned part? You, Madame, you yourself are that fair lady who wept so softly in Godesberg when I told the sad story of my life. Like drops of pearly dew over roses, the beautiful tears ran over the beautiful face; the hound was silent, the vesper chimes pealed far away in Königswinter, the Rhine murmured more gently, night covered the earth with her black mantle, and I sat at your feet, Madame, and looked on high into the starry heaven. At first I took your

eyes also for two stars. But how could any one mistake such beautiful eyes for stars? Those cold lights of heaven cannot weep over the misery of a man who is so wretched that he cannot weep.

And I had a particular reason for not mistaking those lovely eyes, for in them dwells the soul of little Veronica.

I have reckoned it up, Madame; you were born on the very day on which Veronica died. Johanna, in Andernach, told me that I would find little Veronica again in Godesberg, and I found her, and knew her at once. That was a sad chance, Madame, that you should die just as the beautiful game was about to begin. Since pious Ursula said to me, "It is death, dear," I have gone about solitary and serious in great picture-galleries, but the pictures could not please me as they once did; they seemed to have suddenly faded; there was but a single work which retained its colour and brilliancy; you know, Madame, to which piece I refer—

It is the Sultan and Sultaness of Delhi.

Do you remember, Madame, how we stood long hours before it, and how significantly good Ursula smiled when people remarked that the faces in that picture so much resembled our own? Madame, I find that your likeness is admirably taken in that picture, and it passes comprehension how the artist could have so accurately repre-

sented you, even to the very garments which you then wore. They say that he was mad and must have dreamed your form. Or was there perhaps a soul in the great holy monkey who waited on you in those days like a page? In that case, he must certainly remember the silver-grey veil, on which he once spilled red wine and spoiled it. I was glad when you dismissed him; he did not dress you remarkably well, and at any rate, the European dress is much more dressy than the Indian—not but that beautiful women are lovely in any dress. Do you remember, Madame, that a gallant Brahmin—he looked for all the world like Ganesa, the god with an elephant's trunk, who rides on a mouse—once paid you the compliment that the divine Maneka, as she came down from Indra's golden hill to the royal penitent Wiswamitra, was not certainly fairer than you, Madame?

What, forgotten it already! Why it cannot be more than three thousand years since he said that, and beautiful women are not wont to so quickly forget delicate flattery.

However, for men, the Indian dress is far more becoming than the European. Oh, my rosy-red lotus-flowered pantaloons of Delhi! had I worn ye when I stood before Signora Laura and begged for love, the previous chapter would have rung to a different tune! Alas! alas! I wore straw-

coloured pantaloons, which some sober Chinese had woven in Nankin; my ruin was woven with them—the threads of my destiny—and I was made miserable.

Often there sits in a quiet old German coffee-house a youth silently sipping his cup of Mocha; and meanwhile there blooms and grows in far distant China his ruin, and there it is spun and woven, and, despite the high wall of China, it knows how to find its way to the youth who deems it but a pair of Nankin trousers, and all unheeding, in the gay buoyancy of youth, he pulls them on, and is lost for ever! And, Madame, in the little breast of a mortal so much misery can hide itself, and keep itself so well hid there that the poor man himself for days together does not feel it, and is as jolly as a piper, and merily dances and whistles, and trolls—lalarallala, lalarallala——la——la——la.

CHAPTER XX.

"She was amiable, and he loved her, but he was not worthy of love, and she did not love him."—*Old Play.*

And for this nonsensical affair you were about to shoot yourself?

Madame, when a gentleman desires to shoot himself, he generally has ample reason for it—

you may be certain of that. But whether he himself knows what these reasons are is another question. We mask even our miseries, and while we die of bosom wounds, we complain of the toothache.

Madame, you have, I know, a remedy for the toothache?

Alas! I had the toothache in my heart. That is a wearying pain, and requires plugging—with lead and with the tooth-powder invented by Berthold Schwartz.[1]

Misery gnawed at my heart like a worm, and gnawed—the poor devil of a Chinese was not to blame; I brought the misery with me into the world. It lay with me in the cradle, and when my mother rocked me, she rocked it with me, and when she sang me to sleep, it slept with me, and it awoke when I opened my eyes. When I grew up, it grew with me, until it was altogether too great and burst my —— ——.

Now we will speak of other things—of virgins' wreaths, masked balls, of joy and bridal pleasure ——lalarallala, lalarallala, lalaral——la——la ——la.[2]

---

[1] Roger Bacon preceded Schwartz, and Palsgrave in "The Merchant and the Friar" gives a recipe from a Norman-Latin MS., a century older than Bacon, for making gunpowder. It is called *Ad faciendam le crake*, "how to make a *cracker*."

[2] To the Bridesmaids' Chorus in "Der Freyschutz."

A NEW SPRING.

Motto :—A pine tree stands alone
In the north — — —
— — — —
He is dreaming of a palm
Which afar — — —
— — — —

PROLOGUE.

Oft in galleries of art,
On a pictured knight we glance,
Who to battle will depart,
Armèd well with shield and lance.

But young Cupids mocking round him,
Bear his lance and sword away,
And with rosy wreaths they've bound him,
Though he strives as best he may.

Thus to pleasant fetters yielding,
Still I turn the idle rhyme,
While the brave their arms are wielding
In the mighty strife of Time.

I.

When 'neath snow-white branches sitting,
Far thou hearest the wild wind chiding,
Seest the silent clouds above thee,
In their wintry garments hiding;

Seest that all seems cold and death-like,
Wood and plain lie shorn before thee,
E'en thy heart is still and frozen,
Winter round, and winter o'er thee.

All at once adown come falling
Pure white flakes, and then thou grievest
That the weary, dreary winter,
Should return, as thou believest.

But those are not snowflakes falling;
Soon thou mark'st with pleasant wonder
That they all are perfumed blossoms,
From the tree thou sittest under.

What a thrilling sweet amazement!
Winter turns to May and pleasure;
Snow is changed to lovely spring flowers,
And thou find'st a new heart's treasure.

2.

In the wood all softly greeneth,
As if maiden-like 'twould woo thee,
And the sun from heaven smileth:
"Fair young spring, a welcome to thee!"

Nightingale! I hear thy singing,
As thou flutest, sweetly moving,
Sighing long-drawn notes of rapture,
And thy song is all of loving.

3.

The lovely eyes of the young spring night
So softly down are gazing—
Oh, the Love which bore thee down with might
Ere long will thy soul be raising.

All on yon linden sits and sings
The nightingale soft trilling;
And as her music in me rings,
My soul with love is thrilling.

4.

I love a fair flower, but I know not its name:
Oh, sorrow and smart!
I look in each flower-cup—my luck is the same:
For I seek for a heart.

The flowers breathe their perfumes—in evening's red shine
The nightingale trills.
I seek for a heart which is gentle as mine,
Which as tenderly thrills.

The nightingale sings, and I know what she says
In her beautiful song:
We both are love-weary and lorn in our lays,
And oh! sorrow is long.

5.

Sweet May lies fresh before us,
To life the young flowers leap,
And through the heaven's blue o'er us
The rosy cloudlets sweep.

The nightingale is singing
Down from her leafy screen,
And young white lambs are springing
In clover fresh and green.

I cannot be singing and springing,
I lie on the grassy plot;
I hear a far distant ringing,
I dream and I know not what.

6.

Softly ring and through me spring
The sweetest tones to-day;
Gently ring, small song of spring,
Ring out and far away.

Ring and roam unto the home
Where violets you see,
And when unto a rose you come,
Oh, greet that rose for me.

7.

The butterfly long loved the beautiful rose,
And flirted around all day;
While round him in turn with her golden caress
Soft fluttered the sun's warm ray.

But who was the lover the rose smiled on?
Dwelt he near the sweet lady or far?
And was it the clear-singing nightingale,
Or the bright distant evening star?

I know not with whom the rose was in love,
But I know that I loved them all:
The butterfly, rose, and the sun's bright ray,
The star, and the bird's sweet call.

8.

Yes, all the trees are musical,
Soft notes the nests inspire;
Who in the green-wood orchestra
Leads off the tuneful choir?

Is it yon grey old lapwing,
Who nods so seriously;
Or the pedant who cries "cuckoo"
In time unweariedly?

Is it the stork, who sternly,
As though he led the band,
Claps with his legs, while music
Pipes sweet on either hand?

No—in my heart is seated
The one who rules those tones;
As my heart throbs he times them,
And Love's the name he owns.

9.

"In the beginning sweetly sang
The nightingale in love's first hours,
And as she sang grew everywhere
Blue violets, grass, and apple-flowers.

"She bit into her breast—out ran
The crimson blood, and from its shower
The first red rose its life began,
To which she sings of love's deep power.

"And all the birds which round us trill
Are saved by that sweet blood, they say;
And if the rose-song rang no more,
Then all were lost and passed away."

Thus to his little nestlings spoke
The sparrow in the old oak tree;
Dame Sparrow oft his lecture broke,
Throned in her brooding dignity.

She leads a kind, domestic life,
And nurses well with temper good;
To pass his time, the father gives
Religious lessons to his brood.

10.

The warm, bewildering spring night-air
Wakes flowrets on the plain;
And oh! my heart, beware, beware,
Or thou wilt love again.

But say—what flower on hill or dale
Will snare this willing heart?
I'm cautioned by the nightingale
Against the lily's art.

11.

Trouble and torment—I hear the bells ring!
And oh! to my sorrow, I've lost my poor head!
Two beautiful eyes and the fresh growing spring
Have plotted to capture me, living or dead.

The beautiful spring and two lovely young eyes
Once more this poor heart in their meshes have got;
The rose and the nightingale—yonder she flies—
Are deeply involved in this terrible plot.

12.

Ah me! for tears I'm burning,
Soft, sorrowing tears of love;
Yet I fear this wild sad yearning
But too well my heart will move.

Ah! Love's delicious sorrow,
And Love's too bitter joy,
With its heavenly pains, ere morrow
Will my half-won peace destroy.

13.

The spring's blue eyes are open,
Up from the grass they look,
I mean the lovely violets,
Which for a wreath I took.

I plucked the flowers while thinking,
And my thoughts in one sad tale
To the breezes were repeated
By the listening nightingale.

Yes, every thought she warbled,
As from my soul it rose,
And now my tender secret
The whole green forest knows.

14.

When thou didst pass beside me,
Thy soft touch thrilled me through;
Then my heart leaped up and wildly
On thy lovely traces flew.

Then thou didst gaze upon me,
With thy great eyes looking back,
And my heart was so much frightened,
It scarce could keep the track.

15.

The graceful water-lily
Looks dreamily up from the lake,
While the moon looks as lovingly on her,
For light love keeps fond hearts awake.

Then she bows her small head to the water,
Ashamed those bright glances to meet,
And sees the poor, pale lily lovers
All lying in love at her feet.

16.

If thou perchance good eyesight hast,
When with my works thou'rt playing,
Thou'lt see a beauty up and down
Among the ballads straying.

And if perchance good ears are thine,
Oh, then thou mayst rejoice,
And thy heart may be bewildered,
With her laughing, sighing voice.

And well I ween with glance and word
Full sore she'll puzzle thee,
And thou'lt go dreaming round in love,
As once it chanced to me.

17.

What drives thee around in the warm spring night?
Thou hast driven the flowers half crazy with fright;
The violets no longer are sleeping,
The rose in her night-dress is blushing so red,
The lilies—poor things—sit so pale in their bed,
They are crying, and trembling, and weeping.

Ah, dearest moon! how gentle and good
Are all these fair flowers—in truth I've been rude;
I've been making sad work with my walking:
But how could I know they were lurking around,
When, bewildered with love, I strayed over the ground,
And to the bright planets was talking.

18.

When thy blue eyes turn on me,
And gaze so soft and meek,
Such dreamy moods steal o'er me,
That I no word can speak.

I dream of those blue glances
When we are far apart,
And a sea of soft blue memories
Comes pouring o'er my heart.

19.

Once again my heart is living,
And old sorrows pass away,
Once again the tenderest feelings
Seem reviving with the May.

Evening late and morning early
Through the well-known paths I rove,
Peeping under every bonnet,
Looking for the face I love.

Once again I'm by the river,
On the bridge as in a trance;
What if she came sailing by me?
What if I should meet her glance?

Now once more 'mid falling water
Gentle wailings seem to play,
And my heart in beauty catches
All the snow-white waters say.

And once more I dreaming wander
Through the green wood dark and cool,
While the birds among the bushes
Mock me, poor enamoured fool!

20.

THE rose breathes perfumes, but if she has feeling
Of what she breathes, or if the nightingale
Feels in herself what through our souls is stealing
When her soft notes are quivering through the vale—

I do not know—yet oft we're discontented
With Truth itself! And nightingale and rose,
Although their feelings be but lies invented,
Still have their use, as many a story shows.

21.

BECAUSE I love thee, 'tis my duty
To shun thy face—nay, anger not!
Would it agree, that dream of beauty,
With my pale face, so soon forgot?

But ere I leave thee, let me tell thee
'Twas all through love this hue I got,
And soon its pallor must repel thee,
And so I'll leave—nay, anger not!

22.

AMID the flowers I wander,
And blossoms as they blow;
I wander as if dreaming,
Uncertain where I go.

Oh, hold me fast, thou dearest—
I'm drunk with love, d'ye see,
Or at your feet I'll fall, love,
And yonder is company

23.

As the moon's reflection trembles
In the wild and wavering deeps,
While the moon herself in silence
O'er the arch of heaven sweeps,

Even so I see thee, loved one,
Calm and silent, and there moves
But thine image in my bosom,
For my heart is thrilled and loves.

24.

When both our hearts together
The holy alliance made,
They understood each other,
And mine on thine was laid.

But oh! the poor young rosebud,
Which lay just underneath,
The minor, weaker ally,
Was almost crushed to death.

25.

Tell me who first invented the clocks,
Classing the hours and the minutes in flocks?
That was some shivering, sorrowful man—
Deep into midnight his reveries ran,

While he counted the nibbling of mice 'round the hall,
And the notes of the death-watch which ticked in the wall.

Tell me who first invented a kiss?
Oh, that was some smiling young mouth, full of bliss;
It kissed without thinking, and still kissed away.
'Twas all in the beautiful fresh month of May;
Up from the earth the young blossoms sprung,
The sunbeams were shining, the merry birds sung.

26.

How the sweet pinks breathe their perfumes;
How the stars, a wondrous throng,
Like gold bees o'er the blue heaven,
Brightly shining, pass along!

From the darkness of the chestnuts
Gleams the farmhouse white and fair;
I can hear its glass-doors rustle,
And sweet voices whispering there.

Gentle trembling—sweet emotion,
Frightened white arms round me cling,
And the sweet young roses listen,
While the nightingales soft sing.

27.

HAVE I not dreamed this self-same dream
Ere now in happier hours?
Those trees the very same do seem,
Love-glances, kisses, flowers.

Was it not here that, calm and cold,
The moon looked down in state?
Did not these marble gods then hold
Their watch beside the gate?

Alas! I know how sadly change
These all-too-lovely dreams,
And as with snowy mantle strange
All chill-enveloped seems.

So we ourselves grow calm and cold,
Break off and live apart;
Yes, we who loved so well of old,
And kissed with heart to heart.

28.

KISSES which we steal in darkness,
And in darkness give again;
Oh, such kisses—how they rapture
A poor soul in living pain!

Half foreboding, half remembering,
Thoughts through all the spirit roam;
Many a dream of days long vanished,
Many a dream of days to come.

But to thus be ever thinking
Is unthinking when we kiss;
Rather weep, thou gentle darling,
For our tears we never miss.

29.

THERE was an old, old monarch,
His head was grey and sad his life;
Alas! the poor old monarch
He married a fair young wife.

There was a handsome stripling,
Blonde were his locks and light his mien
He bore the train, the silken train,
All of the fair young queen.

Know'st thou the old, old ballad?
It ringeth like a passing bell;
The queen and page must die, alas!
They loved, and all too well.

30.

Again in my memory are blooming
Fair pictures long faded away;
Oh, where in thy voice is the mystery
Which moves me so deeply to-day?

Oh, say not, I pray, that thou lov'st me;
The fairest that nature can frame,
The spring-time, and with it the spring-love,
Must end in warm passion and shame.

Oh, say not, I pray, that thou lov'st me,
And kiss and be silent, I pray,
And smile when I show thee to-morrow
The roses all faded away.

31.

Linden blossoms drunk with moonlight
Melt away in soft perfume,
And the nightingales with carols
Thrill the air amid the bloom.

Oh, but is't not sweet, my loved one,
Thus 'neath linden boughs to sit,
While the golden flashing moon-rays
Through the perfumed foliage flit?

Every linden leaf above us
Like a heart is shaped, we see;
Therefore, dearest, lovers ever
Sit beneath the linden tree.[1]

But thou smilest as if wandering
In some distant, longing dream;
Tell me, dearest, with what visions
Doth thy busy fancy teem?

Gladly will I tell thee, dear one,
What I fancied: I would fain
Feel the North wind blowing o'er us,
And the white snow fall again;

And that we in furs warm folded,
In a sleigh sat side by side,
Bells wild ringing, whips loud cracking,
As o'er flood and fields we glide.

---

[1] Much beautiful folk-lore (for which the reader may consult *Die Symbolik und Mythologie der Natur*, by J. B. Friedrich) has sprung up aronnd this resemblance of the lime or linden leaf to a heart. Menzel (*Christliche Symbolik*) tells us that the penance laid on Mary Magdalen by Jesus (*quia multum amavit*) was that she should long lie only on linden leaves, eat them for food, and drink nothing but the dew which fell from them.

32.

In the moonshine, through the forest,
Once I saw the fairies bounding,
Heard their elfin-bells soft ringing,
Heard their little trumpets sounding.

Every snow-white steed was bearing
Golden stag-horns, and they darted
Headlong on, like frighted wild-fowl
From their far companions parted.

But the Elf Queen smiled upon me,
Sweetly as she passed before me;
Was't the omen of a new love,
Or a sign that death hangs o'er me?

33.

I'll send thee violets to-morrow,
Fresh dripping from the dewy showers;
At eve again I'll bring thee roses,
Which I have plucked in twilight hours.

And know'st thou what the lovely blossoms
To thee—*sub rosa*—fain would say?
They mean that thou through night shouldst love me,
Yet still be true to me by day.

34.

Thy letter, fickle rover,
Will cause no tearful song;
Thou sayest that all is over,
And the letter is over-long.

Twelve pages filled completely,
A perfect book, my friend;
Oh, girls don't write so neatly
When they the mitten send!

35.

Do not fear lest I, unconscious,
Tell my love to those around,
Though my songs with many a figure
Of thy beauty still abound.

In a wondrous flowering forest
Lies well hidden, cowering low,
All the deeply burning mystery,
All its secret, silent glow.

If suspicious flames should quiver
'Mid the roses—let them be;
No one now believes inflames, love,
But they call them—poetry!

36.

As by daylight, so at midnight,
  Spring thoughts in my soul are teeming,
Like a verdant echo, ever
  In me ringing, in me beaming.

Then in dreams, as in a legend,
  Songs of birds are round me trilling,
Yet far sweeter, wild in passion,
  Violet breath the air is filling.

Every rose seems ruddier, blushing
  'Neath a child-like golden glory,
As in glowing Gothic pictures,
  Worn by angels in their story.

And I seem as if transformèd
  To a nightingale, soft singing,
While unto a rose—my loved one—
  Dream-like, strange, my notes are ringing,

Till the sun's bright glances wake me,
  Or the merry jargoning
Of those other pleasant warblers
  Who before my window sing.

37.

With their small gold feet the planets
Step on tip-toe soft and light,
Lest they wake the earth below them,
Sleeping on the breast of night.

Listening stand the silent forests,
Every leaf a soft green ear,
While the mountain, as if dreaming,
Holds its arms to cloudlets near.

But what calls me? In my bosom
Rings a soft and flute-like wail.
Was't the accents of the loved one?
Was it but the nightingale?

38.

Ah! spring is sad, and there is sadness
In all its dreams; the flower-decked vale
Seems sorrowful. I hear no gladness
E'en from the singing nightingale.

Smile not so brightly then, my dearest,
Ah! do not smile so sweet to-day;
Oh, rather weep—but if thou fearest
I'm cold, I'll kiss those tears away.

39.

And from the heart I loved so dearly
By cruel fate I'm torn away,
From that dear heart I loved so dearly;
Ah! knewest thou how fain I'd stay!

The coach rolls on—the bridges thunder,
Beneath I see the dark flood swell;
I'm parted from that loveliest wonder,
That heart of hearts I love so well.

40.

Our sweetest hopes rise blooming,
And then again are gone;
They bloom and fade alternate,
And so it goes rolling on.

I know it, and it troubles
My life, my love, my rest;
My heart is wise and witty,
And it bleeds within my breast.

41.

Like an old man, stern in feature,
Heaven above me seems to glare,
His burning eyes surrounded
With grisly cloudy hair.

And when on earth he's gazing,
Flower and leaf must wilt away,
Love and song must wither with them
In man's heart—ah! well-a-day!

42.

With bitter soul my poor sad heart still galling,
I go aweary through this world so cold;
Lo, autumn endeth and the mists enfold
The long dead landscape as with heavy walling.

Loud pipe the winds, as if in frenzy calling
To the red leaves which here and there are rolled;
The lorn wood sighs, fogs clothe the barren wold,
And worst of all—I b'lieve the rain is falling.

43.

Late autumnal cloud-cold fancies
Spread like gauze o'er dale and hill,
And no more the green leaf dances
On the branches—ghost-like still.

And amid the grove there's only
One sad tree as yet in leaf,
Damp with sorrow's tears and lonely,
How his green head throbs with grief!

Ah! my heart is all in keeping
With yon scene—the one tree there,
Summer-green, yet sadly weeping,
Is thine image, lady fair.

44.

Grey and week-day-looking heaven!
E'en the city looks dejected;
Grum, as if no plans had thriven,
In the Elbe it stands reflected.

Snubbèd noses—snubbing, sneezing,
Are ye cut as once—and cutting?
Are the saints still mild appearing,
Or puffed up and proudly strutting?

Lovely South, how bright and towering
Seem thy heavens and gods together,
Now I see this vile offscouring
Of base mortals and their weather.

END OF VOL. I.

2286-1

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
305 De Neve Drive - Parking Lot 17 • Box 951388
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90095-1388
Return this material to the library from which it was borrowed.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

3 1158 00389 8656

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 537 002 8